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MARCH 1966 PDC 35¢

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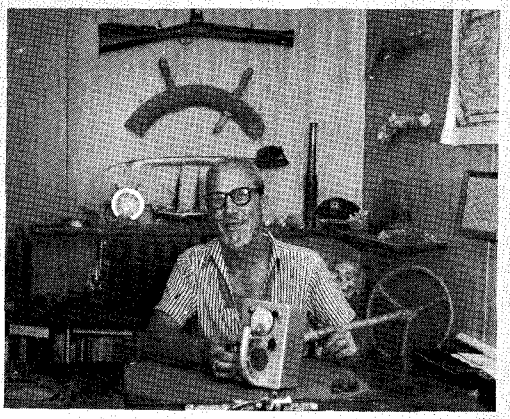

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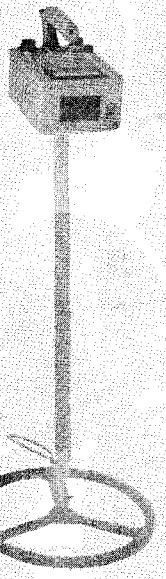

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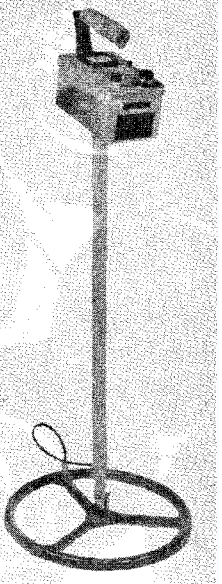

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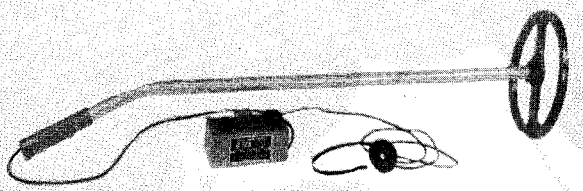

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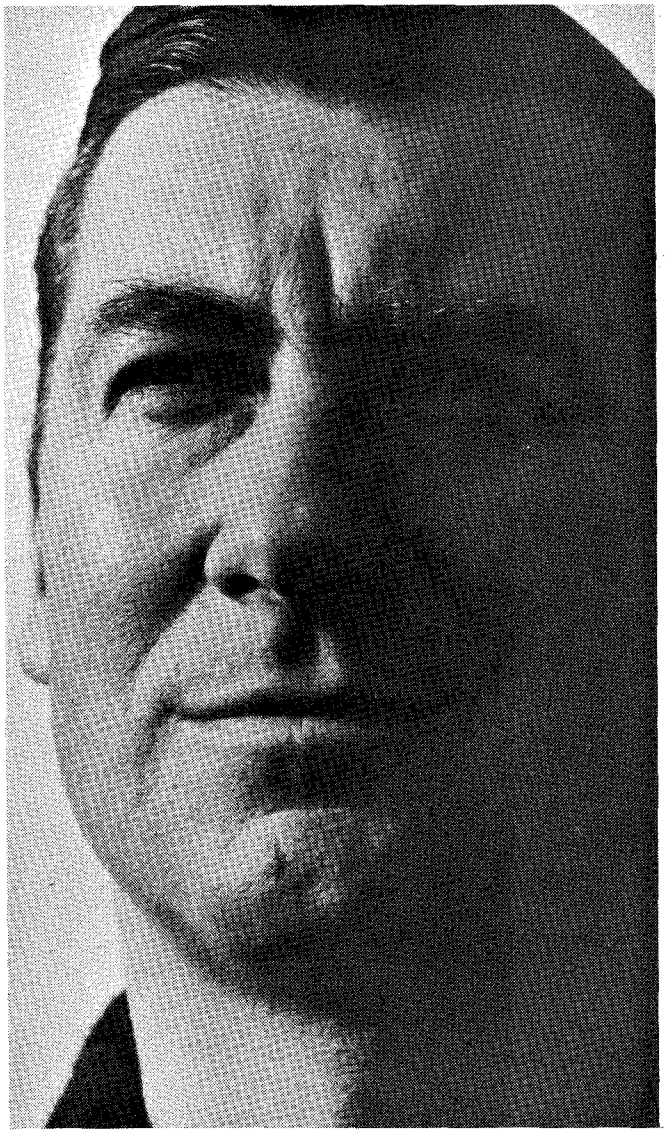

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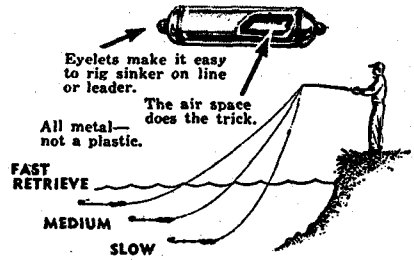

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THE EDITOR SPEAKS

THE OLD SCOUT

A Frederick Remington Picture, Century Magazine, July 1891

Perhaps you've already noticed there have been some major changes in the general appearance of our magazine this month. After giving the matter a great deal of thought, we are using a larger size type face. We've also tried to give our story layouts a "new look."

This self-improvement move is strictly our own idea because we have never received *one* letter criticizing the size of the type we have been using. Most readers must have been perfectly satisfied with it. There's always room for improvement, however.

Take a good look at our larger type and see whether or not it's easier on your eyes. That's what it's meant to be. Also notice the way the photographs are used to illustrate the stories and the way our art editor has made the new layouts. Then, if you can spare the time, sit down and write a letter telling us what you think about this March issue.

Along with other innovations, we have several new writers contributing to this issue. We think William Knox, who hails from Amarillo, Texas, did a first rate job with his Ranald Mackenzie story "The Last Campaign". The slaughter of all those Indian ponies really bothered us.

We're also proud to include a story by Agnes Wright Spring. This well-known historian's story about Martha Maxwell "A Pioneer Woman's Work" falls into the "different" class. We enjoyed it very much. You'll notice that this Denver, Colorado, author is mentioned in one of the answers to a question in The Round-Up.

Most people who like to read about the Old West are well acquainted with Joe Koller's work. This Belle Fourche, South Dakota, writer is making quite a name for himself. We think his story "The Prophesy of Dragon Fly's Son" will add to his reputation.

One of our editors called Jock Scott's story "The Mystery of the Carson City Coins" a little gem. Everybody on the editorial staff agreed with her.

We've asked for criticism just about every time we've written The Old Scout, and several readers have obliged us. We've published their letters in The Mail Pouch, but we'd like to make further comment here. One reader does not like what he calls the "horsey" Hollywood type of painting we used on the January issue. He wants more covers by such authentic artists of the Old West as Frederic Remington, Charles Russell and George Catlin. Do you agree with him?

Another reader doesn't like to see stories about people and places he has read about before in other magazines. We try to avoid that as much as possible, but when a writer has something new to say about a well-known character (such as Charles Kelley, Jr. does in his story about Judge Parker) we think it's worthy of publication. There's also the possibility that some other editor will come out with a story about the same person or place that we're including in an issue. That simply can't be helped because there's no way of knowing what the other fellows are doing. Believe me, we'll avoid such duplication as much as possible.

Another complaint is that some of our readers have a difficult time finding copies of our magazine on newsstands. That's something else we can't do much about. Our distributor does his best to place the magazines where he thinks they are most likely to sell. It's up to the individual newsstand owner to display the magazines in the best way possible. Please — if you like our magazine — keep looking for it. And when you find several copies 'way out of sight bring them out front so others won't have the same trouble.

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TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

MARCH 1966 VOL. 4, No. 4

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THE MAIL POUCH

Bouquets and brickbats. Criticism and praise. We get them all in letters from readers. Well, that's a healthy sign. It means that people who buy our magazines give them a thorough reading. Everybody knows there are many different opinions concerning certain characters in the Old West and many versions of happenings there. Newspapers were few and far between, and the people who wrote contemporary stories were often prejudiced. Differences of opinion make for good horse racing. Now take a look at this month's mail.

GOOD DALTON BOY

Dear Mr. Grayson:

In the December issue of *The West* there is a story by Arnold M. Morton "That Good Dalton Boy." The story is well written and sounds authentic except for the last paragraph. In it the writer states that Emmett Dalton died less than two years after the gang's last robbery.

This isn't true because Emmett served time in the Kansas Penitentiary. Then he came to Bartlesville, Oklahoma, where he was married to a woman he had known for many years. He later became a special officer in Tulsa. Then he moved back to Bartlesville. He went to Hollywood to make a movie about the Dalton gang and died there in the 1930's.

For many years I lived a block and a half from Emmett Dalton's home in Bartlesville. I used to pass his house going to and from school. I saw Emmett and his wife in the yard many times. This was in the 1920's. I have a picture I took of the Dalton house when I was back there on a vacation in 1963.

I enjoy *The West* and *Golden West* very much. They are helping to keep alive the interesting story of many friends and relatives who are gone.

Sincerely,
Perry E. Powers,
P.O. Box 151
Sunnyvale, Calif.

Thank you for the nice letter, Mr. Powers. We received several letters calling our attention to this mistake. We're glad you set us straight on Emmett Dalton's death.

WHO WAS LARAMEE?

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading "Who Was Jacques LaRamee?" in the January issue of *The West*, and I am somewhat amazed. By this I mean I have information concerning LaRamee until his untimely death in southeastern Wyoming.

I am the great-grandson of James Bordeaux, an early mountain man, trapper and trader who was associated with Fort William (later Fort Laramie) from its beginning.

Little was known about my great-grandad by most people until 1954 when we published a story in "The Annals of Wyoming," an official publication of the Wyoming Historical Society. This brought new things to light. My great-grandad's fur trading post was made famous in 1854 by the fight of Lieut. Grattan and his men with the Sioux. I can tell you all about LaRamee's adventures from early St. Louis and St. Charles, Missouri, until his death in the 1820's along one of the rivers that today bear his name. From an old family manuscript and stories handed down from one generation to the next, I can perhaps be of assistance in solving this so-called mystery of Jacques LaRamee because he was a first cousin of my great-grandfather, James Bordeaux.

Sincerely,
Ken Bordeaux
4232 N. 58th St.
Lincoln, Nebraska

If you can't write the story yourself, Mr. Bordeaux, perhaps one of our writers will contact you. This story sounds interesting and we'd like to see it.

MORE ABOUT MANDANS

Dear Sirs:

Anent the query of C.M. Plattery of Kansas City re the theory about the Mandan Indians being partly white in the January issue of *The West* I want to say that when George Catlin (the artist) was on his way across the West he came to a village on a high bank of the Mississippi. The village was almost deserted, its people having been ravaged with smallpox or cholera.

He found that the buildings were of a different type than those of other Indians. On interrogating some of the survivors, he found they had a number of Welsh types and boats were built similar to a certain type of Welsh boat.

Becoming interested, Catlin found that many years before, these people had come from the south. He back-tracked down the river and found ruins of other villages, and the further he went the more they resembled the old Welsh style.

(Continued on page 69)

ALL STORY CONTRIBUTIONS should be addressed to Maverick Publications, Inc., 33 South Grove Street, Freeport, N.Y. 11520

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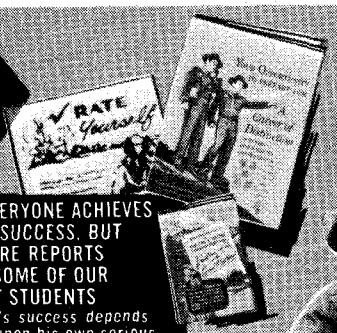

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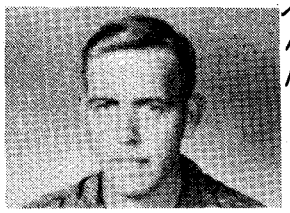
Richard Knox–Alabama



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Mystery of the Carson City Coins

by Jock Scott

Who was sweating gold out of the silver bullion bars?

When Joe Douglass, a prosperous Reno broker, bought two bars of silver bullion in 1895, he unwittingly started a curious chain of circumstances, the end of which is not yet in sight.

Perhaps never in the history of the U.S. Treasury has such a weird tale swirled about one of its mints, this one the Carson City, Nevada establishment.

Joe, like most people in the hard rock areas of that time, knew that silver bullion, from the Comstock and other mines, always contained a trace of gold. His bullion didn't. To Joe there could be only one explanation. There had been some hanky-panky in the mint, and he tipped T-men of his suspicions. The government agents looked back into a file which had been closed several years before, and nodded knowingly.

Owners of the Hale & Norcross mine had been involved in a complex option-profit-sharing suit when a witness made some startling statements about the Carson City mint. He implied that all was not well. There was talk of duplicate keys, midnight transfers of money and metal, along with other misconduct in high places. T-men swooped down then but were unable to find anything amiss.

But when Special Agent Theodore Mason reconsidered those statements in the light of this bullion which seemed to have been mint-refined, the matter was worth looking into.

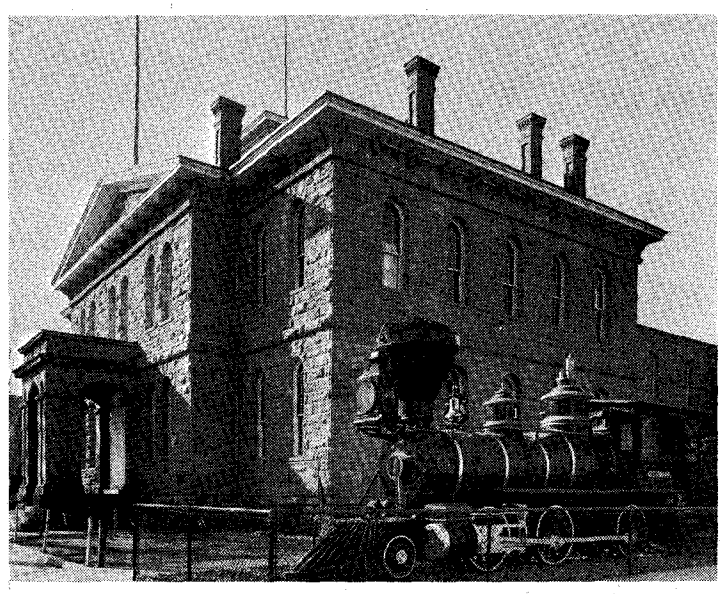
Not long afterwards, the mint showed a loss of about 4,000 ounces in silver and gold bullion, with a value of about $64,000. Since this struck deeply at the integrity of not only the government but all of the western mines and miners, Sam Davis, editor of the Carson City *Appeal,* clamored for a complete investigation. Other newspapers followed his lead.

Mason turned up evidence of sweating gold out of the bullion bars. The usual amount of gold had been extracted from the melt and an appropriate amount of silver added so as to disguise the loss of weight. Mason then ordered a complete assay of all bullion bars, and found one loss of more than $20,000.

To remove temptation, the Carson City officials were ordered to ship all bullion on hand to the San Francisco mint. It amounted to a trifle less than a million dollars. That was on April 13, 1895. A week later a mint refiner named Jack Jones was arrested. Bill Pickleman was

(Continued on page 63)

Nevada State Highway Dept. Photo



State Museum (formerly United States Mint) at Carson City.

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$8400.00 IN CASH PRIZES

(NOW ON DEPOSIT IN OUR SPECIAL PRIZE FUND BANK ACCOUNT)

TO BE AWARDED TO 100 WINNERS IN OUR 12th ANNUAL PUZZLE CONTEST

PRESENTED FOR YOUR PLEASURE BY TOWN & COUNTRY ASSOCIATION

You can sit down and solve this puzzle right now. Everything you need is printed here. There is nothing to look up. No dictionary is needed. Get in this fascinating game by solving this puzzle now. It sharpens your wits and keeps your mind alert. And it costs so little (just the $3.00 entry fee). You get more than that value in fun and recreation. AND you may win a nice cash prize—up to $4,000.00.

Every contestant will be notified of his standing within 30 days after we receive his entry. You will not have to wait and wonder for a long time as to how you stand.

RULES

1. Solve this puzzle as you would any other crossword puzzle except that the letters you supply are determined, not by definitions, but by letter values.
2. Fill in every empty square with a letter. When completed, every series of 2 or more letters must spell a word, both across from left to right, and down. Every word appearing in the solution must be taken from the accompanying "OFFICIAL WORD LIST" and must be spelled exactly as it is there. A word may be used more than once (no limit).
3. Black squares have no value. Using the letter values shown here, add the value of all letters in each line across (BOTH THE LETTERS ALREADY IN THE PUZZLE AND THOSE YOU SUPPLY) and place these LINE TOTALS at the right of the puzzle as indicated. Then add up these LINE TOTALS and put your Total Score in the space indicated. Add your score carefully as any error in computing your score will disqualify your entry. An entry once submitted cannot be changed. However, a contestant may send in more than one entry. See Rule 6.
4. The object is to obtain **the highest total score,** obeying all the Rules. (See Rule 7 for ties.) This is a contest of skill. There are no "tricks" planned or allowed.
5. Anyone at least 18 years of age, from the U.S. or Canada (including military personnel abroad), may enter this contest except members and employees of the sponsors, their advertising agents and their immediate families. Each entry must be accompanied by a $3.00 entry fee. *This fee is to cover costs and administrative expenses.*
6. A contestant may send in more than one entry, but each entry must be accompanied by the $3.00 entry fee. So if you see a chance to improve on an entry you have already sent in, you may send another, providing you mail it not later than April 9, 1966. While various members of a family may each enter the contest not more than one prize may be won by one household.
7. Ties are expected, in which case a tiebreaker will be required. It will be sent only to those who may be tied for any of the prizes. The tiebreaker will be similar to this puzzle. It will be the same size, 11 squares each way, but with fewer letters supplied, and more empty squares. The Official Word List, with more words, will also be supplied. Seven days will be allowed for solving tiebreakers. Highest score wins highest prize for which there are ties, and so on. Each tiebreaker has its own rules and may have slight changes.

If any ties still remain, additional tiebreakers up to 4 more may be sent to determine the winners. If any ties still remain after the 5 tiebreakers, then the full amount of the prize or prizes tied for will be awarded to each tied contestant. However, in all our previous contests, 2 tiebreakers or less were required to determine all winners. There is never any additional fee for tiebreakers.

8. Contestants shall not receive from, nor furnish to, anyone outside their own household, all or part of any solution in this contest.
9. Cut out the entry blank along the dotted lines, enclose your $3.00 fee and mail to Town and Country Ass'n, P. O. Box 1562, Tacoma, Wash. 98401. Entries must be postmarked not later than April 9, 1966, and received by April 20, 1966.
10. **Promptness Prize**—$500.00 cash. If you send your entry and $3.00 fee on or before the date shown on the Official Entry Blank, you will qualify for the $500.00 Promptness Prize. This Promptness Prize will be added to the first prize only.
11. When we receive your entry and $3.00 entry fee we will send you:
    a. Acknowledgment of your entry (LET US KNOW IF NOT RECEIVED IN 30 DAYS.)
    b. Notification of your standing at this point in the contest.
    c. *Our latest bulletin of news about our contests.*
    d. Prizes will be paid about July 20, 1966. At that time we will send you the list of prize winners and a copy of the highest scoring solutions.
12. By entering this contest, you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. The sponsors reserve the right to offer increased prizes, extra work charts and positional word lists. We cannot be responsible for lost or delayed mail. The sponsors reserve the right to decide any and all questions that may arise concerning this contest. All entries become the property of the sponsors. This contest is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations.

First Prize Winners in our 5 latest contests are:

Contest No. 7, $2,500.00 cash was won by Mrs. Betty E. Lee, 856 West Sammamish Road No., Bellevue, Wash. (All prizes paid June, 1961.)

Contest No. 8, $3,000.00 cash was won by William A. Miller, Jr., 225 So. 40th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (All prizes paid June, 1962.)

Contest No. 9, $3,000.00 cash was won by Mrs. G. L. Girardo, 148 E. 108th Ave., Denver, Colo. (All prizes paid July and August, 1963.)

Contest No. 10, $3,000.00 cash was won by Wilbur E. Wanstrom, Almont, N. Dak. (All prizes paid July, 1964.)

Contest No. 11, $2,000.00 cash was won by Gordon M. Thompson, 1526 Gulf St., Hobbs, N. Mexico. (All prizes paid July, 1965.)

NOTE—In this contest the prizes are double what they were in last year's contest.

Will YOU be the winner of the $4,000.00 cash prize this time?

LETTER VALUES

A-2	
B-1	
C-1	
D-2	
E-1	
F-1	
G-2	
H-2	
I-1	
J-0	
K-0	
L-1	
M-2	
N-1	
O-2	
P-2	
Q-0	
R-1	
S-1	
T-1	
U-1	
V-0	
W-2	
X-0	
Y-1	
Z-0	

FIRST PRIZE $4,000.00

($3,500.00 PLUS $500.00 PROMPTNESS PRIZE)

2d PRIZE	$2,000.00
3d PRIZE	500.00
4th PRIZE	250.00
5th PRIZE	150.00
6th PRIZE	140.00
7th PRIZE	130.00
8th PRIZE	120.00
9th PRIZE	110.00
10th PRIZE	100.00
90 PRIZES EACH $10.00	900.00
TOTAL	$8,400.00

OFFICIAL WORD LIST

AD	DAD	HELD	NO	RIG
ADD	DID	IT	NOT	SEA
AID	DO	LEG	NOW	SEND
AN	EAT	LONG	NU	SET
ARC	ERA	MEN	OPERA	WANT
ARM	FA	MY	OR	WE
AT	FOR	NAP	PEEP	WENT
CAN	FUN	NET	PIER	WHELM
COME	GAD	NEW	RE	WIN
COW	GOLD	NIP	RIB	YOU

THE ORIGINAL CROSSWORD-VALUE PUZZLE

											LINE TOTALS
N		W	■	F		R	■	F		N	
	■		■		■	E	R		■		
P		E		■	S	■		■		T	
■	■		■	M	E		■		■	■	
C		M	E	■		■	L	O		G	
	■	■	A		■		E	■	■		
W		N	T	■	R	■	G	O		D	
■	■		■	W	I		■		■	■	
A		■		■		■		E		D	
	■	A	R		■		■		■		
C		N	■	Y		U	■	A		D	

I ENCLOSE $3.00
CASH ☐
CHECK ☐
or M. O. ☐

PUT YOUR TOTAL SCORE HERE →

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK — CONTEST NO. 12

To Qualify for Promptness Prize mail on or before
April 4, 1966

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

Cut along dotted lines and mail to:
Town & Country Assn.—P. O. Box 1562, Tacoma, Wash. 98401

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by

Joe Koller

Buffalo, N.Y., Historical Society Photo

Prophesy of Chief

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Dragon Fly's Son

In March of 1828, Elizabeth, wife of Seneca chief Dragon Fly, had a strange dream. Being a superstitious squaw, she asked a shaman what it meant. The tribe's old dream interpreter pronounced it a prophesy.

"Your son, yet unborn, is marked for greatness" the soothsayer predicted. "He will have bravery, wisdom, and knowledge. He will be honored by the whites and become a leader of his people. When he dies he will be returned to the land of his birth and the earth of his people will enfold him."

Elizabeth gave birth to a son. The prophesy was forgotten. Yet 36 years later a big Indian, in Union blues, stood between General Grant and General Lee at their Appomattox meeting and wrote the terms of the Confederacy's surrender as the victor dictated them. The Indian, General Ely S. Parker, was the son of Chief Dragon Fly's wife Elizabeth. The parents have gone down in history as William and Elizabeth Parker.

The Senecas were part of the old Iroquois federation. The Seneca reservation was near Niagara Falls in western New York state. During the Revolution the Iroquois were the fighting allies of the colonists. In 1792 President George Washington presented Red Jacket, the Grand Sachem of the Iroquois with the Red Jacket Medal in appreciation of war-time aid. Ely S. Parker was the last Grand Sachem to wear the Red Jacket Medal and the purple and white Wampum Belt that designated him the head chief and Keeper of the West Door to the Long House, the Iroquois medicine lodge. Since Parker's death the medal and the Wampum Belt have been kept in the Erie Historical Society's vault in Buffalo, New York.

General Parker was well known to Western tribes. He attended grand councils in Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, and made visits to the Southwest where Apache, Comanches, and Kiowas resisted army power, and to the Northwest where Cheyenne and Sioux bands were in bloody rebellion. When Parker talked to western Indians he often acted for the President of the United States. Parker, as Indian Commissioner, was the main architect of the Grant Peace Policy—a new deal for Indians.

There is much in history relating to Elizabeth Parker's son of prophesy. Congress was to wrangle, associations were to lecture, and newspapers were to make headlines about the big Indian who was to become a public figure in American life. He fostered ideas, reorganized departments, challenged customs, provoked trouble, and was impeached. All this made for acclaim, abuse, distrust, and public interest.

At the time of Elizabeth's dream the frontier was well east of the Mississippi. The Iroquois country was surrounded by land-hungry settlers who had taken root while the tide of empire moved on westward. Eastern politicians employed the treaty system as a subterfuge to obtain the Indian acreage. Some of the six Iroquois nations sold their domain for small cash and big promises that were never fulfilled. The Seneca chiefs were also tempted to sell, but the people on their reservation took this power away from the chiefs and vested it in their Grand Sachem, named Blacksmith. Blacksmith, like Red Jacket who preceded him, considered Seneca soil a sacred trust.

The Senecas were corn planters and hunters. Chief Dragon Fly owned farm and timber lands and operated a small sawmill off the Tonawanda reservation. The chief was also a horse dealer.

To be qualified for rights and heritage of his people a Seneca baby would have to be born on Seneca land. Dragon Fly hauled his wife, Elizabeth, 30 miles in a jouncing mule wagon to make the reservation in time.

Chief Dragon Fly was the son of Handsome Lake, the prophet, who rescued an Englishman from death. The Englishman adopted him. This man, whose name was Parker, bestowed his English identity on Handsome Lake's son, Dragon Fly, making him known to settlers as William Parker. The child born to William and Elizabeth Parker in 1828 was named Ely Samuel Parker. The Samuel was injected to favor a missionary friend.

Raised as an Indian, Ely Parker studied nature and craftsmanship with his people.

Ely Parker was one Indian who bridged the wide gap between the red man and the white

Parker's bride, Miss Minnie Sackett.

Courtesy Buffalo, N.Y., Historical Society

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General Grant was Parker's friend.

He mingled with white children and, for a time, attended a Baptist mission school. He gave this up, however, in favor of the carefree life on a reservation. Riding ponies was his hobby. At the age of 10 Ely accompanied his father's party on a trail drive of horses to an army market across the boundary in Hamilton, Ontario. When they arrived in Canada the horses were held in a remount corral.

A blatant British corporal kept the animals milling in the corral under officer inspection during the sale. One bronc kicked the plank fence on which little Ely was perched and the boy fell into the yard.

"You stupid little savage!" the corporal scolded as he heaved the boy back over the fence. "Keep outside the wall."

Ely felt the hurt of sensitive pride. No one had ever called the son of Dragon Fly a stupid little savage before. The insult would have to be wiped out. Seething with resentment, the young Indian walked back over 100 miles to the reservation and told the mission teacher he was determined to have more schooling. He never wanted to be called stupid again.

Little Ely hungered for knowledge. Prof. Louis H. Morgan, of Union College, found the bright student helpful in doing archeological research on the Iroquois, and to further his education got the lad admitted to Cayuga Academy at Aurora, N.Y. Ely Parker developed culture as well as intelligence in school. He wrote a good hand and was talented in the speech classes. The agent used him to interpret his regulations to his people. Indians had confidence in Parker's ability. At 18 he attended a meeting in Washington, D.C. to oppose land grabbing laws. Under date of February 9, 1846, Parker wrote to his people stating his impressions of the Congress as follows:

"The choicest wisdom of the great American people gather here around a national council fire. They doom my kin to the grave. Our people are to become extinct without even leaving a monument to remind the antiquarian that they once existed a happy race. They are now soon to be lost to the memory of man, yet their dust will speak loudly of their former greatness and their love of liberty, that which is now the boast of the paleface race. Mournfully they will look to the Great Spirit and revenge their many wrongs."

In 1850 Parker was lobbying for his Seneca people at the New York capitol in Albany. When on such missions in the white man's world Parker's broad shouldered, six-foot-three body was clad in smoked, fringed buckskins. He wore a feather in his hat. Ely Parker wanted to look like an Indian and he did.

He also went to the national capitol and met Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and other leading figures of the times. Parker spoke with vigor and sound reasoning at all meetings. In 1848 President James K. Polk invited him to a White House luncheon to get his views on Indian problems.

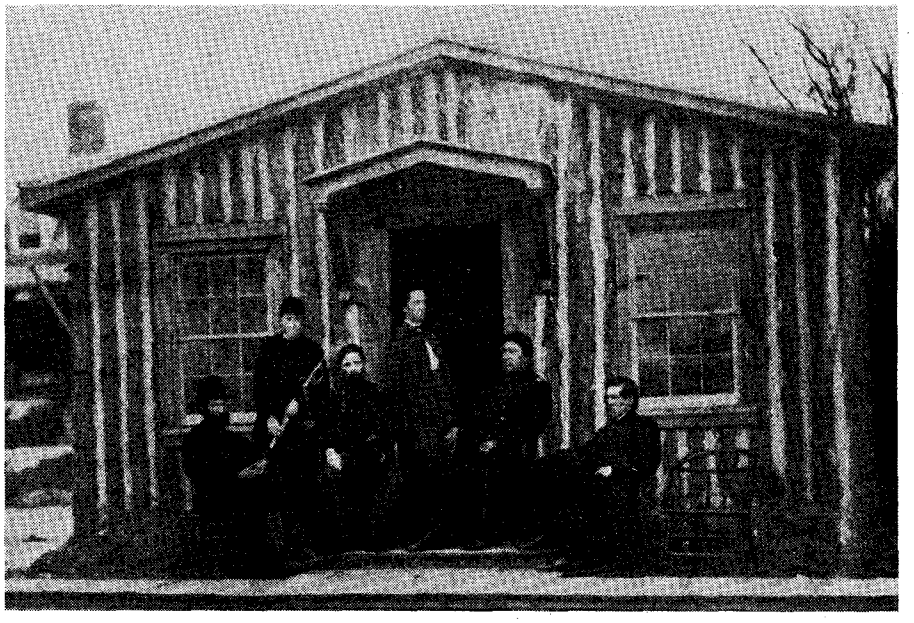
While Parker was still in school Blacksmith, the Grand Sachem of the Iroquois, died and, as there was no worthy successor to take his place, the Wolf Clan left the office open until 1852 when Ely S. Parker was elected to that high office. It made the 24-year-old Ely Parker the peace leader of his people. When the next attempt was made to swindle the Senecas out of their lands by a treaty deal Parker, like Blacksmith, refused to sign. That killed the project.

The legal knowledge needed to meet the business and political challenges of the white people caused Parker to select law as a career. He entered the firm of Angel & Rice at Ellicottville, N.Y., as clerk and studied for three years. He showed promise as a thinker, speaker, and organizer. He took the examination and passed the tests with credits to spare; but he could not practice law. The Supreme Court had ruled that only a white person, a citizen of the United States, could be admitted to the Bar. According to the Court's interpretation Ely Parker was neither. He was still a stupid Indian.

Trained to value patience and to hide his feelings behind a stoic exterior, Parker made a second choice of career. He entered Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N.Y., and in due time was graduated as a civil engineer.

His first job called for the improving of the Erie Canal. For some years he was city engineer for Rochester, New York.

Buffalo and Erie Historical Society Photo



Ely Parker is shown second from the right, at Grant's Headquarters.

More experience was gained on the Chesapeake & Albemarle Canal. The government put him in charge of the Lighthouse District of the Lake Huron, Michigan, and Superior area. In 1860 Parker was engineering flood control projects on the Mississippi River and, in this region, he became acquainted with a retired army captain named U.S. Grant.

Grant had served in the Far West and knew much about frontier Indians. Parker was also interested in the Western tribes. Because of this common interest the two men became great friends.

The cannon blast at Fort Sumpter separated the country into two armed camps. Grant was recalled for service and given a command. Parker's government work on the river stopped and he returned to the Seneca Reservation and his people.

As the war dragged on Parker's decision to help the Union surprised his

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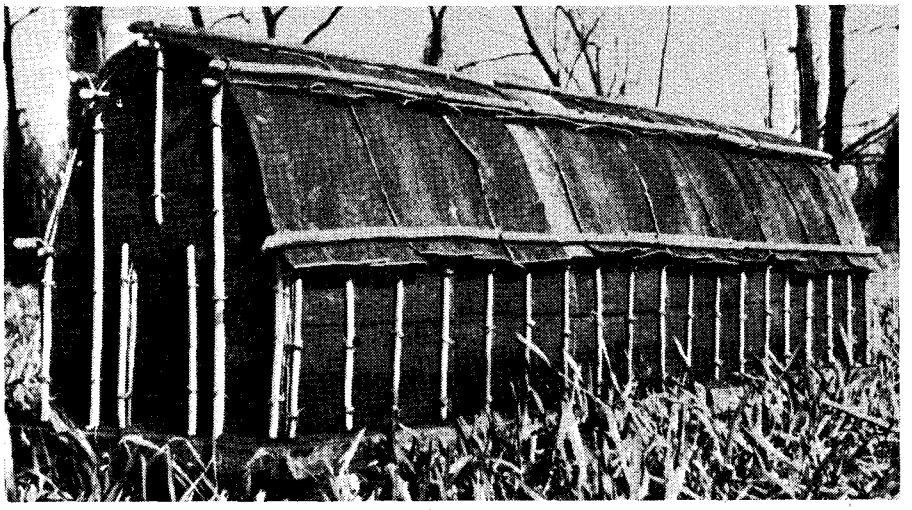


Structures such as this Iroquois Long House were homes to Indian families.

people. No Grand Sachem had ever gone to war. However, with his father's consent, an old Seneca custom, Parker went to Washington and applied for a commission, stating his engineering qualifications. The application was rejected.

"This is a white man's war," an official explained. "Indians have no place in it. Go home and plant corn. We will settle our own troubles."

Chagrined by the rebuff, Ely Parker returned to report to his father who questioned the War Department official's stand.

"No place for Indians? Over three hundred Seneca braves are already enlisted as scouts and sharpshooters in the Union Army," the parent reminded Ely.

The war effort on the home front included the gathering of mounts for cavalry and the growing of foods for the services.

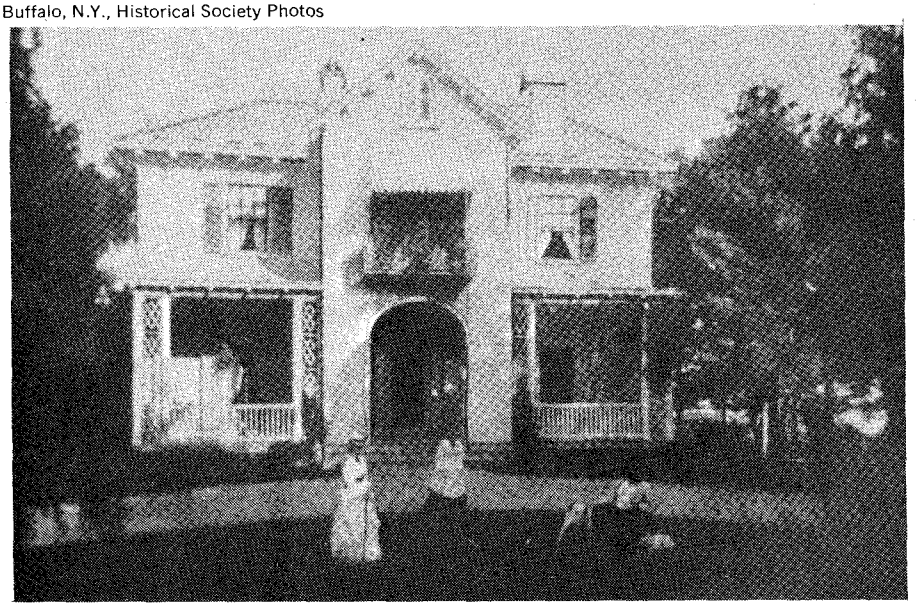
Parker read newspapers and kept track of Grant's rise in command and his progress in the field. He was plowing in a field on June 4th, 1863, when a soldier from Washington brought him a wax sealed official looking envelope. It contained a captain's commission in the engineering department of the Seventeenth Army Corps. Parker was to report to General J.E. Smith.

The Senecas gave their Grand Sachem a fine send-off party. Parker wore the Red Jacket Medal and the Wampum Belt with official dignity at the celebration, but he left both behind when he rode away.

Parker's ideas and engineering skills were employed in the construction of bunkers, trenches and defense works. He was cool under fire at Vicksburg.

On September 18, 1863, Parker was transferred to Grant's headquarters staff and made assistant military secretary to the General. His rank was that of Colonel, but the staff members called him The Big Indian. Parker wrote the dispatches that Grant sent to commanders, the War Department and President Lincoln. The prewar friendship with Grant allowed Parker to make suggestions on engineering tactics that Grant considered valuable for defense purposes. Parker appears in many official photographs of the staff taken at Grant's headquarters.

Buffalo, N.Y., Historical Society Photos



Parker designed his own home at Fairfield, Connecticut.

Parker's promotion to Brigadier General was dated April 9, 1865, the day he stood between Grant and Lee and wrote the terms of the surrender as Grant specified. On that historic occasion the regular adjutant was so nervous that he could not write with a steady hand. Parker took the pencil and pad. Grant introduced his staff.

General Lee's white brows lifted when he saw the dark features of the Big Indian. "I see we have one real American with us," he observed, shaking Parker's hand.

"We are all real Americans here, sir," Parker answered.

Parker felt a personal responsibility for General Grant's safety. As war neared its end efforts were made by the enemy to kill the supreme commander while he was in winter quarters. Not knowing whom to suspect, Parker once stood outside of Grant's door, pistol in hand, in an all night vigil to guard the General. Had Grant accompanied Lincoln to the Ford Theatre that night when tragedy struck, Parker would have been on guard outside the president's box and history would have had a different sequence.

On one occasion Parker told President Lincoln of the reforms needed in the Indian Service. He believed the treaty system should be abolished and more of the humanitarian treatment instituted among some tribes. People were being uprooted ant transplanted on Indian Territory. It was resented.

Lincoln was sympathetic. After the war he promised that frontier injustices would receive attention.

When discharged as General of Volunteers Parker was given a Second Lieutenant's commision in the Regular Army and attached to Grant's staff for post-war service.

Parker's service record listed action at Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Chattanooga, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and Richmond. He was fever stricken and twice wounded while in service.

Lincoln's assassination sent Andrew Johnson into the White House. Johnson's period in office brought clashes with Congress on issues of reconstruction and peace. Parts of the South were plundered. The West suffered from the forces of greed and prejudice. Grant, the national hero, was a logical presidential prospect.

Gold strikes made in Colorado, Idaho, Montana, and Dakota caused migrations to western territories. These pioneers demanded protection. The Union generals campaigned against the unruly tribes in the mountains and on the prai-

(Continued on page 53)

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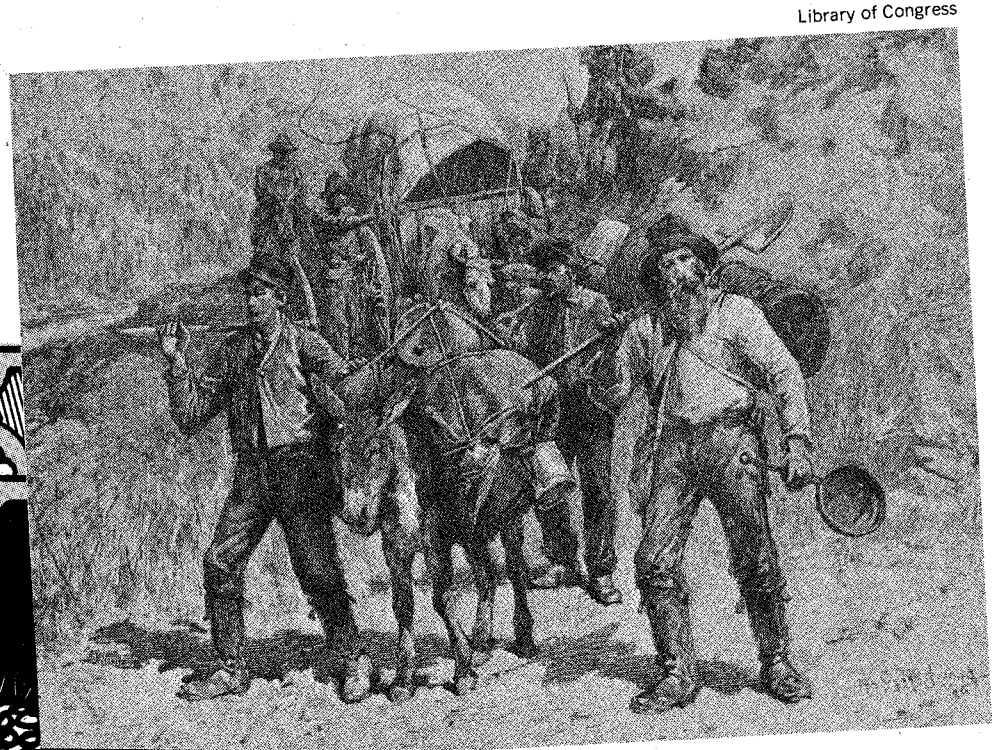
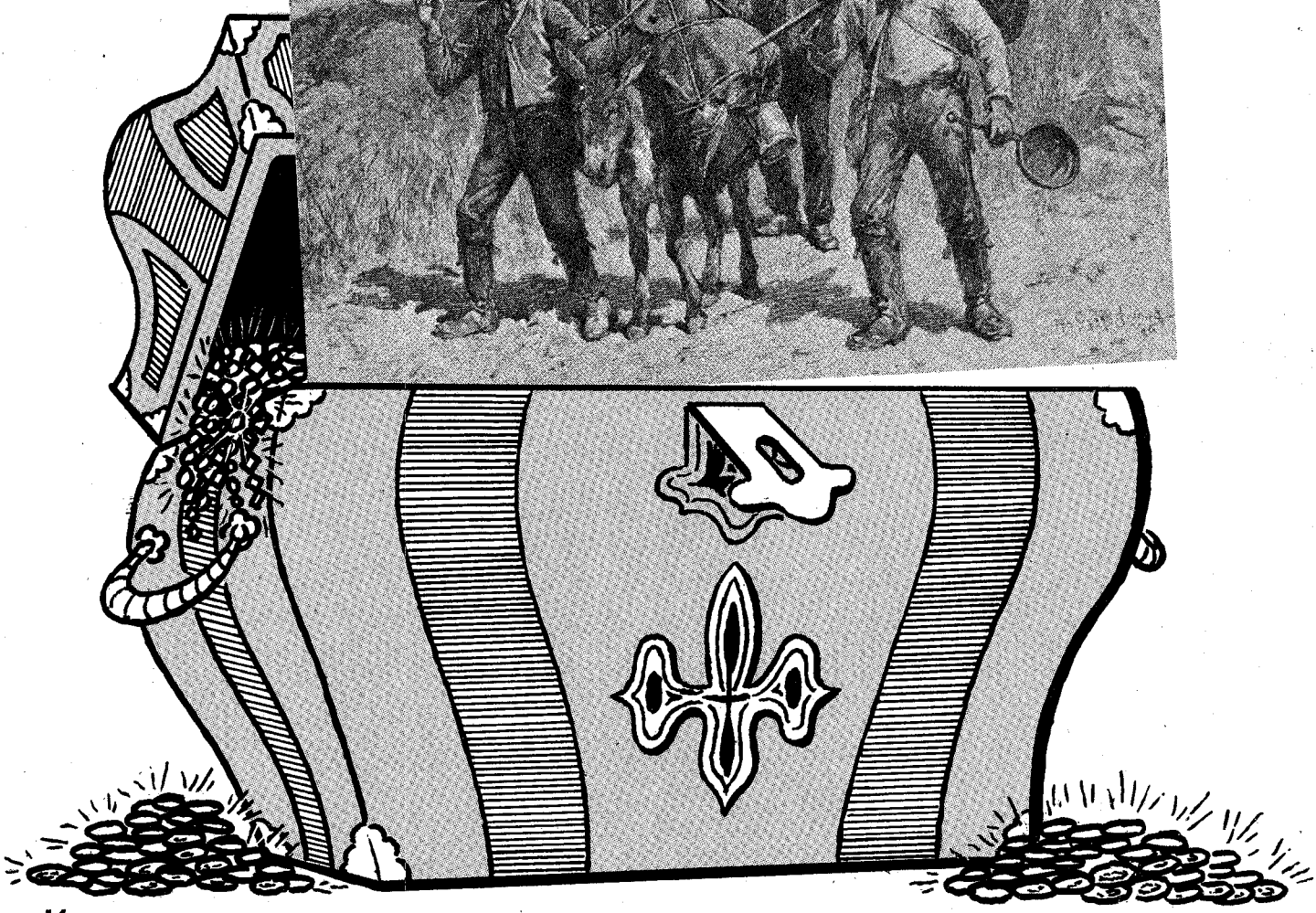
by Steve Wilson

THE TREASURE SPANIARDS KEEP HUNTING

Library of Congress





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Some folks believe there's $12 million in gold mouldering away in the dense brushy country of eastern Oklahoma

Spanish treasure stories are all too well known. The typical story of a lone, aged Spaniard returning to some secluded spot where his ancestors buried a fabulous treasure, and always left a map to it, has been told over and over.

But when these persistent gold seekers show up time after time, over many decades, never giving up to find that fabulous treasure—that is a rare item, and a horse of a different color!

This is the story I stumbled onto in the rolling hills of eastern Oklahoma, close to the Arkansas border. There's a reputed $12 million hoard of gold doubloons and bricks secreted in this hilly, densely forested terrain. It has been sought by at least a half-dozen Spaniards in the last one hundred years. And rumors persist today that their descendants are still prowling these hills, two in particular.

Brushy Mountain and Buzzard Hill, both near Spiro, Oklahoma, near the banks of the Arkansas River, have been the scene of numerous treasure hunts, the first in 1850.

The pre-Civil War Spanish gold hunters traveled from Mexico to what was then the Cherokee Nation. With a sheepskin parchment map in hand, the party hired a guide to show them over the rugged country. The treasure map especially detailed two rivers, believed to be the Grand and Cowskin Rivers.

The Spaniards declared the crude, worn map had been made 200 years before by their countrymen, and showed caches of gold bullion secretly deposited for safekeeping. Strange markings were drawn along both rivers, the burial sites of the golden treasure.

The Spaniards spent months exploring the streams for clues to the hidden gold deposits, but with no luck. Tired and disgusted, they left their quest and were seen no more.

But the treasure search didn't stop here. In fact, it was only beginning. In the early 1880's, an old Mexican showed up at a ranch house north of Spiro. He asked permission to rest at the rancher's home, saying he had walked all the way from his homeland in Mexico to find something his grandfather had raved about countless times before he died.

The rancher took the weary Mexican into his home, and gave him food and drink. The old man ate as if he hadn't had a meal during his entire journey. That evening he turned in early, barely saying anything more than just what he had to.

The next day the Mexican started talking. But most of his talk was in the form of questions. He was profoundly interested in the surrounding countryside. He asked the rancher if he knew of a place called Buzzard Hill. The cattleman scratched his head, and said yes, he did know of such a mountain. The Mexican asked the rancher to take him there, saying maybe he could show the rancher something of interest his grandfather had talked about a great deal. The rancher consented.

Early the following day the two rode to Buzzard Hill, a beautiful tree covered butte located far from the nearest trail. On the road the Mexican explained why he had traveled so far from his home to see this strange, out-of-the-way pinnacle. He said that his forefathers had hidden a great store of gold on the mountain. The directions to the ancient treasure had been passed along for several generations in his family. He was the first to get together enough funds to make the trip to find the hidden treasure.

"If I can prove several things that would make you believe what I say is so," the Mexican said, "I would like to make a deal with you that will make us both very rich."

The rancher agreed to consider his proposition, but wanted to see some proof that something was buried on the hill before he consented to any deal.

During the days that followed, the two, along with other people from the ranch, anxiously dug trenches on the hillside, seeking clues the Mexican said would be there.

The old man first directed them to dig several feet down at one spot where they should find a cross carved in a rock. The diggers eagerly threw back the dirt, and after an hour or more of digging they unearthed the stone. The cross was there just as the Mexican said it would be.

Then the old man directed the crew to dig still deeper. Here, they would find a skeleton buried standing up with his face pointing down the Arkansas River. In a few minutes the diggers unearthed the skeletal remains.

He next took the treasure hunters to another spot on the hill. There, they were told, they should uncover the skeletons of a woman and a small child, buried together in the form of a cross. Both were found.

The Mexican then directed the party to dig into the side of the hill where they would find a rock wall carved with Spanish markings. The diggers hastily dug away the rocky soil. Their shovels hit the stone ledge. They anxiously cleaned away the dirt. In no time the symbols showed up. It was then that the Mexican offered his deal.

He said that when this vast country was French territory the Spanish were working a gold mine there and employed a large force of men. Many burro loads of *oro* had been taken from the mine.

As the Spanish miners needed supplies, they would ferry some of the gold down the Arkansas to the Mississippi River and south to New Orleans. Here they would sell the precious metal to purchase supplies, and then return to the mineral workings.

On the last trip the Spanish made, one of the miners got drunk, and in his alcoholic ravings, revealed the secret of the mining operations within French boundaries. After his return to camp, the boastful Spaniard confessed, fearing the French would quickly investigate what he had said. The Spaniards didn't need to hear any more. They knew French soldiers wouldn't be far behind.

The Spaniards had to work fast if they were going to leave with their lives. The leaders of the party blinded the man who had talked too much and buried him alive standing up, with his face looking down the Arkansas River toward New Orleans, where he had betrayed his comrades.

The gold ore at the mine dump, as well as the shiny, heavy ingots, were hastily hidden within the mine. The bodies of a woman and small child were buried in the form of a cross. Secret signs were chiseled on the rock wall, and the mine shaft swiftly filled in. The Spaniards, barely armed, retreated in the nick of time to save themselves from an oncoming detachment of French troops.

The aged Mexican showed the rancher and his sons a yellowed, grimey map, and said that it had belonged to his grandfather who had inherited it from his father,

(Continued on page 54)

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On stormy nights, the legend says, a phantom herd of riderless horses thunders along the rim of Tule Canyon in the Texas Panhandle. Heads high, manes flying, the ghostly chargers wheel and gallop over hills where, 90 years ago, they were shot to death by United States soldiers.

Carcasses of slaughtered horses and later the ricks of whitening bones remained for years a landmark that signified the end of Indian dominance of northwest Texas. The sun-bleached skeletons were scattered over acres of prairie on what now is the S.M. Rodgers ranch near the Panhandle town of Tulia, the stuff of legend to the pioneer Texan who looked upon them with wondering eyes.

Today, dwellers in this rich Texas countryside, where redskin and trooper once met in fury, have all but forgotten that last campaign, which broke the Plains Indians and opened the Texas Panhandle to settlement by the white man. Nor do they remember how easily another Little Big Horn could have been etched in the history of their land. But they yet hear, on stormy nights, a distant drumming...

Colonel Ranald S. Mackenzie's Fourth U.S. Cavalry marched north toward the Staked Plains on August 24th, 1874, to punish raiding bands of Indians for depredations along the Texas and Kansas frontiers. Mackenzie's regiment, driving from Fort Concho near present San Angelo, was to be a hammer on the anvil of other army columns converging from north, east, and west.

Captain Robert G. Carter, who served under Mackenzie as a troop commander and much of the time as adjutant, furnished the best first-hand accounts of Mackenzie's Staked Plains campaign. *On the Border With Mackenzie* details Carter's own experiences on the Texas frontier, and *The Old Sergeant's Story* contains accounts given by Sergeant John B. Charlton, who served in Carter's troop. Charlton and Carter were the last two survivors of the old Fourth Cavalry. Sergeant Charlton lived his declining years in Uvalde, Texas, where he died in 1922. Captain Carter died in Washington, D.C., in 1936.

Colonel Ranald S. Mackenzie led the Fourth U.S. Cavalry.

Author's Photo

After establishing a permanent supply camp on the White River south of Palo Duro Canyon, Mackenzie's command of 450 enlisted men, 21 commissioned officers, and three surgeons headed north along a trail used in previous campaigns, the old Mackenzie Trail, to find the Indians.

Long marches and blind scouting brought the troopers to the mouth of Tule Canyon on September 25th. There they camped, and next day Mackenzie sent out another scouting party under Lieutenant W.A. Thompson. Thompson's men rode all day and, towards evening, turned up signs of a big band of hostiles. Outnumbered, the scouts fell back on the Tule Canyon camp. The Indians remained hidden in the emptiness of the Plains until night.

Then they attacked.

Led by Woman Heart, a Kiowa chief, several hundred braves hit at Mackenzie's pickets, trying to stampede the horses. The attempt failed, and with it the chance of hamstringing pursuit. The raiders also failed to capture or destroy a supply train of ten wagons which arrived at the height of the attack. Insulated from the din of yells and musketry by an atmospheric quirk, the mule skinners drove profanely but safely into camp. How the Indians missed them cannot be explained.

At dawn the Indians broke off the attack. After breakfast Mackenzie sent Sergeant Charlton and two Tonkawa scouts, Johnson and Job, to follow the trail. It was no trouble; after several miles, Charlton began to notice numerous other trails, all converging and fresh.

Then Palo Duro Canyon opened out before them. Leaving Job with the horses, Charlton and Johnson crept to the edge of the rimrock. "I felt overawed at the depth of the walls of this canyon," Charlton related. "In the open hundreds of horses were grazing. Viewed from this immense height they appeared no larger than chickens. Tepees thickly dotted the banks of the stream (which flowed on the canyon floor) as far down the canyon as I could see."

"Heap Injun!" grunted Johnson.

"You bet your life, old scout, and some canyon, too!" Charlton whispered as they backed off and headed south for the command.

Ninety million years of flowing water have carved the immense slash in the Staked Plains called Palo Duro Canyon.

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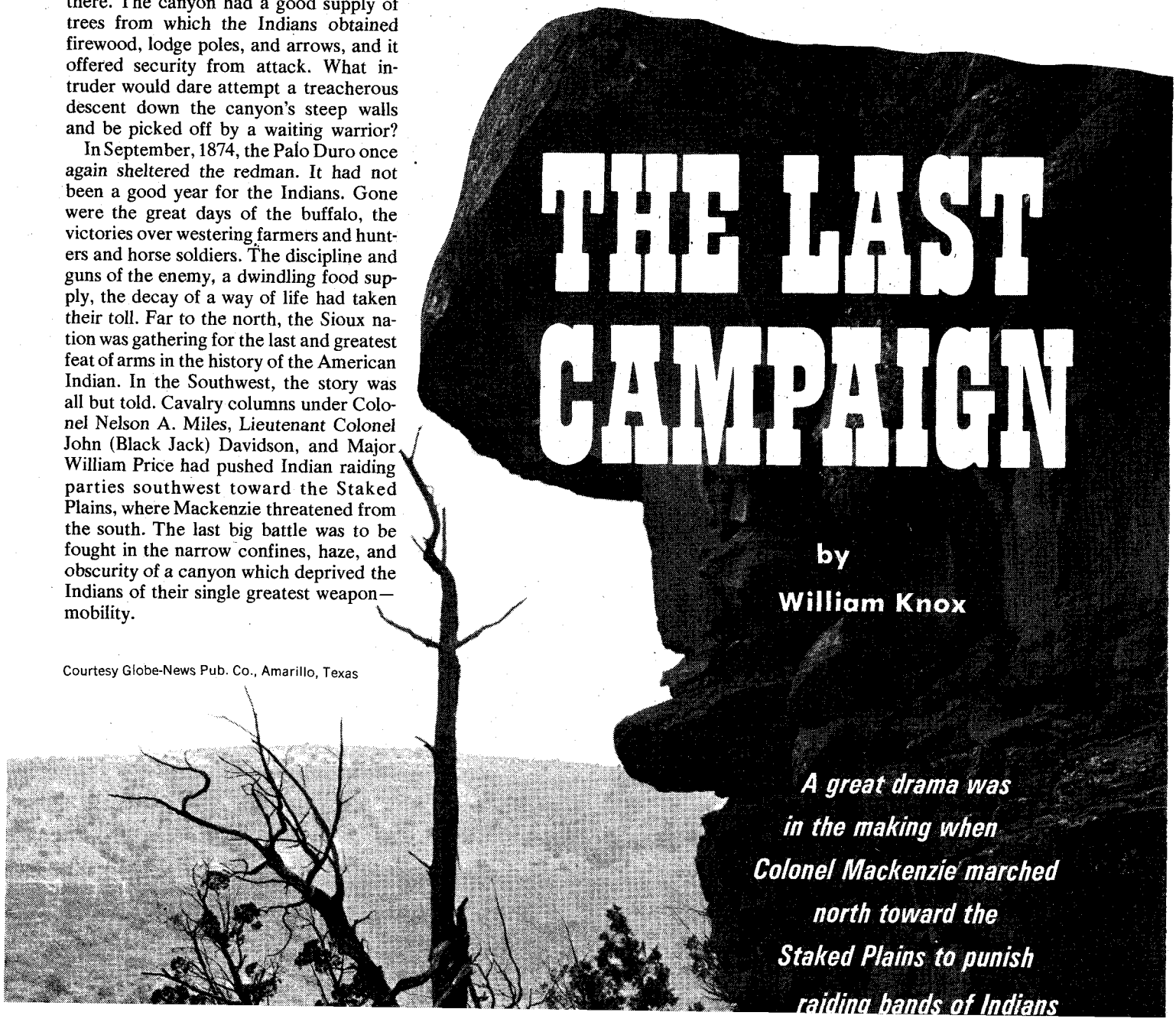
THE LAST CAMPAIGN

by William Knox

A great drama was in the making when Colonel Mackenzie marched north toward the Staked Plains to punish raiding bands of Indians



Courtesy Globe-News Pub. Co., Amarillo, Texas

This chasm in the tableland of northwest Texas starts just south of Amarillo and describes a jagged arc for 120 miles southeast toward the Red River. A wilderness of bluffs, boulders, brush, ravines, and side canyons, the Palo Duro has not yet been completely mapped.

For hundreds of years the Palo Duro had been a haven for Plains Indians; Kiowa, Comanche, and Cheyenne often camped there. The canyon had a good supply of trees from which the Indians obtained firewood, lodge poles, and arrows, and it offered security from attack. What intruder would dare attempt a treacherous descent down the canyon's steep walls and be picked off by a waiting warrior?

In September, 1874, the Palo Duro once again sheltered the redman. It had not been a good year for the Indians. Gone were the great days of the buffalo, the victories over westering farmers and hunters and horse soldiers. The discipline and guns of the enemy, a dwindling food supply, the decay of a way of life had taken their toll. Far to the north, the Sioux nation was gathering for the last and greatest feat of arms in the history of the American Indian. In the Southwest, the story was all but told. Cavalry columns under Colonel Nelson A. Miles, Lieutenant Colonel John (Black Jack) Davidson, and Major William Price had pushed Indian raiding parties southwest toward the Staked Plains, where Mackenzie threatened from the south. The last big battle was to be fought in the narrow confines, haze, and obscurity of a canyon which deprived the Indians of their single greatest weapon—mobility.

It seemed to the Indians that their country was swarming with soldiers. Their ardor cooled. Food supply became a problem, and they began to argue among themselves. Rain fell almost constantly. Their hands became so wrinkled from the soaking that they named their flight "The Wrinkled-Hand Chase."

When, finally, the weather cleared, those who had not given up and turned back toward Indian Territory now headed for the friendly confines of Palo Duro Canyon. They reached the canyon safely and found a trail leading into the gorge from the north bank. By this route they all reached the bottom, some 1,200 feet

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Lone Wolf, Kiowa chieftain, was one of the Indian leaders.

Sgt. Charlton was among the first to find Indian campground.

Author's Photos

below the level of the plains. The Indians believed they were safe from the white man's soldiers.

Kiowas under Maman-ti (Sky-Walker) and Lone Wolf, Comanche bands of O-ha-ma-tai, Mow-wi and Wild Horse, and Cheyennes led by Iron Shirt set up camp, their lodges stretching almost three miles down the floor of the canyon.

Maman-ti, a medicine man of great repute, was in charge. After "making medicine," he pronounced the canyon a safe refuge and assured the people no blue-coated soldiers would disturb them.

It was their last campground.

Mackenzie's weary troopers saddled up and began the 25-mile march north for the Palo Duro in the early morning darkness of September 28th, arriving at the brink of the precipice about dawn. The morning was cold and clear.

Ranald S. Mackenzie was a dour, unspectacular, single-minded bachelor, devoted only to his Army, his troops, his duty, and his objectives. He had taken many chances during his career, both during the Civil War and in his battles with the Indians. Never had he lost a fight, though once he lost a herd of captured ponies and some of his own after a Blanco Canyon skirmish in 1871.

Now Mackenzie decided to take the most daring risk of his career. He would send his troopers down the canyon wall into what Sergeant Charlton later called the "jaws of death."

The command had to march along the rim of the canyon about a mile before finding a descending trail. It was a narrow, rocky, zigzag path, apparently used by nothing but Indian ponies and buffalo. The troopers would have to go down in single file.

Risky business. Might not the Indians, from behind prepared and natural barricades, pick off each intruder as he scrambled down the rocky path? If the troopers did enter the canyon successfully, might not the Indians cut off their line of retreat and slowly, by attrition, whittle them down to nothing? Charlton estimated the number of Indians at 1,500. There were fewer than 500 cavalrymen.

"Lieutenant Thompson, take your men down and open the fight," Mackenzie ordered.

"Very well, sir," replied Thompson.

"How we got them down into the canyon was, and always will be...a great mystery," wrote Captain Carter. By the time the cavalrymen started scrambling down the trail, the Indians had discovered them. They immediately began to gather up their most precious possession, a herd of about 1,500 fine ponies, and fled up the canyon.

Years later, Sergeant Charlton, in letters to Captain Carter, told of the first few moments in the canyon with Thompson's scouts:

"I swallowed a lump, the consistency of which I had no time to analyze, and then we went down into that inferno of howling redskins.

"Kiowas, Comanches, and Arapahoes attacked us from every quarter, first by dozens, later by hundreds, as the warriors gathered from the lower part of the camp.

"Many were concealed behind rocks while others were ambushed in the foliage of cedars.

"We were being reinforced as rapidly as the troops could make the descent of that tortuous trail.

"The smoke from our rifles settled down, adding further obscurity to the darkness of the canyon."

As soon as it reached the bottom, Captain E.B. Beaumont's Troop "A", which was immediately behind Thompson's scouts, took off after the pony herd.

Soon, Colonel Mackenzie's voice could be heard

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giving orders in the middle of the fray. He sent a portion of the command up the canyon at a gallop for about two miles to overhaul the bucks who had run off with the pony herd. They were met by Beaumont's troopers returning and driving before them a large number of ponies they had captured. Beaumont had rounded up almost the entire herd of 1,500 ponies.

Without their horses, the Indians were beaten; but they hadn't given up yet. Many of them succeeded in finding cover behind breastworks of rocks on the canyon walls. They opened a galling fire, and the cavalrymen were forced to fall back, being able to do little with the huge herd of horses on their hands.

As the retreat started, a trumpeter of "L" Troop, Henry Hard, fell from his horse, shot through the bowels. Everyone expected him to be dead in 20 minutes, but he lived because, the surgeon said, he had eaten nothing in 30 hours.

Troop "H", in line across the canyon, was exposed to an enfilading fire from both bluffs; six or eight horses already had been shot. The men were dismounted, and German-born Captain Sabastian Gunther ordered a detachment to clear the hostiles from the bluffs. The men had just started the movement when Colonel Mackenzie spotted them.

"Sergeant, where are you going with those men?"

"To clear the bluff, sir!"

"By whose orders?"

"Captain Gunther's!"

"Take those men back to their company," Mackenzie shouted. "Not one of them would live to reach the top," he explained and gave Gunther a dressing-down.

As Mackenzie walked away from Gunther, Private McGowan's horse was shot from under him and the soldier fell in an exposed position where he was under heavy fire. McGowan was down on his knees, tugging away at his saddle, bullets whistling all about him and kicking sand over his body. Mackenzie, happening to see him, shouted, "McGowan, get away from there or you will be hit!"

"Yes, sir," answered McGowan and made a motion to leave, but as soon as the Colonel's back was turned he resumed tugging at the saddle. Twice Mackenzie ordered him away, and when he turned a third time and saw the private still at his work, he spoke sharply: "I told you to go away from there! Are you going?"

"Damned if I am until I get my tabacco and ammunition," replied McGowan. The Colonel gave up.

One frightened trooper despaired: "How will we ever get out of here?" Mackenzie snapped out a confident assurance: "I brought you in, I will take you out."

The Indians clearly were taken by surprise. K'ya-been (Older-Men), alias Red Warbonnet, was in charge of the family group nearest the foot of the trail by which the troopers entered the canyon. When he saw the enemy, he fired his gun twice, then rushed into his tepee to don war paint. Indians in the more distant camps heard the shots but paid no heed. They thought the shots were fired by some early morning deer hunter. In a few moments they heard four more shots. Still they were not alarmed.

After the firing began in earnest, women and children started trying to climb the bluffs on the northwest side of the canyon. Some were pulling their belongings up the cliffs with ropes. The canyon floor and the prairie above were strewn for miles with abandoned packs, equipment, fine beaded pouches, moccasins, and elk-tooth garments.

About noon, Mackenzie saw a movement among the Indians atop the bluffs and surmised they were going to try to block the way by which the command had entered. Captain Gunther was ordered to clear the way and hold the trail until the command came out. Gunther reached the top without opposition, the hostiles apparently abandoning the attempt.

Three troops were dismounted and deployed as skirmishers across the canyon while another portion of the command set to work to destroy the villages. All the belongings of the Indians were piled into immense heaps, of which huge bonfires were made. Another detachment was herding the ponies out of the canyon.

About midafternoon, Mackenzie was ready to withdraw. His mission was accomplished. Capture of the horses meant that when the Indians went to Fort Sill, Indian Territory, to surrender—as they would be forced to do—they would have to walk.

As the skirmish line advanced back up the canyon, the Indians retired, springing from one rock to another, finally abandoning the fight altogether. The canyon was vacated between 3 and 4 p.m. Not an Indian was in sight.

At daring risk, Mackenzie lost none killed and had only one man—trumpeter Hard—wounded. The Indians later admitted losing between 50 and 60 killed.

After the whole command had assembled, the troops formed a hollow square with the animals in the middle and began the 25-mile march back to the camp at the mouth of Tule Canyon. Captain Carter termed the formation a "living corral." One troop was deployed as rear guard.

The regiment arrived at the camp about 1 a.m. on the 29th, and the captured ponies immediately were driven into a corral formed by the wagons. The weary troopers were given a few hours of sleep, then a detail was made to shoot the horses.

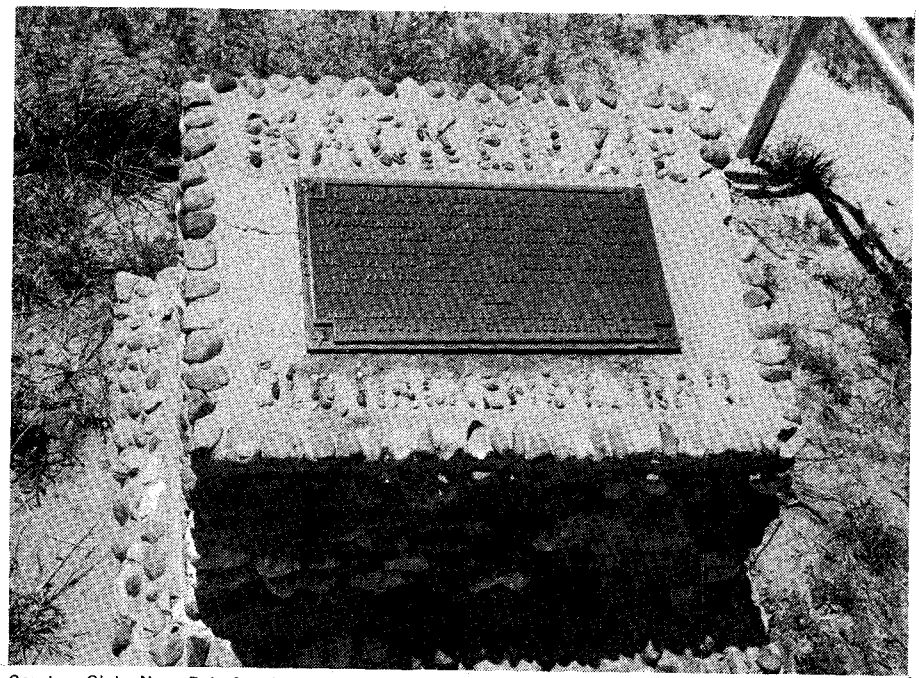
Experience had taught Mackenzie a lesson. He knew he could not hold Indian ponies. He remembered well the Blanco Canyon skirmish in 1871 when he had captured some Indian mounts and the hostiles had stampeded and recaptured the herd at night. He would not make the same mistake twice.

The Tonkawa scouts were permitted to select the best, and some were used to replace the lost mounts. Numbers of them were young and handsome, and to the cavalrymen it seemed a pity to kill them. To the Indians, they were such valuable property that many held them in higher esteem than they did their squaws.

Lieutenant Henry Lawton, regimental quartermaster, was assigned the gory job. Firing squads shot the animals as quickly as a troop could rope them and bring

(Continued on page 60)

This monument marks the site where almost 1,500 Indian ponies were killed after the battle of Palo Duro Canyon.



Courtesy Globe-News Pub. Co., Amarillo, Texas

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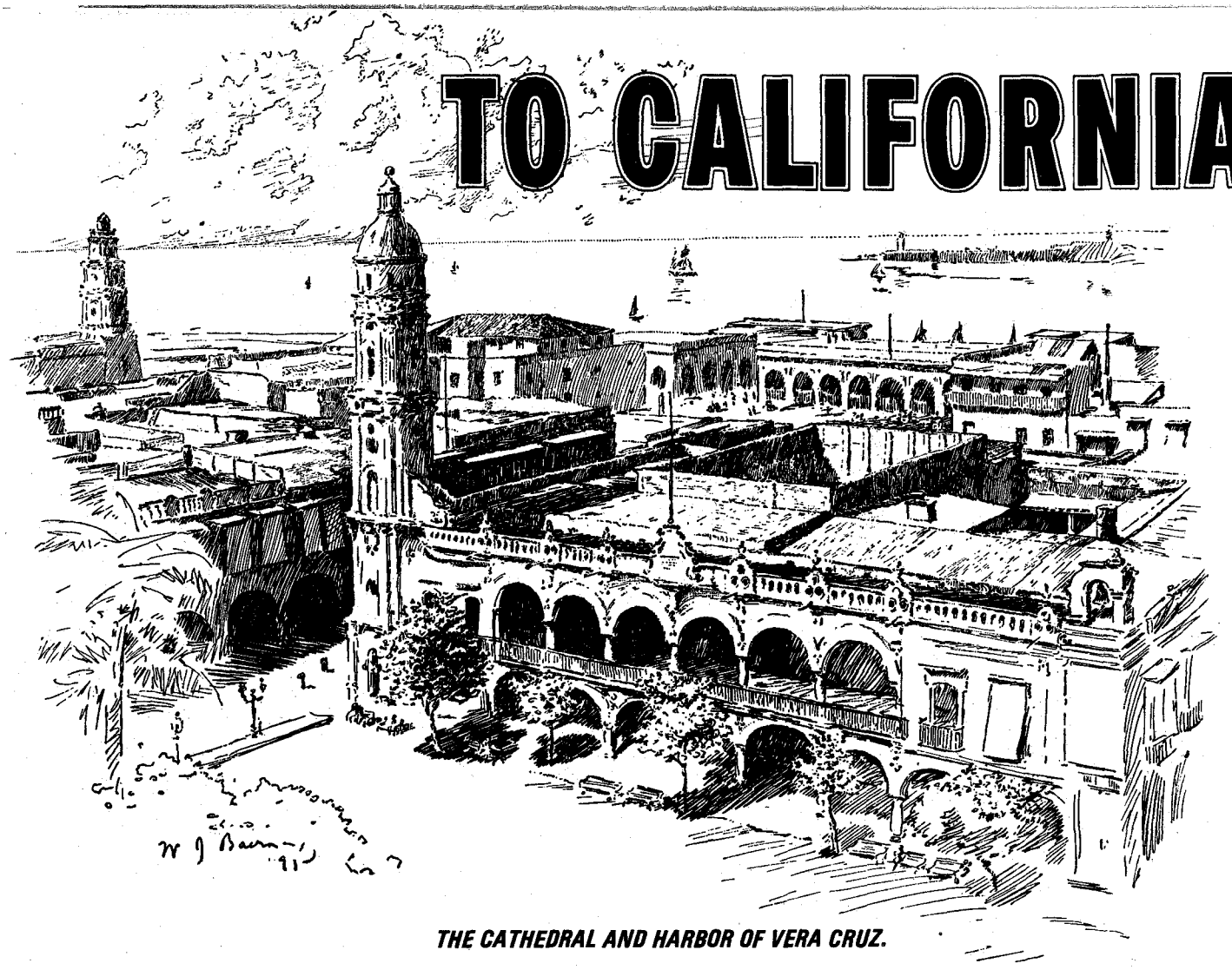
TO CALIFORNIA



THE CATHEDRAL AND HARBOR OF VERA CRUZ.

To California with its mines of gold, and how to get there the quickest way, was the ruling excitement of the hour in the fall of 1848. The "gold fever" was at its height. Many men who had the necessary money to make the trip to the Pacific Coast could not abandon their families, homes and businesses. So, in many instances, the matter was compromised. Men who could spare the cash (and sometimes those who could not) entered into agreements with those without funds, but strong on adventure, to furnish the means, the proceeds to be shared between them on the return of the gold seeker.

These arrangements enabled thousands of energetic and fearless men to start on the pilgrimage for gold in many ways. One of these, which I am about to narrate, was the formation of a company of two hundred adventurous spirits fitted out in New York. The plan was to go by sea to Vera Cruz, Mexico, thence overland to the Pacific coast at San Blas or Mazatlan, and in the absence of vessels at these ports to continue the journey of two thousand miles by land through Mexico, Lower and Upper California to the mines. A part of the company embarked from San Blas, a part from Mazatlan, and a part made the entire journey overland from Vera Cruz.

This company, mostly composed of picked young men, was organized under the comprehensive title of the "Manhattan-California Overland Association," and numbered about two hundred members. We were full of a sanguine spirit of adventure and eager to dig our fortunes from the mines in the shortest possible time.

We were fitted out with very wide-brimmed soft hats, boots of rubber or leather reaching above the knee, woolen and rubber blankets, red flannel shirts, a liberal supply of tin pans for washing out the gold, shovels, picks, spades, crowbars, camp kettles, frying pans, tin plates, tin cups, daguerreotypes, locks of hair, Spanish books, a few patent gold-washers, musical instruments, etc., the most of which assortment was early scattered along the Mexican trails or in the chaparral, or perhaps sold to the natives for a few small coins. To these were added rifles, carbines, shot guns, revolvers, and bowie knives, which we treasured all the way. We chartered the bark *Mara,* Captain Parks, in ballast, of some two hundred tons, fitted her hold with a flooring and two tiers of double bunks all around her sides, placed a cook stove amidship in the hold with the pipe projecting from the open hatchway, provisioned her at our own expense with various sea-stores of the common sort, beans and pork, salt beef, hams, mackerel, sea-bread, coffee, and a supply of water, and were ready for the voyage.

We provided no cook, as we were all earnest on the score of economy and self-denial, and our outlay thus far for the voyage to Vera Cruz was but twenty dollars each. We presented a remarkable appearance as we boarded the bark at the foot of Burling Slip on the last day of January, 1849, every man in full California costume, his armament in his belt—boots and buckskin gauntleted gloves, a roll of blankets strapped *a la militaire* on his

"OH, SUSANNAH, DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME."

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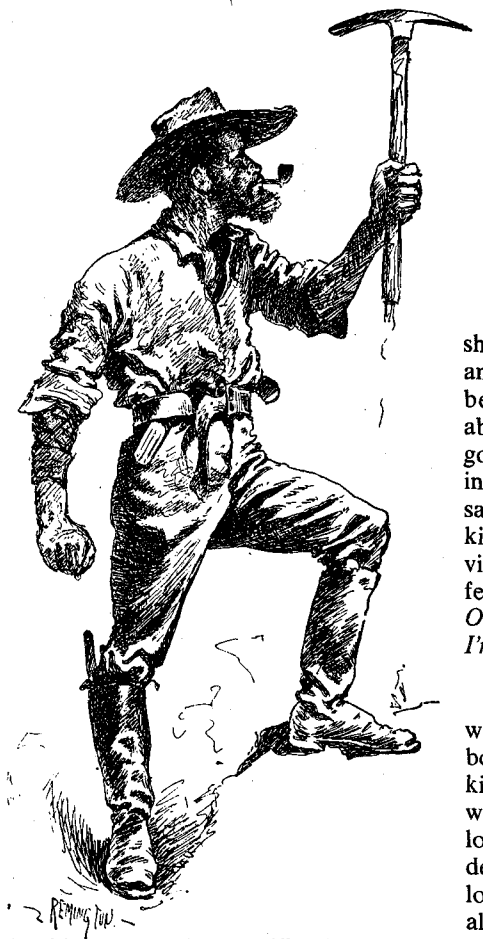
THROUGH MEXICO

by A. C. Ferris



This is the story of 200 adventurers who took a short cut out to the gold fields, told by one of the men who made the hazardous trip

shoulders, a carbine or rifle slung upon his back, and frying pans, coffee pots, camp kettles, and assorted tinware in his hands. The bark had a poop-deck on her quarter in which were a few small rooms for which lots were drawn, and I was fortunate in drawing one, which freed me from the confinement of the packed and darkened bunks of the vessel's hold, with its foul atmosphere of bilge-water and heated humanity.

Captain Parks enlisted but a small crew, depending on volunteers, but he was wisely provided with his own cook and caboose. His cook had a remarkable personality: a light copper-colored Negro over six feet in height, exceedingly slim, gaunt and gray, wrinkled and crippled, with but one eye, three fingers on one hand and none on the other, and with a vocabulary in English which consisted entirely of the most emphatic oaths, which he freely bestowed upon us.

Among our number, gathered on the vessel's deck at the wharf, was one young man of striking physique, very tall, wearing a broad sombrero and boots reaching to his hips and already fitted with spurs for the Mexican mustang he expected to ride, and with buckskin gauntlets reaching to his elbows, and two revolvers and a bowie-knife in his broad belt. He was very conspicuous as he mounted the vessel's shrouds, crept through the "lubber-hole" and posed in the main-top, and then clambered down again to the deck. "All aboard!" was cried, "and all ashore that's going," was the usual paradoxical warning. Many friends were on the wharf to say goodby and wish us pleasant things; kisses were being exchanged, while a jovial group on the quarter-deck was vociferously singing:

Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me;
I'm bound for Californy with my tin pan on my knee.

A pretty, fair-haired girl, her rosy cheeks wet with tears, put up her lips that our booted hero might impart his farewell kiss. His heart was tender if his boots were large, and, just as we were casting loose from the wharf, he sprang upon the deck, threw his baggage ashore, and followed it with agility, renouncing for love all his golden visions of California.

Down the bay we sped, with the tug-boat alongside and the chorus of "Susannah" ringing over the waters, to which was added the refrain:

But the happy time is over;
I've only grief and pain,
For I shall never, never see
Susannah dear again

which was concluded with three ringing cheers and a hurrah for California as the tug left us on the broad Atlantic. A gale speedily sprang up, and all night long our lightly ballasted bark rolled hither and thither upon the heaving seas, and many penitential landsmen, under the influence of their first seasickness, wished they had never left their homes, and were freely urged by the more jolly ones to wade ashore.

By the next morning's light was revealed a dejected and motley group of seasick humanity taking its first sea lessons on old Neptune's dominions. And now came a culmination of our miseries. We had

A SAMPLE STEED.

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THE COURTYARD OF A MEXICAN HOTEL.

pork, beans, coffee, and hardtack, but where was the cook? How were two hundred men with stomachs now in a state of entire vacuum to be fed with hot coffee and cooked rations?

In times of emergency the Yankee always calls a public meeting, and so a mass meeting was convened; and, after speeches had been made, it was decided to accept the proposal of two of our number, who for a valuable consideration volunteered to cook for the two hundred till we should reach Vera Cruz. Thenceforth, after a period of fasting, we had one lunch a day, when the sea was not too rough, till our voyage was ended, on the 24th day of February.

It was Sunday morning when we dropped anchor near St. Juan de Ulloa, with its quaint ancient tower, and the city of Vera Cruz just before us.

The uniformed customs officials speedily boarded us from a small boat, and we received a speedy permission to land, as the officials did not appear to enjoy our companionship.

Sunday was passed in looking at the sights in the old Spanish city, battered and bombarded as it had been two years before by the artillery of General Scott. Walls and buildings constructed of coral rocks were shattered as he had left them, fragments of bombs and solid shot lay about the streets where his cannon had fired them, and along the beach were numerous dilapidated wrecks of surf boats where he had abandoned them. Numerous army wagons, caissons, and artillery carriages were scattered about, and thousands of Yankee made pack-saddles were offered us for our journey. These and much other paraphernalia, the production of army contractors, had only served the purpose intended—that of enriching the contractors.

The only pack-saddle found useful was the Mexican one, consisting of two great pillows of leather connected and hung astride the mule, and weighing without the "cargo" some 80 pounds, on top of which or suspended from it would be a load of some 200 pounds.

As Vera Cruz is in a section of sand, cactus, and lizards, surrounded by a large tract of chaparral, messengers were sent to the nearest ranches and haciendas to announce that an arrival of "Los Yankees" was in want of horses, mules, and "burros." We were constrained to remain for the night in Vera Cruz.

As our war with Mexico had just closed, and the masses yet held us in the same enmity with which they had regarded their conquerors, matters did not look favorable for a peaceful passage over the whole extent of Mexico, especially as we expected to follow the route taken by Scott's army, and to pass over battle fields where, as we learned, bleached skeletons lay still unburied. The government, in fact, the whole country, was yet in a state of demoralization, and guerrillas and robbers infested almost every mile of the way. Besides this, merchants of intelligence in Vera Cruz warned us that we were almost sure to be robbed and murdered, that if we should escape this fate we could not find provisions on our journey for men or beasts, and that we would most surely break down our animals, and be glad to resort to horse or mule meat to sustain life.

Impressed by these tales (which found fulfillment to some extent even as to mule meat, with rattlesnakes added), about fifty of the most pronounced and boastful among our company took a return passage on the vessel for New York.

On Monday Mexican horse-traders presented themselves, in comparison with whom the sharpest Yankee horse-jockey sunk into utter insignificance. They drove in before them, with a "whoop la" and a Comanche yell, caravans of horses and mules that included not only the halt and the maimed, the lame and the blind, but also some of the most vicious and worthless brutes that were ever collected together—galled and chafed, sore-backed, buckers, jumpers, and balky. Yet with wonderful skill the owners of these gothic animals covered up and disguised their

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"LADRONE."

defects and their vicious tricks, so that in most cases the deception and trickery were not discovered till the vendors were well on their way to their ranches again, paid by anxious buyers for animals which the owners would have been glad to sell for one-quarter the money.

We found that these mustangs could with equal facility throw the rider over their heads, or kick him off to the rear, or shoot him upward, or lie down abruptly, or take out a liberal piece of his flesh, and yet under the manipulation of the ranch owner they had been as docile and gentle as could be desired.

However, our passports having been vised and each man mounted, and some several times dismounted, by Monday night we reached as best we could a general rendezvous or camping-place at Santa Fe, a group of huts some ten miles from Vera Cruz, and passed our first night on our blankets with the ground for a bed and the heavens for a shelter tent.

On the vessel we had organized into four divisions, each with a captain at its head, known as the New Jersey, Island City, Enterprise, and Pacific. The originator of the enterprise, who had professed to be a veteran Mexican traveler and who was to act as generalissimo of the whole, had failed to report on board the *Mara,* so a mass meeting was convened at Santa Fe, and with very brief speech-making the writer was chosen to take command of the expedition.

At this first camp we divided into "messes," bought and distributed a Mexican beef, and cooked our first meals. We made our first start for a day's march on the morning of the 28th day of February. The first camp-fires, the cooking, the saddling-up, the loading of baggage and equipment on the vicious, kicking, biting mustangs and donkeys, and the final mount and start were altogether beyond description. Besides the rider, they had to carry two blankets, his mining tools, coffee pot, camp kettle, and frying pan laid on or hanging from his saddle, and his bag of tin cups, spoons, and tin plates, and his gun, rifle, or carbine slung on his back, and a variety of other articles supposed to be essential. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza joined to Falstaff's regiment would not have presented half so motley a group. The rattle of tinware and the orders and the shouting in an unknown tongue excited the wild and half-broken mustangs to madness. I soon had to organize a rear-guard under Captain Pierce to pick up stragglers, help reload broken cargoes, and lift stubborn and refractory mules to their feet. It was also necessary constantly to halt the column, knowing well that a man who should be left out of sight in the rear would be speedily gobbled up by the watchful robbers trailing after us.

Along the day's route, as all the way across the whole of Mexico, we found wooden crosses, indicating that a murder had been committed there. This first day's ride of ten miles brought us to a stream known as Murderer's Den. Here, before starting from camp in the morning, a detail of organization was made, and by adopting a rigid military discipline, and discarding worthless incumbrances in the way of mining tools, gold-washers, etc., I was able to train my troop so that when the trail was not very rough or mountainous over twenty Mexican leagues a day was made between camps. As we left the low lying, malarious seacoast, our road and climate both improved, and on the first Saturday we camped for rest over Sunday in the suburbs of the beautiful city of Jalapa, a city of fruits and flowers, of which the Mexican proverb says: "See Jalapa and die."

Before starting again on Monday morning many exchanges for better animals took place, and a better outfit generally was provided, and a more cheerful spirit prevailed. Here our horses and riding mules were shod, a necessary preliminary to crossing the mountain ranges. If the mule was not too unmanageable this was done by tying one of his hind legs to his tail, well up from the ground, but if he was intractable he was left but two feet to stand upon, the opposite forefoot being tied close under the body.

On the plaza of Jalapa the hostile feeling against the Yankees had its first outbreak. A great crowd gathered about the red-shirted horsemen as we rode into the plaza on Sunday, and a rush was made by the mob to dismount us and drive us from our saddles. But a vigorous charge promptly made against the mob with threatening revolvers drove them back and gave safe escape to the hard-pressed horsemen. Through the villages of the country parts we were received by the *senoras* and *senoritas* with kindness, but by the males with frowns and threats, and with the significant gesture of a finger drawn across the throat. In no place were we safe from attack except in groups which commanded safety and respect.

To these suspicious people we were still Yankees and *soldados.* One night, a little way beyond Jalapa, our entrance into one of their walled towns caused great excitement; a general alarm was rung on the cathedral bells, messengers rode out in haste to alarm the surrounding haciendas, and natives flocked into the town, two or three mounted on the back of each mule, armed with shotguns. But we remained close inside the strong gates of our hacienda, and, the excitement subsiding, we were allowed to leave without an attack early the next day.

Camp was aroused usually at three o'clock in the morning; fires were kindled, pots of coffee were boiled, and, when possible, eggs also. Then came a march in military order of about 20 miles, when halt was ordered for dinner, provided water and corn were to be had for the horses. Supplies of whatever could be purchased were searched for along the route, bananas and sweet potatoes being the staple; occasionally pork could be had, and in the larger places very poor beef, cut into long strips and sold always by the yard. This tough beef was eaten by the Mexicans cut first in small pieces and then stewed in a quantity of red peppers resembling stewed tomatoes (called *carne de Chili).*

If our halt was made at a hacienda, the universal national dish of "tortillas" and "frijoles" was to be obtained, served with coffee, at three cents a meal. But our hungry and robust riders could dispose of many meals at a sitting, and when camping and with with a sufficient supply of yards of meat to satisfy their hungry stomachs, the quantity they fed themselves

A MEXICAN RANGER.

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from their frying pans was not only an astonishment but almost a horror to the natives, who crowded our camp to see the show. Upon one occasion, after a hard day's ride of over 40 miles along a route where supplies were not to be had, we camped by a clear stream, where but a few native huts of poles and branches sheltered the population.

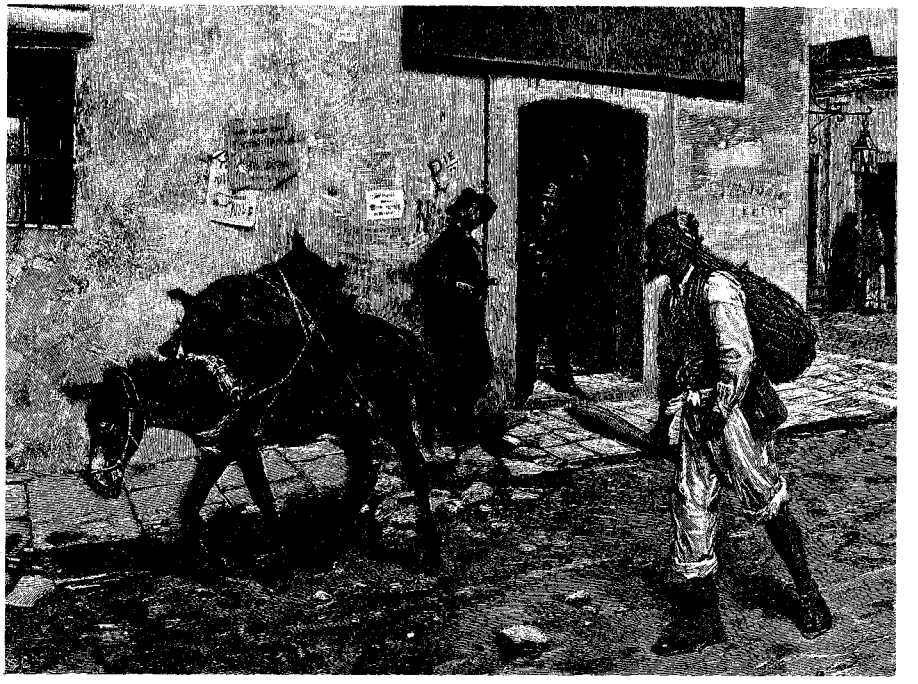
In camping for the night, sentries were stationed, and pickets were posted, and the animals were secured with lariats inside the picket line; but sometimes, when guerrillas abounded, in the center of the camp. Once only did these robbers make an open demonstration. We were in a section of country covered with low bushes, in which jack-rabbits, wild turkeys, and other game were present. No towns were near, and, feeling secure, a large part of the company was scattered in pursuit of the game, hoping to secure enough to fill our camp kettles on our next halt, for we had been some days on short rations.

The Mexican women were always friendly, and presently some were met on the trail, calling out to us: *"Ladrones! ladrones!"* and pointing forward on our path. At this our stragglers were called in. The robbers were a large band of well-mounted and well-armed men, and had filed across our road in the bed of a dry stream.

To fight as a troop of cavalry with camp equipment and cooking-utensils dangling from our saddles, or to wait a charge from them, would have been sure defeat. So I dismounted a part of my troop, and in platoons at double quick charged towards the guerrillas. Evidently a fight with the hated Yankees in red shirts was not what they desired, for as we came within short range, their leader gave the word *"Vamos,"* and away they galloped down the ravine helter-skelter, and we saw them no more. We certainly were not a handsome crowd at this time.

At National Bridge we saw the wreckage and the unburied bones of that battlefield, and looked with wonder upon the fortified height that guarded the entrance of the almost perpendicular heights up which Colonel Harney's dismounted dragoons worked their way with the help of bushes and props, and to which they clung in the face of a sweeping fire from the Mexican batteries on its summit, which they captured with a rush, turning their own guns upon the artillerists as they ran down the opposite side of the hill. We feared having to force our way over this bridge, but were not molested.

Upon the heights of Cerro Gordo we camped for our noonday meal. Upon its central battlefield, where Santa Anna made his most stubborn fight, we kindled our camp-fires, and, dipping water from its sunken pools covered with slimy green vegetation, we drank our coffee under the shade of the same trees where the desperately wounded lay to die, glad of the luxury of that stagnant pool to quench their thirst. It was the best those heights afforded amid that deathly struggle. All around us lay scattered uncoffined bones, and ghastly skulls looked down upon us where in mockery they had been secured among the branches of the trees, and everywhere earth and trees and broken armament gave silent witness of the awful struggles of our little army. All the way up the heights for miles the pine trees from the roadside yet obstructed the national road as they had been felled to hinder the onward march of our soldiers, while from point to point the Mexican troops and batteries were rallied for another stand. We left the historic spot with a triumphant three times three and with uncovered heads in honor both of our dead and our living heroes.



A PULQUE CARRIER.

We were soon well up the Rio Frio Mountains, and were received near the summit by a terrible war of the elements in the pine forest—thunder, lightning, rain, hail, snow, intense cold, and a howling hurricane. We were drenched through and through, and shook as with an ague, and our poor animals, used to the warm plains below, chilled with cold and in terror from fright, trembled in every limb and crouched helplessly upon the ground, dazed by the lightning and shocked by the thunder which seemed to discharge at our very sides; they seemed almost to cling to us for safety. It was Saturday afternoon, and we found welcome shelter in the hacienda Buena Vista near the mountain summit, a spot made historic afterward as a place of refuge for the Emperor Maximilian.

We found the whole mountain summit infested with guerrillas. We were on the highway of travel and not far from the City of Mexico, and in this section these lawless bands were accustomed to make the boldest and most successful raids either upon mounted travelers or upon the stage-coaches, which were periodically and helplessly plundered, often with the addition of wanton murder. I felt justified in taking possession of the hacienda; posted my own sentries, and picketed it for some distance outside, obliging its own proprietor and employees to come and go by my permission and only with the password.

By Sunday morning, for the safety of my troop, I found it expedient to leave this stronghold (as I learned we were largely outnumbered) and make a hasty march to Mexico City, which we safely accomplished. Even under these circumstances it was a sublime experience to ride down that mountain height—Mounts Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl both looking down upon us, the great valley and City of Mexico in full view below us, and a thunder shower with its dark nimbus clouds and forked lightning full in the sunshine under us. On the way down the mountain we saw three guerrillas hanging from a frame by the roadside by ropes passed under their arms.

We stopped for our lunch at noon, and were entertained by a company of Mexican rangers or lancers, handsomely uniformed and armed with a long spear with a red pennant and the indispensable lasso of raw-hide, and mounted on superior, hardy Mexican horses. They had captured, and, without the form of judge or jury, had riddled with bullets and afterward hanged the three robbers we had passed on the wayside. With their gay

(Continued on page 48)

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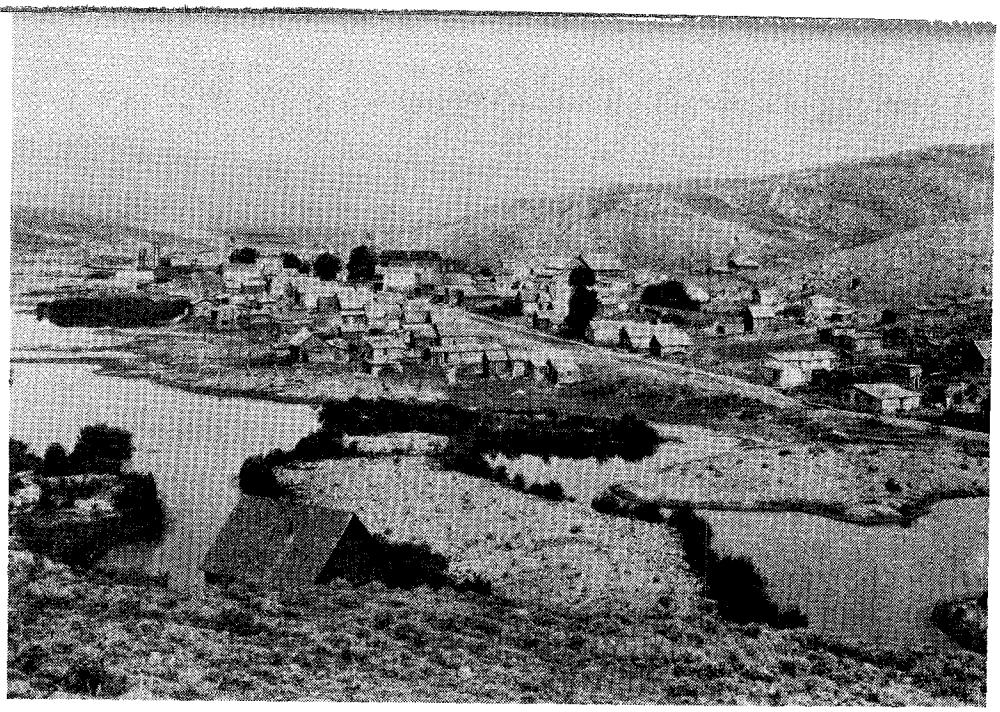
Henry Plummer's Promise

by Jean Michael Moore

Photos Courtesy L. H. Jorud, Helena, Mont.

The sheriff knew what he was talking about when he said a surprise was in the offing



The early-day mining camp at Bannack, Montana Territory.

The year was 1863 and the time shortly before Christmas in the early-day mining camp of Bannack, Montana Territory. Preparations for a dinner party which was to become an important incident in Montana history were being made. The host for the festive occasion was Henry Plummer, the charming and exceedingly popular sheriff of Alder Gulch.

Plummer had arrived in Bannack on Christmas day, 1862, and had been received with open arms by Bannack's terror-stricken residents. Road agents had been hijacking stagecoaches carrying shipments of gold with alarming regularity.

A cultured man who spoke excellent English, Plummer was endowed with the ability to mix with men in all walks of life. His opinions on mining or other businesses were eagerly sought and he was considered the most eligible bachelor in the camp.

In April 1863, Plummer was elected sheriff. Shortly after that he made a trip to the Sun River country. He returned to Bannack with a wife, Electa Bryan Plummer, who stayed with him just six weeks.

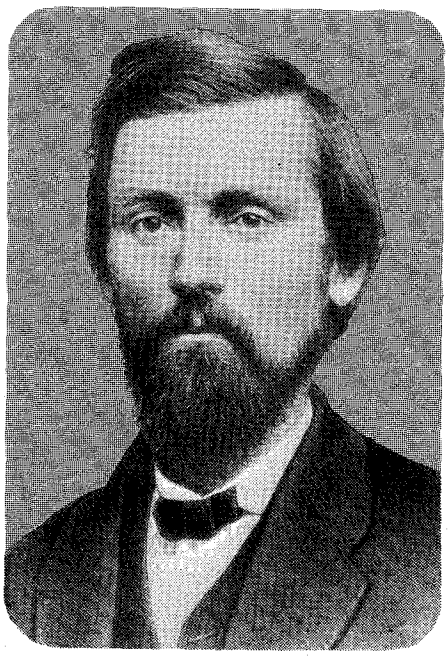
Although Sheriff Plummer seemed to exert every effort to restore order to Bannack and the surrounding area, a reign of terror continued to exist in the southwestern part of Montana Territory.

Said Plummer upon hearing of a particularly brutal murder and robbery, "I'm having a fine, sturdy gallows built in Hangman's Gulch. You'll soon see the leader of these blasted outlaws hanged on it along with his henchmen!"

Still the violence continued. Robbery and murder became the usual rather than the unusual course of events. Travelers took their lives in their hands whether traveling singly or by stagecoach. The outlaws seemed to have an uncanny knowledge of gold shipments and were always on hand to see that they did not reach their destinations.

The guest list for Sheriff Plummer's party was made up of many prominent names and included Sidney Edgerton, first Montana Territorial governor, and his nephew, Wilbur F. Sanders, a lawyer, whose name was destined to go down in Montana history as a result of his activities in attempting to establish law and order during the Montana gold rush days. About 50 guests were invited to the dinner party, several of whom, it became

(Continued on page 62)



Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders was waiting when the Vigilantes brought their captive to the Goodrich Hotel

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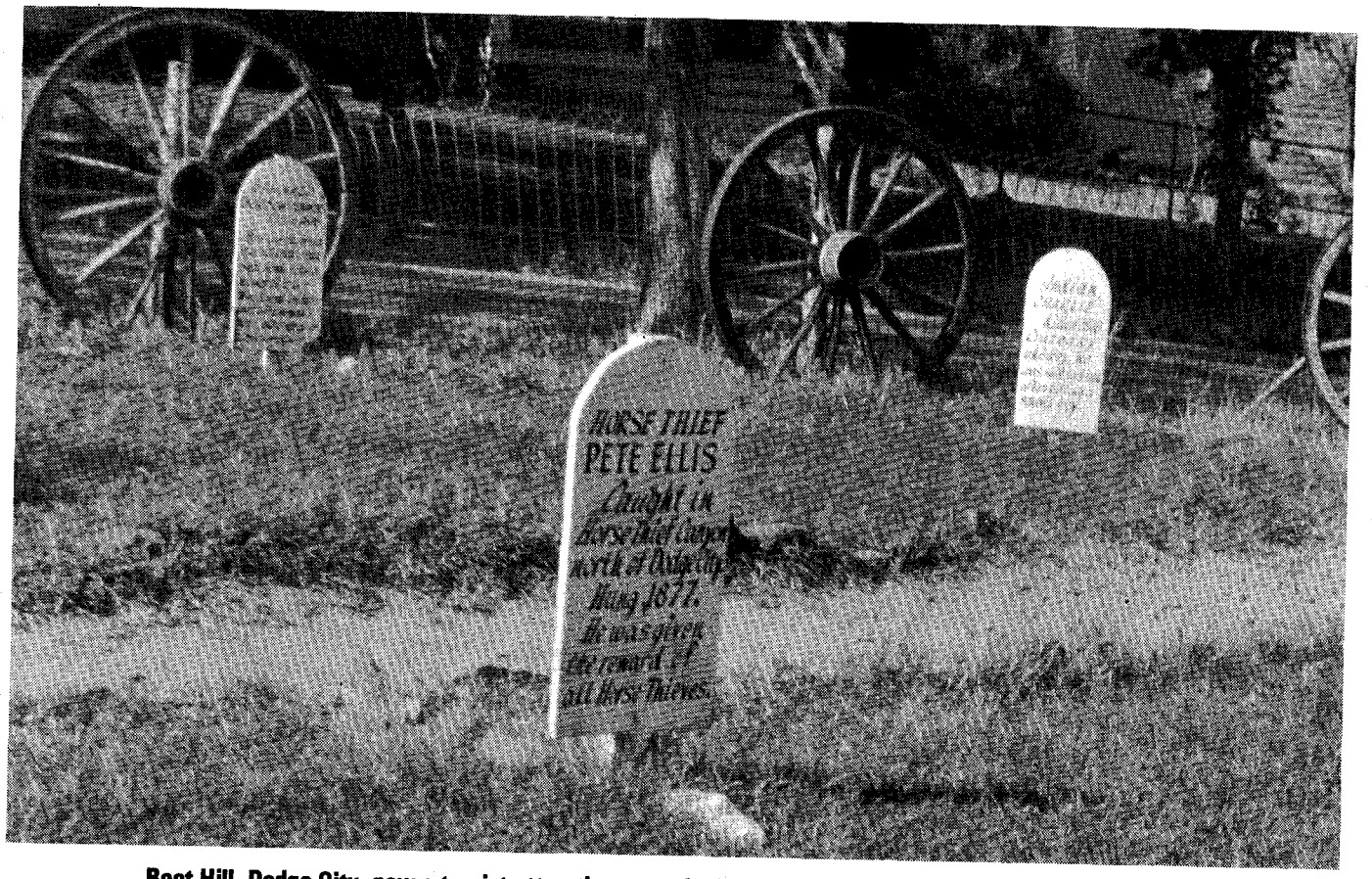
LOOSE GUNS AND NOTCHED HANDLES

by M. P. Lehman

Author's Photo



Boot Hill, Dodge City, now a tourist attraction, was the last stop for men who died with their boots on.

An unreconstructed Texan, he was bigoted, quarrelsome, and always positive that the men he killed had it coming

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John Wesley Hardin was a man who wore his guns loose and pulled them smoking. He sent some forty lead filled bodies to lonely boot hill graves before "Old John" Selman cut him down in the Acme Saloon in El Paso about midnight on August 10, 1895.

Hardin was the son of a Methodist preacher and the namesake of the founder of Methodism, but Wes never got the call.

Born in Fannin County, Texas, May 26, 1853, Hardin was one of the few Texas gunmen who was born in Texas. But like most of them he got an early start at his chosen profession.

While still in his early teens he killed his first man. After that, the other killings came easy and often.

From early childhood Wes and trouble had an affinity. According to the story of his life, written by himself and published the year following his death, he engaged in a lot of fights with the other boys while still in school. Wes bragged that he always came out the winner. He claimed he never gave up until he had won.

This "never give up" creed was the driving force of his whole life. Once, after he had recovered his pistols and regained his liberty by killing three lawmen who were taking him to Austin, he swore an oath, "Never to surrender at the muzzle of a gun." And he never did, although eventually he was surprised and captured on one occasion.

In keeping his oath inviolate Wes Hardin sent many a "glory hunter" as well as hated lawmen to his final reward. Some of them are buried in unmarked graves on the lonely prairie, with only the coyote's mournful howl as a final requiem.

Like many white men in the South who grew up during the years filled with trouble following the War Between the States, he had a deep-rooted hatred for carpetbaggers.

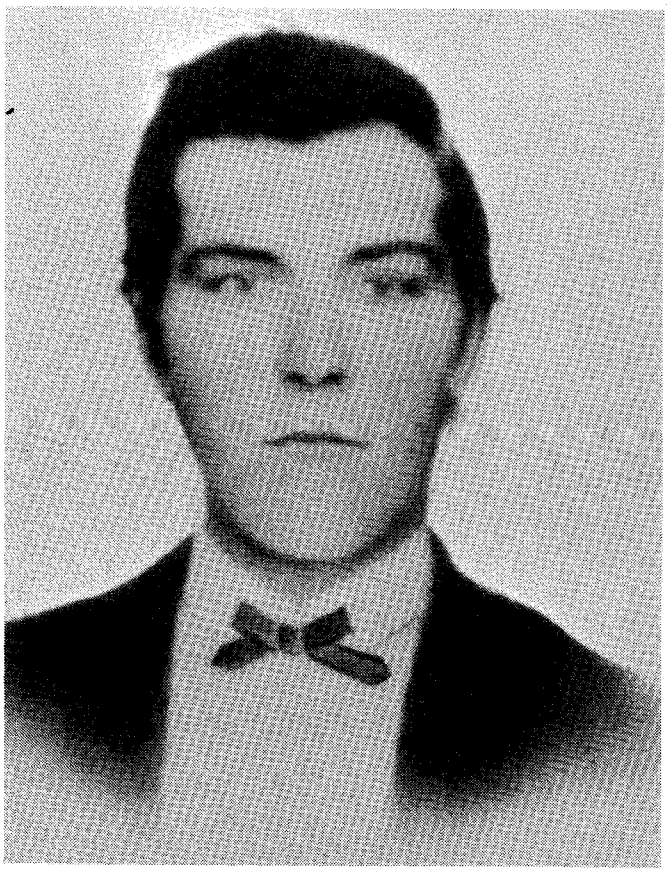
Once Wes learned about a carpetbagger living in a distant county who took pleasure in harrassing Texans there. This overbearing bully particularly liked to browbeat decrepit old men and show disrespect to women. The more Wes thought about it the more he felt it was his bound duty to cut this carpetbagger down to size. He disguised himself as an old man dressed in ragged clothes and went to the town where the bully lived. They met in the middle of the road and the carpetbagger began to heap abuse on Wes. Hardin led him on. The bully grew taller by the minute and commenced popping his whip at Wes. When the lash flicked Hardin the masquerade was over. The "old man" pulled his gun. The frightened carpetbagger fell to his knees and pleaded for mercy.

Hardin's gun spoke once, and while the slug missed the target, it did a thorough job of reforming the carpetbagger. He never molested another Texan as long as he lived.

While this was in a good cause, Wes Hardin was contentious by nature and carried a chip on each shoulder and a gun on each hip to keep them there.

These chips were evident at an early age. He was barely 14 when he stabbed a fellow student in a fight over a girl. The youth almost died. At 15 he killed a Negro named Mage with a Colt .44 revolver and became a fugitive. He hid out at Old Man Morgan's near Logallis Prairie where his older brother Joe was teaching school.

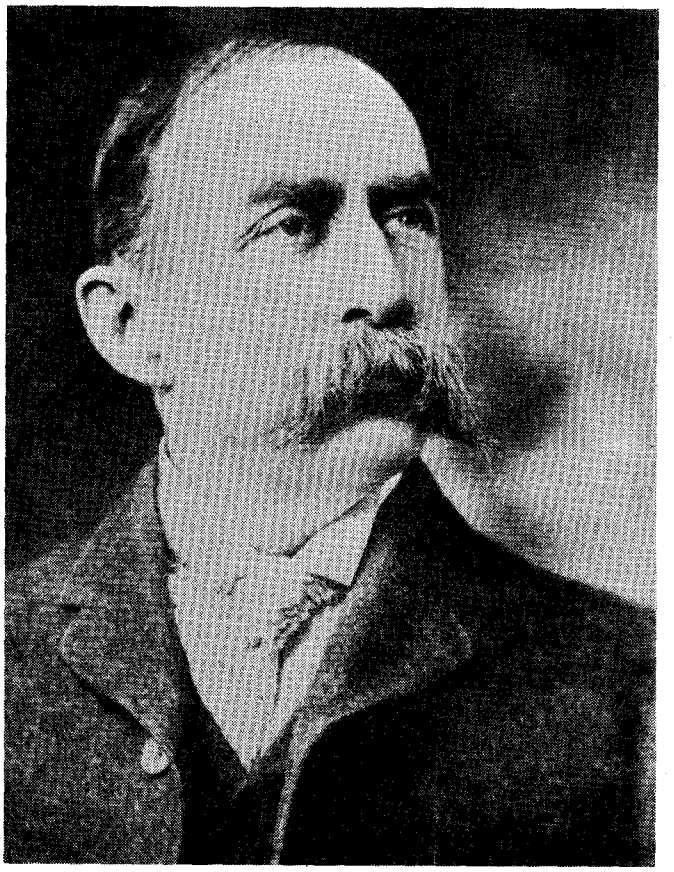
But it wasn't long before Federal soldiers learned his whereabouts. Three of them came after him. Joe, however, discovered this and warned his brother. Wes



Rose Collection, U. of Oklahoma

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

He swore an oath, "Never to surrender to the muzzle of a gun."



CAPTAIN JOHN ARMSTRONG

His Texas Rangers had a way of cutting desperadoes down to size.

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dry-gulched the soldiers and buried their bodies in a creek bed. He burned their personal belongings and gave their horses to some of his friends.

After this little episode Wes Hardin taught school for three months at Pisga, in Navarro County. But this was much too tame for him and he gave it up to become a cowboy and rode with the trail herds up the Chisholm Trail to Dodge City.

This kind of a life was a natural for young Hardin. Soon he could protect himself from the professionals at poker, seven-up, or euchre and was always on the look-out for a game. He would gamble on anything: a horse race, dog fight, chicken fight or even spitting at a crack.

Once he got into a poker game with a tough named Jim Bradley and won the man's money. Bradley was a poor loser and tried to pay off with lead but he died with six slugs in his body. This stirred things up hot and heavy against Wes, and with the exception of a few friends and relatives, the whole county was up in arms against him. They formed a mob with the intention of swinging him from a tree limb. Hardin couldn't buck the odds and got out of there — fast!

A short time later he showed up in Brenham and Evergreen with two more notches on his guns. There he gambled so much he earned the name of "Young Seven-Up."

In these towns he associated with such well known characters of the times as Phil Coe, who later was killed by "Wild Bill' Hickok, in Abilene, Kansas, the hell-town at the end of the eastern Cattle Trail; Bill Longley, a two-gun killer who was bad medicine in any camp; and Ben Hinds, who was just plain hell with the hide off! Hinds was considered one of the most dangerous men of that day.

Hardin held his own with these killers, winning their money at cards and their respect as a gun-hand when they tried to back him down and he offered to shoot it out with them.

It was a different story in Longview, however, where he was shown no respect at all. In a surprise move, he was arrested and thrown in jail just because he was John Wesley Hardin. Officials couldn't find any charge to hold him on so they transferred him to Marshall. He was held there although he claimed he was innocent. Innocent or not, they had him and they were not about to turn him loose. The police finally decided to take Hardin to Waco for safekeeping.

In preparation for this journey, on horseback in the dead of winter, Wes managed to buy a .45 Colt pistol and four cartridges from one of the other prisoners.

Hardin didn't look a bit like a killer that cold winter's night as he was led out of the jail and put on a scrawny "crow-bait" pony. Police didn't even furnish him with a saddle, nor would they sell him one. They did, however, dig up an extra blanket, so that he had two blankets to take the place of a saddle for that long ride to Waco.

The 225 miles would have looked impossible to Wes if it had not been for the "hot-leg" suspended under his left arm by a stout cord looped over his shoulder.

Two men made up the guard that started to Waco with Wes Hardin. A captain of police named Stokes was in charge with an assistant, Jim Smolley. Smolley was part Negro, part Mexican and part white — all bad.

These two tried to scare the 17-year-old Hardin by telling him they were going to kill him before they got to Waco. The trip was *Un jornada de muerte,* a journey of death, only it was not Wes Hardin who died.

When they made camp on the second night out Stokes went to look for some feed for his horse. As soon as the captain was out of sight Smolley began cursing Hardin. Having cursed up his courage, Smolley pulled his pistol and pointed it at the prisoner, telling him he was going to kill him. Probably he hoped Wes would make a break for it so he could claim the *ley fuga,* escape law, on him. But Wes didn't run.

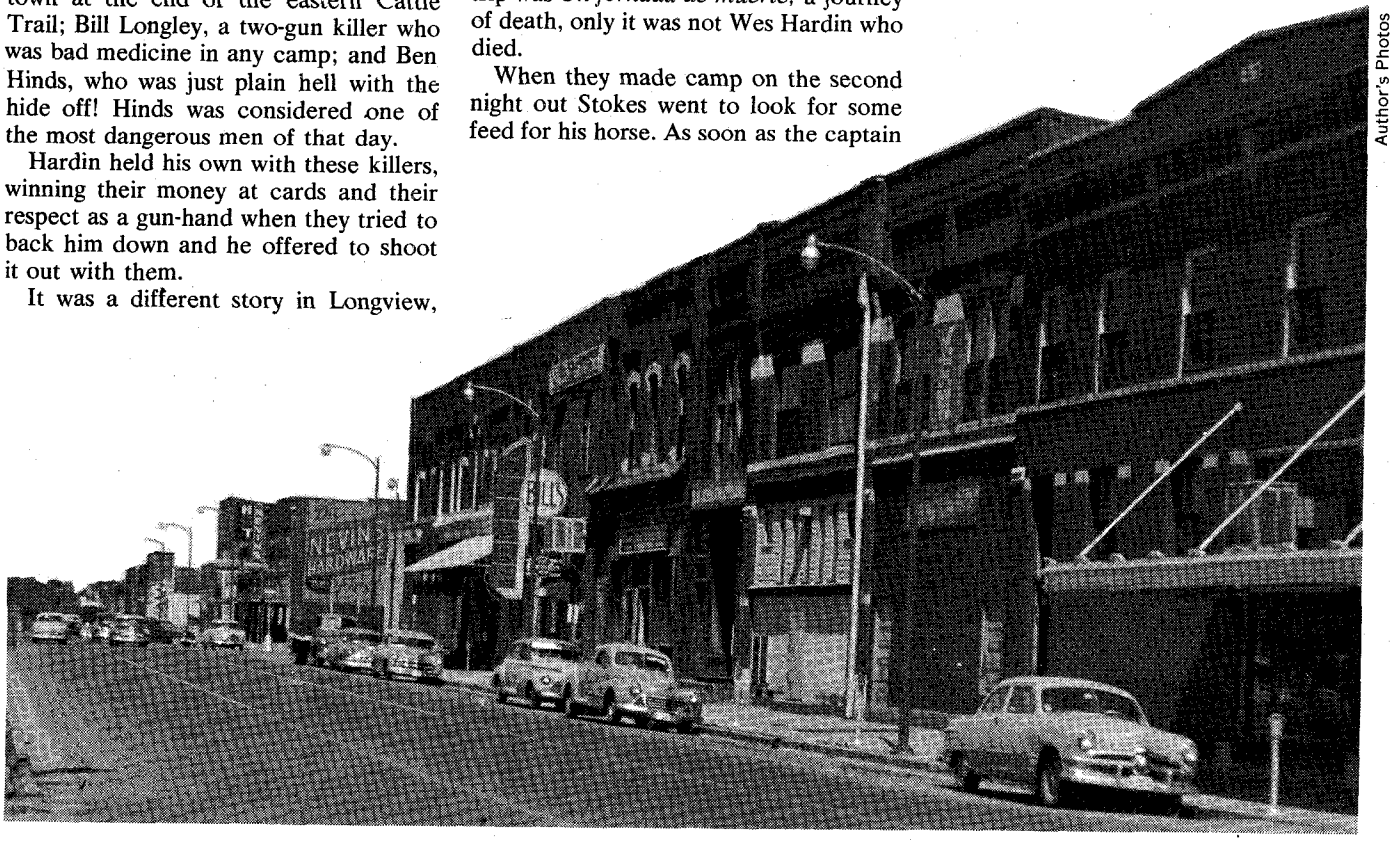
Instead he pretended to be very much frightened and put his head down on his arm and made out like he was crying. But all the time he was working himself around behind his pony where he could get his pistol free without Smolley seeing what he was doing. Jim Smolley died fast when Wes Hardin got his gun.

"On the scout" once more, he headed for Mexico but was arrested between Belton and Waco by three officers with a goodly supply of "forty-rod" whisky. Wes watched them closely and when they dropped off into a drunken sleep he grabbed a double-barreled shotgun and a pistol.

This was one occasion when he could have made good his claim that he never killed wantonly or in cold blood. Wes Hardin could have slipped away, but he didn't. He killed two of the sleeping lawmen with the shotgun and the third with the six-gun.

After regaining his liberty he took back his own guns and helped himself to a good horse and saddle. Then and there he swore that oath, "Never to give up at the muzzle of a gun."

Wes resumed his journey to Mexico, going by the way of Gonzales where he stopped to visit his cousins, the Clements.



Author's Photos

Today's Front Street, Dodge City, differs from the old days when law prevailed on north side and anything went on south side.

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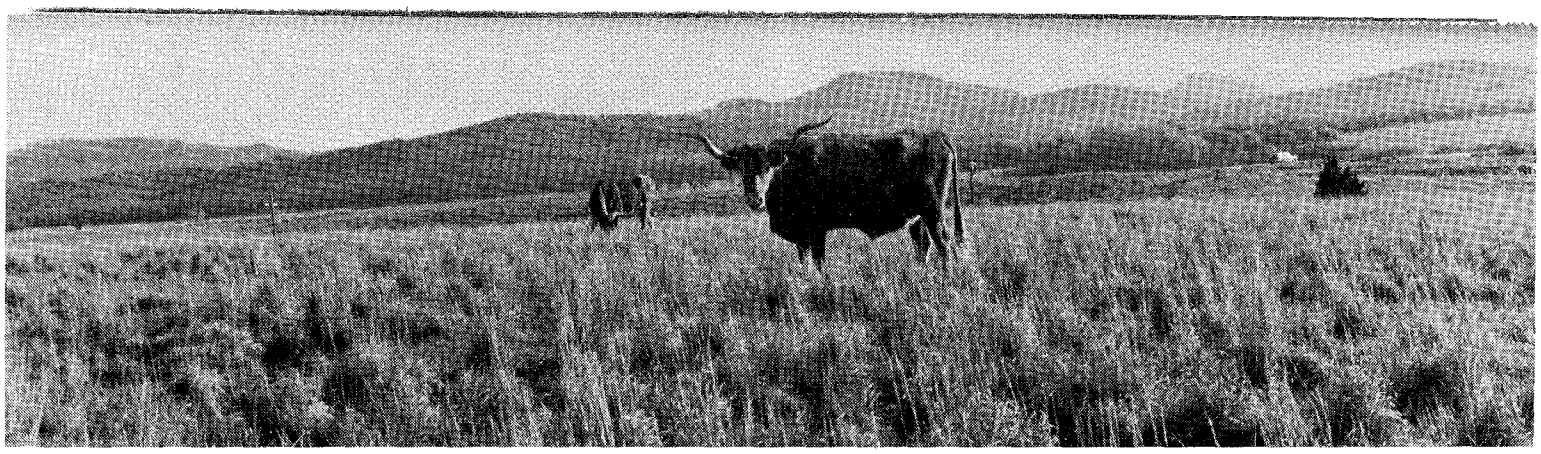

A longhorn survivor whose forebears made Dodge City a cattle capital in the days of the gunfighters.

They were all gunmen — Jim, Joe, Gip and Manning. Manning, or Mannen as he was sometimes known, was the worst of these brothers. He once told a friend, "Killin' don't amount to nothin', for three hundred dollars I'd cut anybody in two with a sawed-off shotgun." The cousins changed Wes' mind about going to Mexico. He joined them in a cattle drive to Kansas.

Their first drive to Abilene connected with the Chisolm Trail at Red River Station on the edge of the Indian Nation. One day, before they cleared the Nation, Wes was out hunting when his horse spooked. He glanced up to see what had frightened the animal and found himself looking into the business end of a fully drawn bow. This was a case of "root hog or die" and Wes slapped leather fast. The redskin made a quick trip to his Spirit World.

On this same drive Wes made a "Good Indian" out of another bad one. This red man had killed one of their beeves. By way of a warning to the others Wes killed the Indian and tied his body on the dead steer's back.

This should have been enough excitement for anyone. Not for Wes Hardin! A Mexican trail boss tried to drive through and a fight ensued. Wes was armed with an old worn-out cap and ball model pistol that would not fire unless he turned the cylinder with one hand and pulled the trigger with the other. When both sides emptied their guns without hitting anyone a truce was called.

Wes and Jim Clements took advantage of the time to go to their camp wagon and get good pistols. When the truce was over the cousins were ready for the Mexicans. Six caballeros died on that dusty cattle trail. Most gunmen didn't count Indians or Mexicans, but Wes was out for all the "glory" he could get and took "credit" for killing five of the dead Mexicans.

After the herd was delivered at North Cottonwood, Kansas, Wes went into Abilene where he renewed acquaintanceship with Ben Thompson and Phil Coe. Thompson was considered the most dangerous Texas gunman in Abilene at that time. He and Coe were partners in the Bull's Head Saloon and Gambling Hall, and had just been forced to alter the ultra-masculine appearance of their sign by the city marshal, "Wild Bill" Hickok.

This rankled Ben Thompson's libertine soul and he tried to plant the idea in Wes' mind that Hardin should kill the marshal. He told Wes that Hickok was a typical "Blue Belly" who hated all Southern gentlemen, especially Texans.

Wes had cut his notches deep by that time and wherever he traveled, he went on the prod. But he wasn't buying into anyone else's trouble at this time and told Ben if he wanted Hickok killed to do it himself. Hardin added that he was too busy taking care of his own killings.

One thing was certain, Wes was not afraid of Hickok. In the story of his life he relates that shortly after this talk with Thompson, Hickok pulled his gun on him and tried to arrest him. Hardin said he started to hand his guns to the marshal, butts first. Then using the road agent's spin, reversed them and backed Hickok into a defenseless position.

While Wes hated sheriffs and marshals, he was not above working as a lawman when it served his purpose. After a fight, for which once again he had to go "on the scout," he got himself appointed a deputy sheriff with a warrant to arrest a Mexican named Bideno who had killed an American trail boss. Wes killed the Mexican and was so imbued with the good deed he had performed that he and his posse "hurrahed" Newton, Kansas, until there was not a lawman of any description left in the town.

With the fun in Newton all over the bunch headed for Abilene in a state of high jubilance.

In Abilene a man entered Wes' room with a knife in his hand and died with six chunks of lead in his body.

Hardin heard that Wild Bill was looking for a chance to gun him down, so he didn't stand on ceremony. He climbed out of the window in his underwear and "high tailed" it back tp the cow camp on North Cottonwood.

When a three man posse caught up with him at the camp Wes was ready for them. He covered them with his Winchester and made them take off all their clothes except their underwear. No wonder the 35 mile ride in the blistering sun didn't account for all the red in their faces when they got back to Abilene.

With so much unfriendliness there, Wes decided to get out of Kansas. He went back to Texas and married his young sweetheart, Jane Bowen. If Hardin expected this to solve his problems he was mistaken.

Shortly after his marriage he got together a herd of horses and started to Louisiana with them. At Willis some officers tried to arrest him for carrying a pistol. But, as Wes Hardin put it, "They got the contents thereof instead." Hardin's oath, "never to give up at the muzzle of a gun" still held.

After selling his horses, Wes started back to Gonzales County where his wife was living. On the way he got into a quarrel with one Phil Sublette over a bowling game. Sublette cut loose on him with a shotgun, wounding him seriously.

To protect himself during his convalescence, Hardin surrendered to Sheriff Dick Reagan on the promise that Reagan would protect him from mob action and give him half of the reward that was offered for his capture.

As soon as he recovered sufficiently to make the trip he was transferred to the jail in Gonzales. Hardin didn't remain there long. He made his escape with the help of friendly guards.

Shortly thereafter Wes joined up with the Taylors in the Taylor-Sutton feud. There was some talk that Wes "sold his guns" to the Taylors, but more than like-

(Continued on page 65)

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Our country has produced many colorful characters, but few surpass this man who is still with us

by Milt Hinkle

Author's Photos

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They called me the "South American Kid." It could have been a lot of other names just as well because I traveled all through Europe, Canada, Mexico and Alaska with Wild West shows and rodeos.

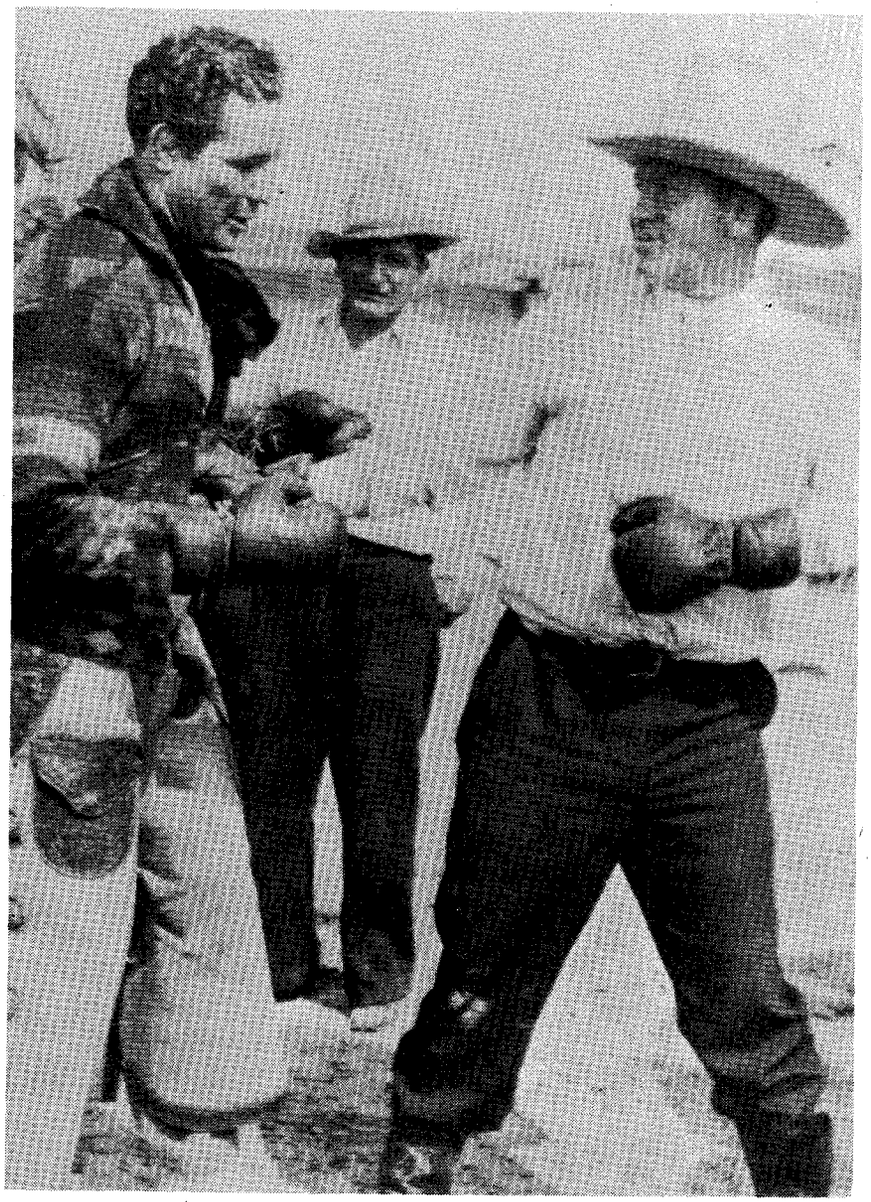
I competed with Bill Pickett, the Negro cowhand who originated bulldogging "bite 'em lip" fashion. I was the first white man to copy Bill successfully. We were right at the top of the list of rodeo "hands" from around the turn of the century and for many years afterward.

I don't mind being remembered as the South American Kid, but most of all I was just a roving cowboy. I want to tell you a little about what I was doing around 1910.

After arriving back in the United States from a trip I had made to Australia with a Wild West show I wanted to contact my mother in Kansas City. I sent her a wire telling her when I would get there.

I took the train from San Francisco. My saddle, bedroll and guns were right there with me. When I got to Kansas City I found that it had changed a lot. My half brother had a lamp lighter job. He had to light 200 street lights (gas lights in those days) which were soon to be replaced with carbon lights (electrically run). He lit the lights with a long, seven foot pole.

The old cable cars were being replaced by electric ones, and fire wagons were giving way to chain driven trucks.



Milt Hinkle poses with one-time champ Max Baer.

WAYS OF A ROVING COWBOY

I did not like Kansas City. It was all right for some people, but I was a roving cowboy and city streets did not appeal to me.

I was in good shape all around, hard muscled and rarin' to go. I weighed 170 pounds. I was six feet one inch tall. Come October 15, 1910, I would be 29 years old. I had thirty dollars in my pocket. For this reason I wanted to move on. The move I made was from Kansas City to Magdalena, New Mexico, where I stepped off the train that came on the branch line from Socorro. From Magdalena to the V and T Ranch headquarters it was 90 miles. Paul Mersefellow had a livery stable in Magdalena. He was the first one I went to, as I knew him well.

Paul was glad to see me. I told him I wanted to get out to the V and T Ranch headquarters.

"You are in luck," he said. "I have to make a trip out there tomorrow. You can ride with me."

Next day I loaded my bed, saddle and rifle. It took us two days to make the trip.

Cole Railston was the foreman for the Red River Cattle Company, owners of the V and T Ranch.

Cole liked me and I knew that I could go right to work. I told him where I had been, etc.

"Glad to see you," he said. "Tomorrow I will send Chuck to the pack outfit that is working over the divide on the east fork of the Gila River on the Black Range."

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Milt Hinkle, center standing, with Indians and Hollywood cowboy and cowgirl friends.

Milt's father, Sheriff George Hinkle.

Tod Adams was the pack boss who worked the open country and the New Mexico plains.

I was glad to get back on the range I had worked a few years before. I liked to ride in the mountains. I was once again with the pack outfit. In those days there were no roads or highways, just trails over the mountains.

A fellow by the name of Jake Santimons, a big rough fellow, had just left the outfit and Tod Adams told me to ride his mount of five head. They fed the horses Blue Maize (Mexican corn) twice a day, feeding them out of Marralls in winter time.

Jake was a fine horseman, so I got a good mount. Before I say any more, Jake went to the town of Mongolion, a gold mining camp, and he and another cowboy shot it out. Jake was killed.

I worked hard at running the mossback steers. Walking up the high mountains leading my horse so he could rest out on top of the high mesa, I would overtake and rope the steers and neck them to lead steers. We had ten lead steers with the outfit that we fed and shod like horses, only the shoes for steers were split shoes. We would tie a rope around the horns of the wild cattle and the other end around the old broke lead steers, neck them and tie their tails together, then turn them loose. Sometime that day or night or next day the lead steer would be standing at the corrals where we camped. We always camped at a corral by a spring or on one of the many creeks or rivers.

A mountain cowboy worked differently from cowboys on the plains. He had to be able to do very hard work. We shod our mounts. When we gathered a corral full of cattle, we would tie their front feet to their head and sometimes we would tie their front feet and back legs short so they could not run. We would then drive them out of the mountains into the open country to where John Lemons was working the open range with the wagon and 25 cowboys. This was the way we worked on the V and T.

About 30 days after we had been riding the mountains we were all sitting around the fire after finishing a supper of deer steaks when Tod asked, "What date is it?"

It was July 3, 1910.

"I have five hundred dollars bet on the fights tomorrow. I bet on Jeffries," Tod commented.

Cole put his money on Jack Johnson. The fight was at Reno, Nevada, produced by Tex Rickard (no phones, no TV, no radios in those days). The nearest telegraph office was at the railroad station at Magdalena which was about 110 miles from where we were camped.

Tod looked at me. "How about you making the trip to Magdalena to get the report?"

"I'll go," I told him.

I saddled a big bay horse named Longlegs. He was about nine years old, and a fine animal. I left at daybreak. I was to change horses at Derfy Wells, but after getting to the Wells, there were no horses in the pasture that I could see.

After feeding my horse from the sack of corn in the crib at the Wells, I mounted old Longlegs and just as the sun went down, I rode up to Paul Mersefellow's

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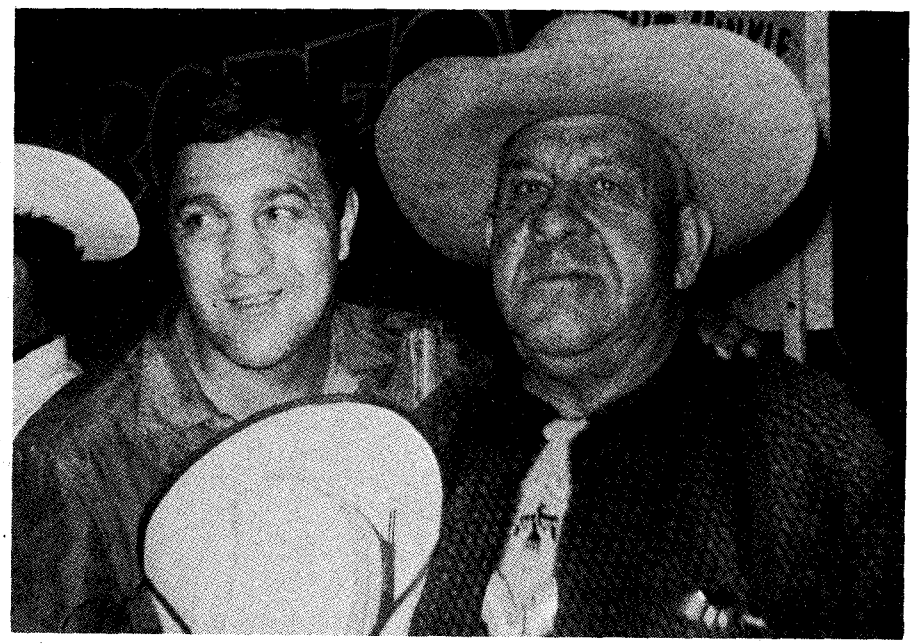

Milt Hinkle and friend at a rodeo.

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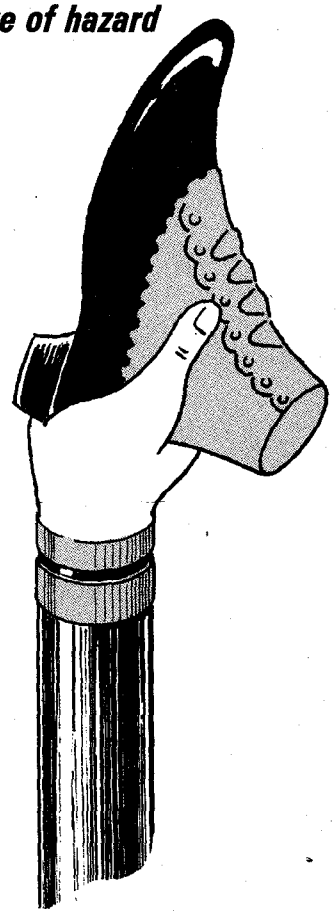
John Henry Casserleigh,
The Peaceable Investigator

by Editha L. Watson

Slender and wiry, with twinkling blue eyes and a bush of red-brown hair, he had the Irish disregard for danger and love of hazard



In the fall of 1881 Charles Nachtrieb, a rancher of Nathrop, Colorado, south of Leadville, Colorado, was killed by Bert Remington during a quarrel. Remington fled into the mountains, and hunters coming into Leadville reported seeing him with a party of hard cases who seemed anxious to keep out of sight. A Leadville investigator attached to the Sheriff's office, one John Henry Casserleigh, took after him with a posse of four armed, mounted men and two pack animals, the latter, of course, to serve as the supply department.

This Casserleigh had drifted into Leadville in the 1870's having left his native Ireland due to the "troubles" there, and it was tacitly understood that his hurried exit from the old sod was due to excessive English ire at his activities in behalf of Irish freedom. Slender and wiry, with twinkling blue eyes and a bush of curly red-brown hair and a smart mustache, he had the Irish disregard of danger and love of hazard.

Oddly enough, as a law enforcer he was the very soul of determined discretion. The blazing gun, the itchy trigger finger was not for John Henry except as a last resort. However, there is no doubt that his work was meaningful and efficient, because the local papers carried reams of copy telling of his exploits.

The murder of poor Charles Nachtrieb and the resultant tracking down of his murderer, Bert Remington, posed the same problem as that of finding a needle in a haystack.

The Continental Divide, which crosses Colorado not far from Leadville, is punctuated by mountains 14,000 feet and more in altitude. This is still wild, rough country, as anyone who ventures away from the highway speedily learns. In those days it was traversed by only a few narrow, rutted roads, along which men traveled in buggies, wagons, or, more frequently, on horseback. Criminals fleeing justice, as well as their pursuers, risked their lives among the canyons and bluffs of the area. They were likely to meet hostile Indians, bears, wolves or lions in the rugged unmapped territory they must pass through.

A glance at a Colorado map will give some idea of the route followed by the Casserleigh posse; from Leadville to Red Cliff, down the Eagle to the Colorado (then called the Grand), and up the Colorado to Grizzly Canyon. Here at Grizzly Canyon they found a party of trappers, who told them that a group of about 25 men, whom they took to be horse thieves, had recently camped nearby. One of them answered the description of Remington. The group kept day and night lookouts, and had shortly ridden north toward the White River.

The posse pressed on, encouraged by finding several fairly fresh camp sites marked by the heads of elk and deer that had been shot and eaten. They were now in the loneliest, wildest spot on the continent, the heart of the old Ute reservation southeast of Meeker, where the famous Indian uprising had occurred only

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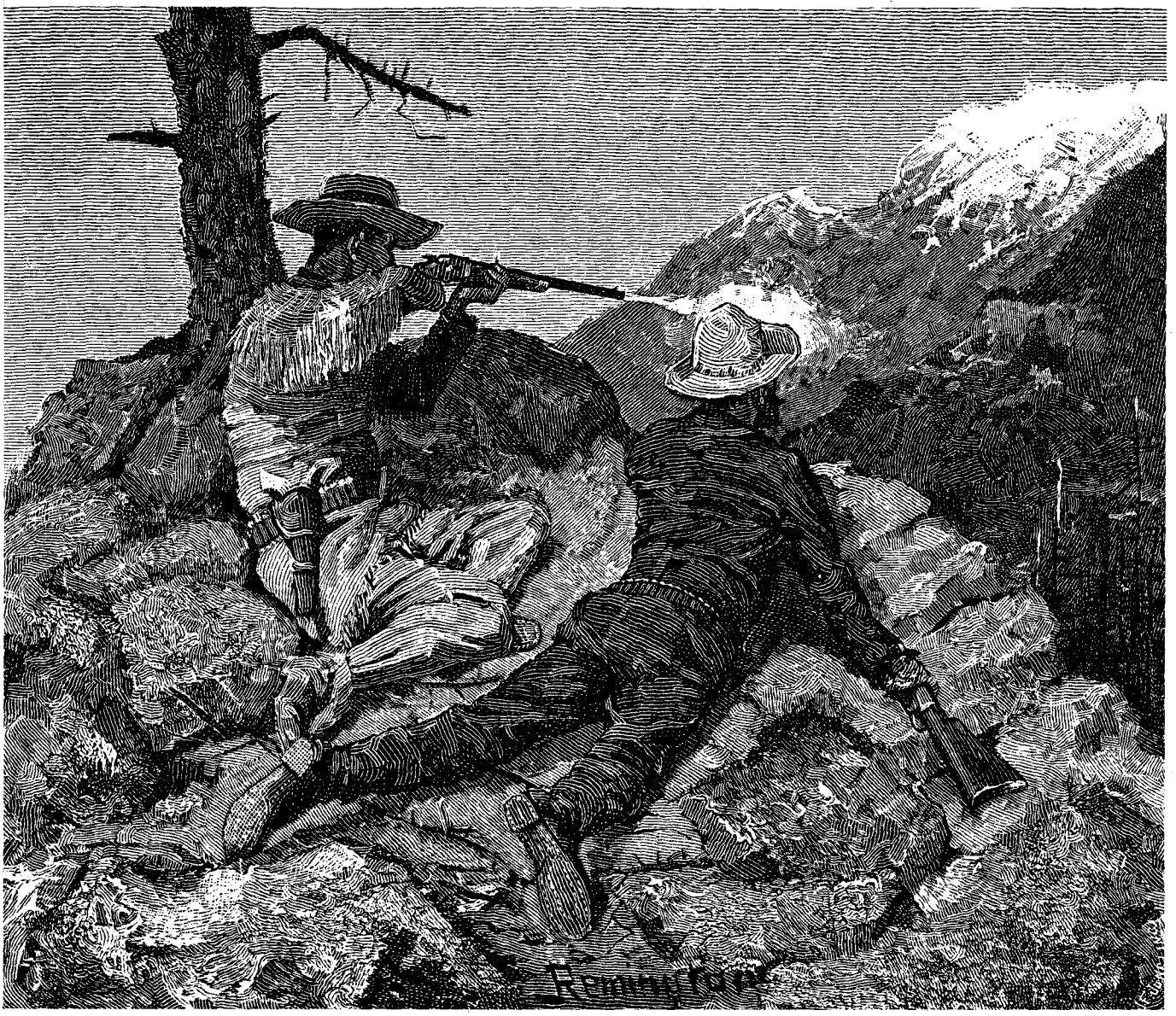

THE FIRST SHOT.

The ranchman owes to his rifle not only the keen pleasure and strong excitement of the chase, but also much of his bodily comfort; for, save for his prowess as a hunter and his skill as a marksman with this, his favorite weapon, he would almost always be sadly stinted for fresh meat. Now that the buffalo has gone, and the Sharps rifle by which they were destroyed is also gone, almost all ranchmen use some form of repeater. Personally I prefer the Winchester, using the new model, with a .45-caliber bullet of 300 grains, backed by 90 grains of powder.

From April to August antelope are the game we chiefly follow, killing only the bucks; after that season, black-tail and white-tail deer. Occasionally we kill white-tail by driving them out of the wooded bottoms with the help of the slow, bell-mouthed, keen-nosed Southern track-hounds; or more often take the swift gazehounds and, on the open prairie, by sheer speed, run down the antelope, jack-rabbit, coyotes and foxes. Now and then we get a chance at the mountain sheep, and more rarely at larger game still. As a rule I never shoot anything but bucks. But in the rutting season, when the bucks' flesh is poor, or when we need to lay in a good stock of meat for the winter, this rule of course must be broken.

A small band of elk yet linger round a great patch of prairie and Bad Lands some thirty-five miles off. In 1885 I killed a good bull out of the lot; and once last season, when we were sorely in need of meat for smoking and drying, we went after them again. At the time most of the ponies were off on one of the round-ups, which indeed I had myself just left. However, my two hunting-horses, Manitou and Sorrel Joe, were at home. The former I rode myself, and on the latter I mounted one of my men who was a particularly good hand at finding and following game. With much difficulty we got together a scrub wagon team of four as unkempt, dejected, and vicious-looking broncos as ever stuck fast in a quicksand or balked in pulling up a steep pitch. Their driver was a crack whip, and their load light, consisting of little but the tent and the bedding; so we got out to the hunting-ground and back in safety; but as the river was high and the horses were weak, we came within an ace of being swamped at one crossing, and the country was so very rough that we were only able to get the wagon up the worst pitch by hauling from the saddle with the riding animals.

We camped by an excellent spring of cold, clear water—not a common luxury in the Bad Lands. We pitched the tent beside it, getting enough timber from a grove of ash to make a large fire, which again is an appreciated blessing on the plains of the West, where we often need to carry along with us the wood for cooking our supper and breakfast, and some-

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The Westerner's gun brought pleasure as well as protection in the Old West

The Ranchman's Rifle on Crag and Prairie

by

Theodore Roosevelt

Illustrated by Frederic Remington

times actually have to dig up our fuel, making the fire of sage-brush roots, eked out with buffalo chips. Though the days were still warm, the nights were frosty. Our camp was in a deep valley, bounded by steep hills with sloping, grassy sides, one of them marked by a peculiar shelf of rock. The country for miles was of this same character, much broken, but everywhere passable for horsemen, and with the hills rounded and grassy, except now and then for a chain of red scoria buttes or an isolated sugar-loaf cone of gray and brown clay. The first day we spent in trying to find the probable locality of our game; and after beating pretty thoroughly over the smoother country, towards nightfall we found quite fresh elk tracks leading into a stretch of very rough and broken land about ten miles from camp.

We started next morning before the gray was relieved by the first faint flush of pink, and reached the broken country soon after sunrise. Here we dismounted and picketed our horses, as the ground we were to hunt through was very rough. Two or three hours passed before we came upon fresh signs of elk. Then we found the trails that two, from the size presumably cows, had made the preceding night, and started to follow them, carefully and noiselessly, my companion taking one side of the valley in which we were, and I the other. The tracks led into one of the wildest and most desolate parts of the Bad Lands. It was now the heat of the day, the brazen sun shining out of a cloudless sky, and not the least breeze stirring. At the bottom of the valley, in the deep, narrow bed of the winding water-course, lay a few tepid little pools, almost dried up. Thick groves of stunted cedars stood here and there in the glen-like pockets of the high buttes, the peaks and sides of which were bare, and only their lower, terrace-like ledges thinly clad with coarse, withered grass and sprawling sage-bush; the parched hillsides were riven by deep, twisting gorges, with brushwood in the bottoms; and the cliffs of coarse clay were cleft and seamed by sheer-sided, canyon-like gullies. In the narrow ravines, closed in by barren, sun-baked walls, the hot air stood still and sultry; the only living beings were the rattlesnakes, and of these I have never elsewhere seen so many. Some basked in the sun, stretched out at their ugly length of mottled brown and yellow; others lay half under stones or twined in the roots of the sage-brush, and looked straight at me with that strange, sullen, evil gaze, never shifting or moving, that is the property only of serpents and of certain men; while one or two coiled and rattled menacingly as I stepped near.

Yet, though we walked as quietly as we could, the game must have heard or smelt us; for after a mile's painstaking search we came to a dense thicket in which were two beds, evidently but just left, for the twigs and bent grass-blades were still slowly rising from the ground to which the bodies of the elk had pressed them. The long, clean hoof-prints told us that the quarry had started off at a swinging trot. We followed at once, and it was wonderful to see how such large, heavy beasts had gone up the steepest hillsides without altering their swift and easy gait, and had plunged unhesitatingly over nearly sheer cliffs down which we had to clamber with careful slowness.

They left the strip of rugged Bad Lands and went on into the smoother country beyond, luckily passing quite close to where our horses were picketed. We thought it likely they would halt in some heavily timbered coulies six or seven miles off, and as there was no need of hurry, we took lunch and then began following them up — an easy feat, as their hoofs had sunk deep into the soft soil, the prints of the dew-claws showing now and then. At first we rode, but soon dismounted, and led our horses.

THE LAST SHOT.

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We found the elk almost as soon as we struck the border of the ground we had marked as their probable halting place. Our horses were unshod and made but little noise; and coming to a wide, long coulie, filled with tall trees and brushwood, we as usual separated, I going down one side and my companion the other. When nearly half-way down he suddenly whistled sharply, and I of course at once stood still, with my rifle at the ready. Nothing moved, and I glanced at him. He had squatted down and was gazing earnestly over into the dense laurel on my side of the coulie. In a minute he shouted that he saw a red patch in the brush which he thought must be the elk, and that it was right between him and myself. Elk will sometimes lie as closely as rabbits, even when not in very good cover; still I was a little surprised at these not breaking out when they heard human voices. However, there they were, and I waited several minutes in vain for them to move. From where I stood it was impossible to see them, and I was fearful that they might go off down the valley and so offer me a very poor shot. Meanwhile, Manitou, who is not an emotional horse, and is moreover blessed with a large appetite, was feeding greedily, rattling his bridle-chains at every mouthful; and I thought he would act as a guard to keep the elk where they were until I shifted my position. So I slipped back, and ran swiftly round the head of the coulie to where my companion was still sitting. He pointed me out the patch of red in the bushes, not sixty yards distant, and I fired into it without delay, by good luck breaking the neck of a cow elk, when immediately another one rose up from beside it and made off. I had five shots at her as she ascended the hill-side and the gentle slope beyond; and two of my bullets struck her close together in the flank, ranging forward—a very fatal shot. She was evidently mortally hit, and just as she reached the top of the divide she stopped, reeled, and fell over, dead.

We were much pleased with our luck, as it secured us an ample stock of needed fresh meat; and the two elk lay very handily, so that on the following day we were able to stop for them with the wagon on our way homeward, putting them in bodily, and leaving only the entrails for the vultures that were already soaring in great circles over the carcasses.

In the fall of 1886 I went far west to the Rockies and took a fortnight's hunting trip among the northern spurs of the Coeur d'Alene, between the towns of Heron and Horseplains in Montana. There are many kinds of game to be found in the least known or still untrodden parts of this wooded mountain wilderness—caribou, elk, ungainly moose with great shovel horns, cougars, and bears. But I did not have time to go deeply into the heart of the forest-clad ranges, and devoted my entire energies to the chase of but one animal, the white antelope-goat, at present the least known and rarest of all American game.

We started from one of those most dismal and forlorn of all places, a dead mining town, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. My foreman, Merrifield, was with me, and as guide I took a tall, lithe, happy-go-lucky mountaineer, who, like so many of the restless frontier race, was born in Missouri. Our outfit was simple, as we carried only blankets, a light wagon sheet, the ever-present camera, flour, bacon, salt, sugar, and coffee; canned goods are very unhandy to pack about on horseback. Our rifles and ammunition, with the few cooking-utensils and a book or two, completed the list. Four solemn ponies and a ridiculous little mule named Walla Walla bore us and our belongings. The Missourian was an expert packer, versed in the mysteries of the "diamond hitch," the only arrangement of the ropes that will insure a load staying in its place. Driving a pack train through the wooded paths and up the mountain passes that we had to traverse is hard work anyhow, as there are sure to be accidents happening to the animals all the time, while their packs receive rough treatment from jutting rocks and overhanging branches, or from the half-fallen tree-trunks under which the animals wriggle; and if the loads are continually coming loose, or slipping so as to gall the horses' backs and make them sore, the labor and anxiety are increased tenfold.

In a day or two we were in the heart of the vast wooded wilderness. A broad, lonely river ran through its midst, cleaving asunder the mountain chains. Range after range, peak upon peak, the mountains towered on every side, the lower timbered to the top, the higher with bare crests of gray crags or else hooded with fields of shining snow. The deep valleys lay half in darkness, hemmed in by steep, timbered slopes and straight rock walls. The torrents, broken into glittering foam masses, sprang down through the chasms they had rent in the sides of the high hills, lingered in black pools under the shadows of the scarred cliffs, and reaching the rank, tree-choked valleys, gathered there into rapid streams of clear brown water, that drenched the drooping limbs of the tangled alders. Over the whole land lay like a shroud the mighty growth of the unbroken evergreen forest—spruce and hemlock, fir, balsam, tamarack, and lofty pine.

Yet even these vast wastes of shadowy woodland were once penetrated by members of that adventurous and now fast vanishing folk, the American frontiersmen. Once or twice, while walking silently over the spongy moss beneath the somber archways of the pines, we saw on a tree-trunk a dim, faint ax-scar, the bark almost grown over it, showing where, many years before, some fur-trapper had chopped a deeper blaze than usual in making out a "spotted line"—man's first highway in the primeval forest; or on some hill-side we would come across the more recent, but already half-

THE INDIANS WE MET.

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CARRYING FRESH MEAT TO CAMP.

obliterated, traces of a miner's handiwork. The trapper and the miner were the pioneers of the mountains, as the hunter and the cowboy have been the pioneers of the plains; they are all of the same type, these sinewy men of the border, fearless and self-reliant, who are forever driven restlessly onward through the wilderness by the half-formed desires that make their eyes haggard and eager. There is no plain so lonely that their feet have not trodden it; no mountain so far off that their eyes have not scanned its grandeur.

We took nearly a week in going to our hunting-grounds and out from them again. This was tedious work, for the pace was slow, and it was accompanied with some real labor. In places the mountain paths were very steep and the ponies could with difficulty scramble along them; and once or twice they got falls that no animals less tough could have survived, Walla Walla being the unfortunate that suffered most. Often, moreover, we would come to a windfall, where the fallen trees lay heaped crosswise on one another in the wildest confusion, and a road had to be cleared by ax work. It was marvelous to see the philosophy with which the wise little beasts behaved, picking their way gingerly through these rough spots, hopping over fallen tree-trunks, or stepping between them in places where an Eastern horse would have snapped his leg short off, and walking composedly along narrow ledges with steep precipices below. They were tame and friendly, being turned loose at night, and not only staying near by, but also allowing themselves to be caught without difficulty in the morning; industriously gleaning the scant food to be found in the burnt places or along the edges of the brooks, and often in the evening standing in a patient, solemn semicircle round the camp fire, just beyond where we were seated. Walla Walla, the little mule, was always in scrapes. Once we spent a morning of awkward industry in washing our clothes; having finished, we spread the partially cleansed array upon the bushes and departed on a hunt. On returning, to our horror we spied the miserable Walla Walla shamefacedly shambling off from the neighborhood of the wash, having partly chewed up every individual garment and completely undone all our morning's labor.

At first we did not have good weather. The Indians, of whom we met a small band — said to be Flatheads or their kin, on a visit from the coast region — had set fire to the woods not far away, and the smoke became so dense as to hurt our eyes, to hide the sun at midday, and to veil all objects from our sight as completely as if there had been a heavy fog. Then we had two days of incessant rain, which rendered our camp none too comfortable; but when this cleared we found it had put out the fire and settled all the smoke, leaving a brilliant sky overhead.

We first camped in a narrow valley, surrounded by mountains so tall that except at noonday it lay in the shadow; and it was only when we were out late on the higher foothills that we saw the sun sink in a flame behind the distant ranges. The trees grew tall and thick, the underbrush choking the ground between their trunks, and their branches interlacing so that the sun's rays hardly came through them. There were very few open glades, and these were not more than a dozen rods or so across. Even on the mountains it was only when we got up very high indeed, or when we struck an occasional bare spur, or shoulder, that we could get a glimpse into the open. Elsewhere we could never see a hundred yards ahead of us, and like all plainsmen or mountaineers we at times felt smothered under the trees, and longed to be where we could look out far and wide on every side; we felt as if our heads were in hoods. A broad brook whirled and eddied past our camp, and a little

OUR CAMP.

below us was caught in a deep, narrow gorge, where the strangling rocks churned its swift current into spray and foam, and changed its murmurous humming and splashing into an angry roar. Strange little water wrens — the water-ousel of the books — made this brook their home. They were shaped like thrushes, and sometimes warbled sweetly, yet they lived right in the torrent, not only flitting along the banks and wading in the edges, but plunging boldly into midstream, and half walking, half flying along the bottom, deep under water, and perching on the slippery, spray-covered rocks of the waterfall or skimming over and through the rapids even more often than they ran along the margins of the

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Mrs. Martha Maxwell, artist-sculptor-taxidermist, with some of her "pets".

Martha Maxwell came through with something unusual at a time when suffragists were fighting for women's rights

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A PIONEER WOMAN'S WORK

by Agnes Wright Spring

Denver Public Library, Western Collection, Photos

When the United States announced plans to celebrate the first 100 years of the Republic in 1876, with an exposition at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, great excitement and much patriotism were displayed throughout the country, especially among women.

For years the women of the nation had been fighting for equal rights. Wyoming alone had given women the vote. This great celebration of liberty seemed to offer a splendid opportunity for women to express themselves.

Led by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, those interested in women's political rights promoted a woman's building at the Centennial where American women, and women from all over the world, could show their work. The suffragists also distributed thousands of copies of a printed "Woman's Bill of Rights."

The response to an appeal for displays was most gratifying. There were large collections of embroideries, woolens, hosiery, many ornaments, Belgian laces, Japanese screens, paintings, a Centennial pin cushion valued at $200 and many exquisite pieces of handiwork. The Bey of Tunis even sent two women in Bloomer costume to attend displays.

But the exhibit which outstripped all of them for general interest was one over which was suspended a plain board with the simple words: "A Woman's Work".

The "work" was Mrs. M.A. Maxwell's Rocky Mountain museum of stuffed birds and animals in the Kansas-Colorado building. Almost over night a quiet, pretty, blue-eyed little Colorado woman, who stood only four feet and eleven inches, found her name famous throughout the world as an artist, sculptor and taxidermist.

At that time, 1876, there had been a great deal of discussion about the ideal woman. "Can she be a public character?" "Can she exist outside the strict seclusion of the home, or ever be occupied with other than purely domestic duties?"

It was an accepted fact that men could do almost anything useful that they chose to do, even to dressmaking and hairdressing, but *woman*—that was different! It was felt that if she pursued the same professions and arts that had been held to be appropriate for men, she would become coarse and masculine and would lose those sweet, tender graces that are distinctly feminine.

Though diminutive and almost shy, Mrs. Maxwell, an ardent feminist, was a member of the Congress of Women. In making her contribution to the Congress she had said: "The world demands proof of women's abilities; without it words are useless."

Mrs. Maxwell had come of a line of strong minded women. Her maternal grandmother, Abigail, an eccentric old lady, was known to have a mind of her own. This grandmother had been a close companion to Martha (Dartt) Maxwell when she was ten years old.

Mrs. Maxwell had crawled along mountain precipices, trudged over vast prairies, forded roaring streams at flood-tide, and faced innumerable physical hardships, but she had remained soft-spoken and certainly was not mannish. She had, with her own small hands and arms, managed a huge muzzle-loading gun almost as tall as herself in bringing down a buffalo and a grizzly bear. She was also expert in various ways and means of catching baby humming birds, owlets and dozens of similar species in Colorado.

What the visitors at the Centennial Exposition saw in Mrs. Maxwell's museum were more than 400 birds and 100 animals mounted

Mrs. Maxwell in her field outfit.

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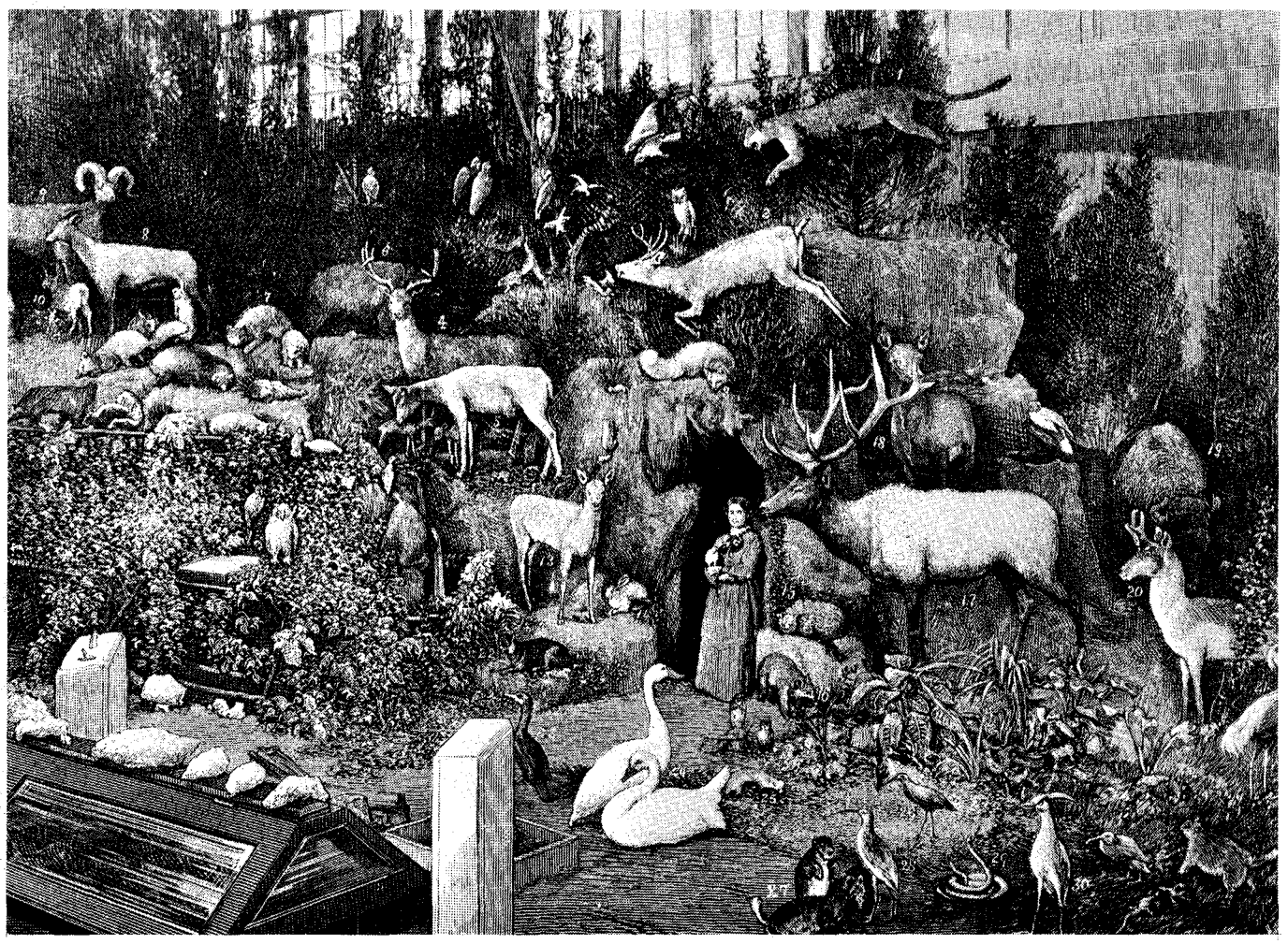

Mrs. Maxwell's Rocky Mountain Museum at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876.

for the first time in natural settings. She was said to be the first taxidermist to create such backgrounds, forerunners of the museum dioramas of today.

Helen Hunt, in describing some of Mrs. Maxwell's dramatic groups, reported in the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican:*

"Here are arranged mounds of earth, rocks and pine trees in imitation of a wild, rocky landscape, and among them grouped animals, in pairs, or singly, and every one in a lifelike and significant attitude. A doe is licking two exquisite little fawns, while the stag looks on with a proud expression. A bear is crawling out of the mouth of a cave. A fox is slyly prowling along, ready to spring on a rabbit. A mountain lion is springing literally through the branches of a tree on a deer, who is running for life, with eyes bloodshot, tongue out, and every muscle tense and strained. Three mountain sheep — father, mother and little one — are climbing a rocky precipice. A group of ptarmigans show the three colors, winter, spring and summer. A mother grouse is clucking about with a brood of chickens in the most inimitable natural way. And in an out-of-way corner is a touch of drollery, a little wooden house, and coming out of the door is a tiny squirrel, on his hind legs, with a tiny yellow duckling hanging on his arm. The conscious strut, the grotesque love-making of the pair is as positive and ludicrous as anything ever seen in a German picture book. Another amusing thing reminding of Beard's paintings was a group of monkeys playing poker.

"High up on a tree limb perch a row of owls. Mrs. Maxwell let out a fluffy gray owlet from a cage and he flew instantly up and perched solemnly in the row, and sat there motionless. The effect of this on the expression of the whole row of stuffed owls was something incredible."

Mrs. Maxwell's originality lay in the fact that she was primarily a sculptor. After having made careful measurements, she molded the animal in plaster just as she wished it to stand. Then she fitted the skin to the mold, instead of stuffing the skin. Since there seemed to be about twice as much skin on an animal as it needed to cover it, stuffed animals ordinarily looked very unnatural with the skin stretched out of all proper proportion.

Mrs. Maxwell's animals and birds were sculptured with perfectly fitted skins. Her work was the result of intensive study, vigilant observation and deep interest in her subjects.

One of the most lifelike specimens in the entire collection was Mrs. Maxwell's little black and tan terrier, which used to be her companion when it was live. She mounted it and kept it by her desk where its shiny eyes made it look very real. A visitor at the Centennial Exposition, the Brazilian Don Pedro, was at once attracted to Mrs. Maxwell and her animal collection. He took quite a fancy to the little terrier, patted it and said "This is my dog." It was reported that when he left he shook Mrs. Maxwell's hand and congratulated her on the exhibition.

Mrs. Maxwell was a guest at many parties and receptions during the Centennial Exposition. She thoroughly enjoyed the attention, but objected to being introduced as the Colorado Huntress.

Funds raised in Colorado had made it possible to transport the museum to Philadelphia, but it was necessary for Mrs. Maxwell to pay her own personal expenses. She managed this, plus sending money to keep her daughter in college, by selling postal cards of herself with the display. Permission for such sale was obtained only after much difficulty. It was understood that Mrs. Maxwell was the only person at the Exposition who received such a concession. *(Continued on page 60)*

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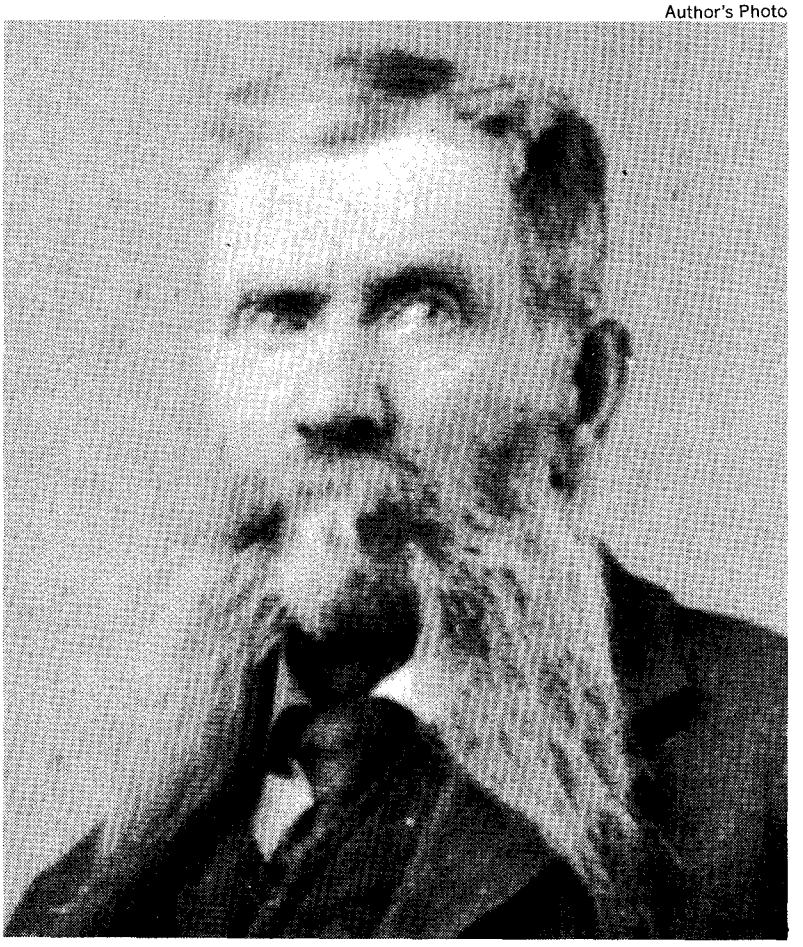
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

Indians went on the warpath when the minister's wife and her children were alone on the farm and without protection

Author's Photo



As a youth, John Loggan survived the dangers of the frontier.

by Art Chipman

The lot of the frontier woman was rough, but if she happened to be the wife of a man of God, it was considerably more so. Many of these women, most of them with children, suffered privations and ordeals even more poignant than most other frontier wives since they were left so much alone.

The following account of a few days in the life of Mrs. Robert Loggan, excerpted from her husband's diary and slightly edited, is a case in point.

In the fall of 1850, the Reverend Robert Loggan, a dedicated minister of the United Brethren Church, outfitted a two-horse team and wagon, loaded his wife and children therein, and, with his Bible in hand, started across the plains to Oregon to spread the gospel.

Having sold their home in Illinois, they planned to go as far as Iowa, where they would visit with an uncle of Mrs. Loggan in Lee County, and then continue on to Oregon in the spring. During their visit, the uncle persuaded them that the frontier areas of Iowa were as badly in need of spiritual comfort as Oregon, and strongly urged them to remain where they were, where the land was rich and cheap. Another powerful inducement was that they would be close to members of their family.

This logic won them over and in the spring of 1851, the Reverend Loggan and his wife changed their minds about Oregon. With their three small children, they moved to Polk County, Iowa, some 30 or 40 miles north of old Fort Des Moines. About a mile west of Hopkins Grove, along the Des Moines River, they bought a hundred acres from a Mr. Eslick, built a log cabin and created a home for their growing family.

The Reverend Loggan was very active and spent much of his time traveling thoughout the remote areas of the state, preaching in the various settlements. During these periods, which sometimes stretched to two weeks or more, Mrs. Loggan was left alone with the children to run the farm. Mostly this was a normal enough existence for the period and that part of the country.

During a husband's absence the lady of the house spent her time milking the cows night and morning; planting and taking care of the family garden; making lye soap; refurbishing the family wardrobe and doing the mending and the cooking; doctoring ailing children; schooling the young ones in their three R's and generally keeping busy from dawn until bedtime at the myriad tasks customary for the isolated pioneer woman.

There were still Indians around but they were quite peaceful. The only concern they generally caused was their constant begging or stealing. This was more of a nuisance than anything else until 1857, when the news of the terrible massacre of the settlers at Spirit Lake, Iowa, by supposedly friendly Indians, frightened the whole area and aroused the apprehension of the people. However, no other major incidents took place and by the summer of 1862, memories of that frightful occurrence had dimmed. The Civil War was occupying the thoughts of most families and in particular those with young men off to war.

The Loggan clan lived like numerous other families in Iowa at the time; they were isolated from their neighbors by a considerable distance. The one differing factor lay in the prolonged absences of the husband and father, the Reverend Robert Loggan, who was frequently gone from home for days on end, leaving Mrs. Loggan alone with their seven children.

It was just such a time, on the pleasant afternoon of August 18th, in the year 1862, when young John Loggan, playing in the garden near the little log house, together with his brothers and sisters, saw a horse and rider approaching across the

(Continued on page 51)

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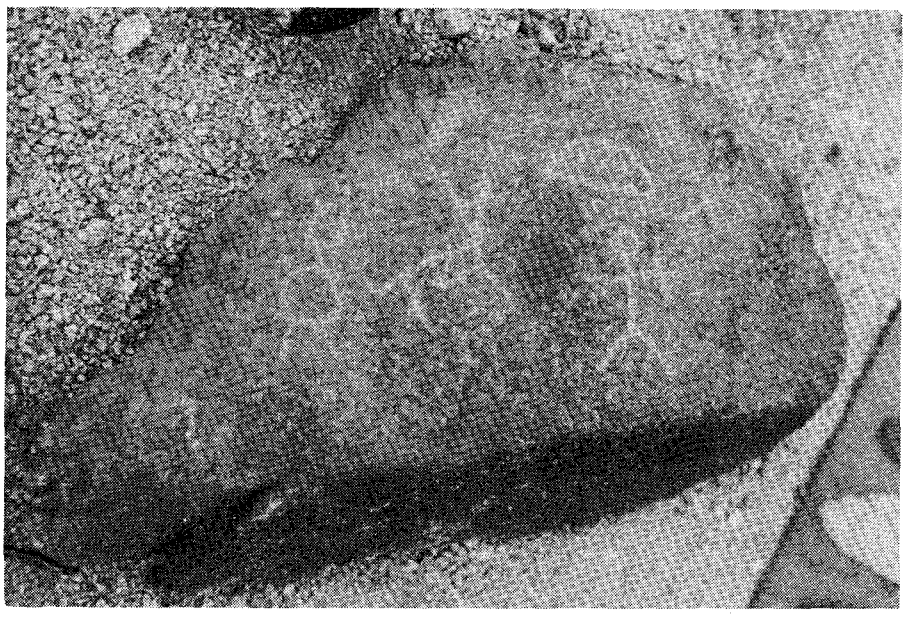
INDIAN SUN

by
Arizona Bob Kubista
Author's Photos



Rain symbols are mixed with stick-figures pointing the way to hunting grounds.

Usually the picture-rocks are quite large, but when there are no massive blocks to write on the desert people had to resort to marking on smaller boulders, placing them on rock shelves where they might be seen from game trails.

The hot desert sun beat down on Indian and white man alike. For countless empty miles the barren land stretched toward the horizon. From the Llano Estacado, across the white sands westward and through the rocky canyons man traveled on his way to the saguaro forests and the alkali flats beyond them. The blazing sun glared constantly, the sharp rays glancing off the rocks and boulders until it blinded the dry eyes of the weary traveler. Day by day hardly a cloud appeared in the bright blue sky, and for the tired pioneer the overland route to the West Coast must have seemed endless indeed.

For the "anglo" it was a journey to try a man's soul, and the temptation to curse his Fate was very strong. But for the Indian who had to live all his life in the heat of the great Southwest, it was a time to appeal to the spirits of the sun and the rain. This was his land by choice, and he was prepared to cope with it with a little help from his friendly spirits.

The Indian felt that he belonged to this earth, unlike the white man who thought the earth belonged to him. The Indian cherished his lonely life and endured the heat and hardships in order to keep his freedom as long as he could. When it seemed that he could no longer do it alone, he turned to the spirits and asked for their assistance. With no single formal religion to sustain him, he turned to the sun and rain whenever he could. The signs of his appeal can be found to this day.

For months on end in the desert, the daily temperature can pass 100 degrees and in many areas less rain falls in the entire year than falls in one month on most towns. It is no wonder that the lonely Indian turned to spirits for hope and relief. His wordless appeal can be

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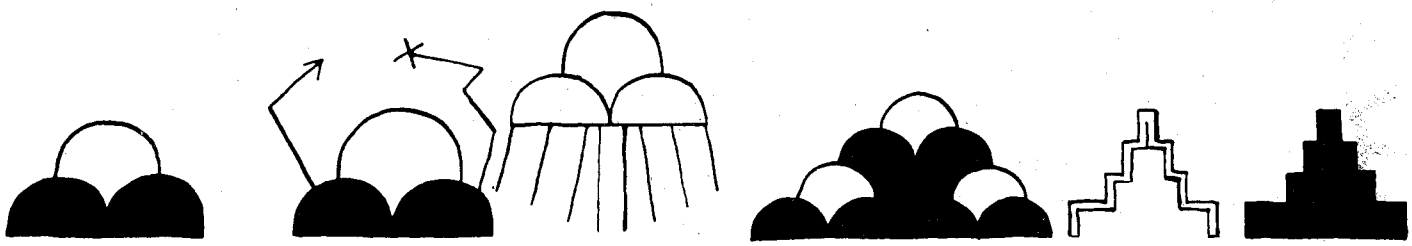


AND RAIN SIGNS

The original Southwesterners believed they belonged to the earth, unlike the white men who believed the earth belonged to them

seen in the patterns on his blankets, in his basketry, on his pottery and on the rocks near his camp.

The Indian of the Southwest was not so very different from his more fortunate northern brothers, but his needs were different. Although he was in no danger of freezing, he faced the constant threat of dying of thirst, or at the very least of watching his meager crops die for lack of a little moisture.

The blazing sun beat down upon him every single day and the oppressive heat burned the brown grasslands to stubble before his eyes. For him, the constant sun was a mixed blessing and perhaps many of his prayers were said to make it go away for a while. Other Indians looked to the sun for life and hope, but this Indian turned the other way and prayed for rain, rain, rain. Cool, wet rain, driving torrents of rain, thundershowers, desert storms, spring cloudbursts. Any kind of rain was welcome in his hours of dire need.

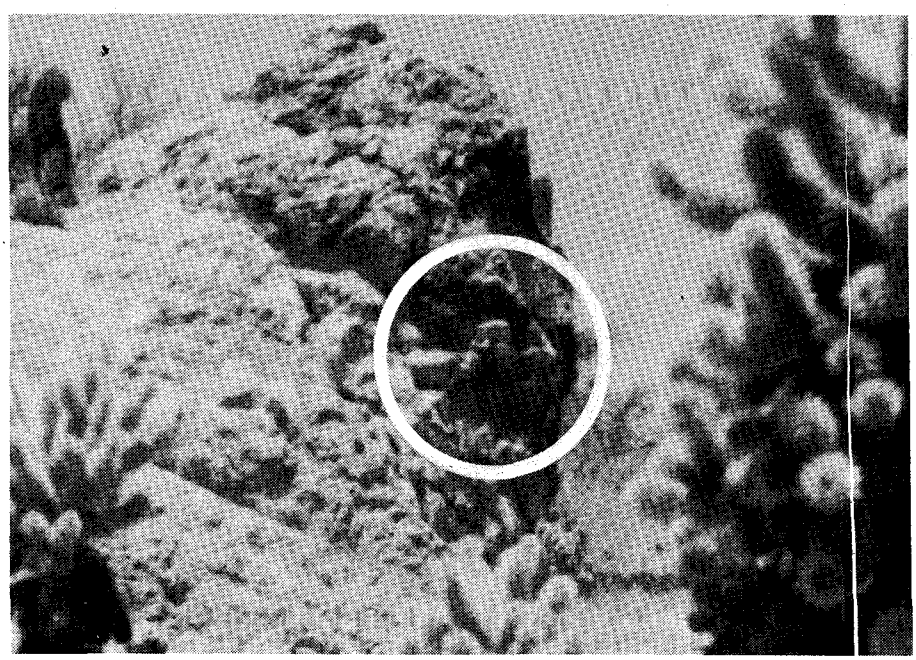
The early western traveler saw the rain signs scratched on the picture rocks in the passes that he went through, and the cowboy often wondered at the meaning of the designs on baskets he saw around the wicki-ups. The identical symbol will naturally look one way when it is neatly painted around a pottery bowl, and another way when it is woven in the fabric of an Indian *bayeta.* The signs can be read if you allow for the material the Indian was working with, and if you do not read too much into it. Usually, only one idea is pictured at a time.

The symbols of modern man are not the same as the Indians', and to read these signs he must turn his back on his own 20th Century ideas. For example, we think of a crescent-shaped object as representing the moon. The Indian often used a simple square. We think of a five or six-pointed star made up of triangles; the Indian used a simple "X" or possibly four crossed lines. When we see the sun and rain signs, the difference may not be as great but there are many additional symbols that were used to present the same idea.

The sun symbol is the most obvious and most easily recognized, despite the fact that there were dozens of minor variations. The flaming orb is pictured in many ways, but never with the same reverence that the ancient Egyptians gave it. The Indian symbol is a simple circle, embellished with extra trimming such as rays, or double, triple or even quadruple rings. Sometimes, spirals appeared inside a single or double circle, or the same multiple rings could be adorned with many straight or flaming rays radiating outwards, never inwards. At other locations, a bulls-eye stands for the sun, but the ordinary circle with a single cross inside it meant something else. For some reason, the idea of a face in the sun did not appeal to the Indian, although it can be seen now on modern Navajo jewelry.

On the Reservation near the Gila River in central Arizona can be seen an Indian

(Continued on page 64)



Rock pictures are sometimes easy to overlook, especially when they are mixed with other rocks in wastelands. Cholla—cactus kept this site hidden for years.

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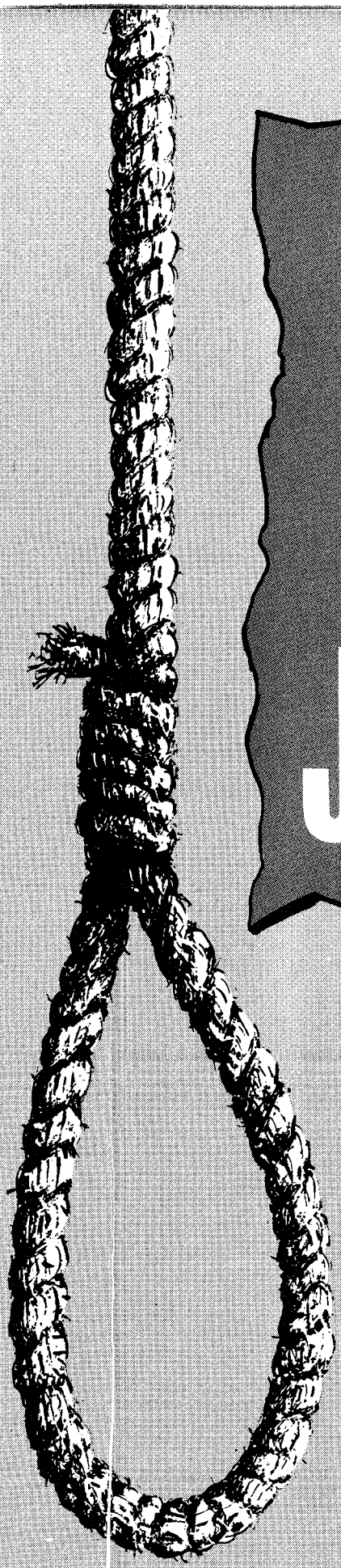
NEW FACTS ABOUT JUDGE PARKER



Author's Photo

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Oklahoma State Historical Society

Isaac Parker, called "The Hanging Judge." Marshals brought the bad men in and he saw that justice was done.

This Fort Smith, Arkansas, writer had done a thorough job of investigating one of the West's most controversial figures

by Charles Kelley Jr.

The two outlaws reined in their horses and looked at the signboard with a painted arrow on it pointing in the direction of Fort Smith, Arkansas.

"500 miles to Fort Smith," one of the outlaws said, reading the sign to his companion.

"It ought to say 500 miles to Hell," his companion said as he pulled his pistol from its holster and sent four bullets into the signboard which was already so full of holes it looked like a seive.

"If a U.S. Marshal ever tries to capture me, he'd better be ready to shoot it out. I'd just as soon die here and now as to let hanging Judge Parker stretch me on his gallows," he added, as he shoved the pistol back into the holster.

The outlaws took a final look at the signboard and rode away in the opposite direction from the one pointed out by the painted arrow.

The names of the two outlaws have long ago been forgotten, but since this incident actually took place it has become a legend, repeated and passed down through the years as proof of the fear which outlaws felt for Judge Parker and his notorious gallows.

When Isaac Parker became Federal Judge of the Western District of Arkansas in 1875, Fort Smith was on the wild side, but law and order were also present to make the town respectable. There were other towns which were much wilder and had no law and order at all.

Even though the town had 30 saloons and a red-light district that never closed—except for a hanging—the local law men were said to have kept order in a way that demanded respect from peaceful citizens. If one of the renegades got out of order, he had a choice; behave or get out of town. Some chose to get out of town and out of the reach of the local law men who could not follow them into Indian Territory. They simply walked or rode a short distance and they were there.

Renegades came to this Indian Territory with an appetite for murder and rape. Robbing, killing and lust brought them there. These crimes in the past had caused them to be driven out of other towns, other states, and even from other countries. The Territory became famous as the outlaws' hide-out and recreation center. By recreation center, I mean just that. These outlaws made the Territory into a living hell for the Indians who lived there by killing and raping them. The Indians were helpless, with almost no way to defend themselves. These "criminal intruders" as Parker called them, were not subject to the courts of the Indian tribes.

The outlaws raped the Indian women. The Indian men tried to protect the women and occasionally an outlaw was killed. In most cases the Indian protector died at the hands of the outlaw. White women who lived in the Territory were raped and murdered, too. All women were subjects of the outlaws' lust and all men were subjects for robbing and killing.

All this crime became a terrible problem. Judge Parker was bound by the law of the land to give the sentence of death by hanging for whatever reason that murder was committed. If an Indian killed an outlaw because a woman was raped, the Indian was hanged. If an outlaw was found guilty of rape or murder, he was hanged. That's the way it was.

It is a fact that Indians who came before Judge Parker's court as criminals added up to a very small percentage of the total number tried in his court. The Indians called Parker a true friend and brother. They knew his main concern was for the protection of the Indians and to see that justice was car-

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ried out for all the people everywhere.

Judge Parker has been described as harsh and cruel. Criticism has been strong against his judgments in court. This writer wants the reader to know the truth about him. Many untruths have been written about the Judge by men who did not have all the facts concerning him and his court.

Parker carried out the duties of his office, and was justified in what he did. He could not have done otherwise. The citizens of Fort Smith realize this fact. They know this is so. As a citizen of Fort Smith, I agree. As a writer, I present facts, some of them printed here for the first time. Many errors have been made concerning Parker and the number of men he had hanged. Photographs of certain buildings have been designated as his courthouse, when in reality they were not photographs of the courthouse at all. Some writers have shown photographs of the Old Commissary saying it was the magistrate's courthouse.

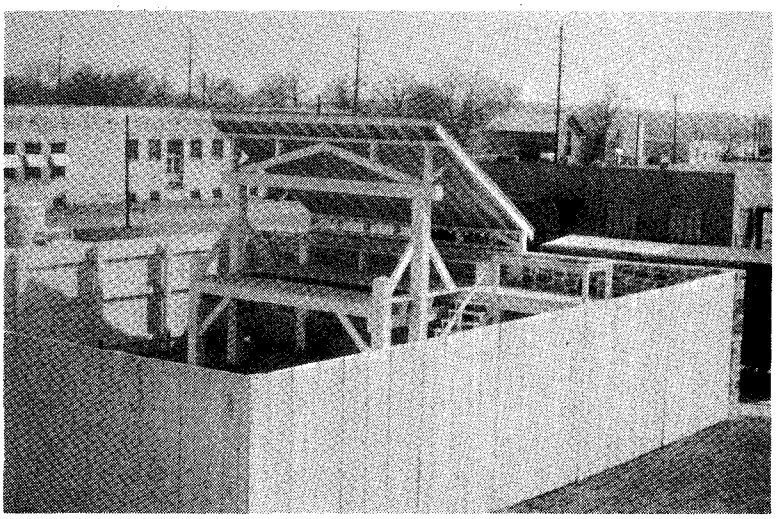
Judge Parker held his first hanging Friday morning, September 3, 1875. 5,000 people were waiting in the courtyard, each trying to get a clear view of the three white men, two Indians and a Negro, who stood side by side on the platform of that famous gallows. A hush fell over the crowd as a hangman's noose was placed around the neck of each of the six men.

possible that at one particular time there were 200 deputy marshals, though there were usually less. We can identify approximately 1,000 for the entire 21 years, from their oaths of office on file with the court.

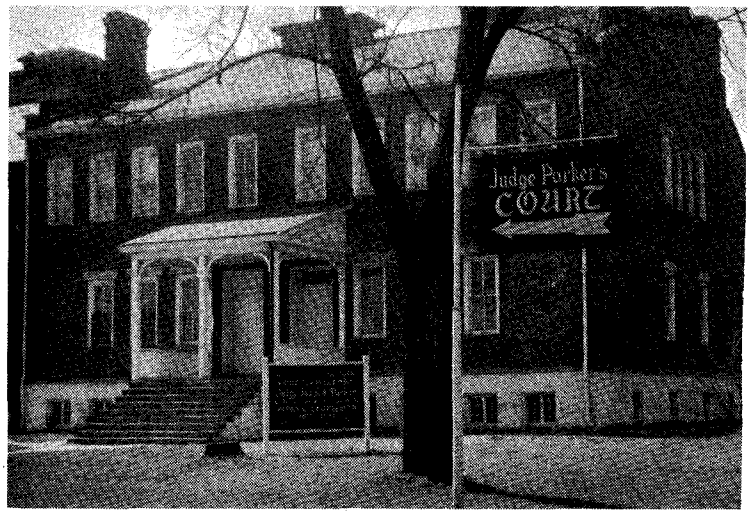
"The marshals were paid by a complicated system of mileage and fees. They received 6¢ a mile, $2.00 per arrest, 50¢ for serving a subpoena, etc. The marshals had to feed their prisoners."

My mother's great uncle, Bud Ledbetter, was a deputy U.S. marshal who rode for Judge Parker. He helped capture many of the worst outlaws in the Territory and is best known for his capture of the Jennings Gang, which consisted of Pat O'Malley, Morris O'Malley, Frank and Al Jennings.

The operation of Judge Parker's court was not as simple as some writers would have us think. We are told that this was "the court of no appeal." James Haskett says: "This is a simplification. Actually, prior to 1889, this and two other courts were both District and Circuit Courts at the same time. Parker then served as the original trial judge and the appellate judge. There was also the direct appeal to the President. Over 40 commutations and pardons were granted prior to 1889. In 1889, the appellate jurisdition was taken from this court and appeals were then directed to the supreme court.



Fenced-in, reconstructed Fort Smith gallows.



Sign with arrow points to Judge Parker's court.

At precisely five minutes past 11 o'clock, the trap doors of the huge gallows were thrown open and the six men were sent plunging through the "gates of hell."

We all know that Judge Parker was called the "Hanging Judge" In order to be able to sentence a man to be hanged, a lot of things had to happen; much time had to pass and a great deal of work had to be done by many people besides Parker.

The United States marshal sent his deputy marshals into this Indian Territory with one purpose in mind; to capture outlaws and bring them back for trial before Judge Parker. This was a big job because the bad men had 74,000 square miles in which to hide.

The outlaws killed 65 of these deputy marshals. A deputy marshal could kill a fugitive only in self defense. If he was forced to kill a man in this way, he received no travel pay or fees of any kind. It was up to him to see that the outlaw was given a proper burial—and he had to pay the costs! The odds were all against the marshal, and the outlaw took advantage of the situation.

James Haskett, U.S. Government Historian, whose job it is to research and report the facts concerning Judge Parker's court, has this to say on the subject.

"The deputy marshals were appointed by the U.S. marshals and changed each time a new marshal was appointed. It is

The gallows shown in the photograph illustrating this story is an exact replica of the one that was built in 1886 and used to hang 44 men. This was not the first gallows to be used in Fort Smith, but it was the last. It would, without a doubt, be still standing today instead of this newly built replica if the Fort Smith City Council had not issued an order for it to be destroyed. It was burned to the ground in 1898 after Parker's death.

They used the first gallows, constructed in 1873, to hang 43 men. This gallows was built before Judge Parker took office. The United States Criminal Court was established at Fort Smith in 1871, but it wasn't until 1875 that Judge Parker took over and began to operate it as it should have been operated from the start. Judge Story who held the office before Parker replaced him was a poor excuse as a judge. Corruption and neglect of duty characterized Judge Story's work. That was in direct contrast to the forceful and just actions of Parker.

It is said that murder and rape were the only crimes for which a man was hanged. When a criminal was found guilty, he knew that was it. He knew he would stand on the platform of that dreaded gallows and the hangman's rope would send him to eternity. It is said there were four things the outlaw feared more than death itself. These were: Judge Parker, the U.S. marshals, George Maledon the hangman, and the gallows.

James Haskett has an interesting comment to make concerning Maledon. He says, "In 1871, Male- *(Continued on page 50)*

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ROUND-UP • • TIME • •

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Did the Apache chief, Geronimo, ever run cattle? If so, what was his brand? W.H.L. Santa Monica, Calif.

A. According to Jason Betsinez, an Apache who was one of Geronimo's aides and also the blacksmith charged with making the branding irons according to U.S. Government specifications, the Geronimo brand was:

US
18

The letters and figures were two inches high, 1½-inches wide, ¼-inch thick. The numeral 18 represented Geronimo's registration number as a prisoner of war; every Indian had a registration number.

Q. Who was the best rifle shot of all time—Buffalo Bill, Annie Oakley, Dr. Carver or Frank Butler? G.J.K. Reno, Nevada.

A. This is a good list, but there are others like A.H. Bogardus and Ad and "Plinky" Topperwein, less known to the general public, who excelled with both revolvers and rifles. Ad Topperwein once fired 72,500 2½ inch wood blocks, thrown in the air. He missed only nine! Topperwein used a Winchester Model '03 .22 automatic for this feat, which was never equalled. It took him ten days. Plinky, his wife, once acknowledged by Annie Oakley to be the greatest woman marksman of all time, fired 100 consecutive shots into a five-inch diameter spot target at 25 yards distance with a revolver. That's some shooting!

Q. Was Alfred Packer, called "The Man Eater," actually guilty of cannibalism? A.W.O. Princeton, Kentucky.

A. Yes, it is generally believed that Packer, after a terrible winter ordeal with five companions, Bell, Humphrey, Miller, Noon and Swan, trying to cross the Colorado Rockies, saved his own life by eating the flesh of one of these men. However, his own story of the ordeal, never disproved, was that returning to camp after a reconnaisance, he found Bell had slain the others with a hatchet and was roasting human flesh on a stick. Bell attacked him and Packer killed Bell. This suggested to the starving Packer that he might yet survive. Red Fenwick, ace reporter of the Denver Post has written an excellent and unbiased account of this tragedy "Alfred Packer, The True Story of the Man Eater." Alfred Packer was a Union War veteran of Company F, 16th U.S. Infantry in the Civil War.

Q. Was Bat Masterson's name actually William *Bartholomew* Masterson rather than William *Barclay* Masterson? Second, did he actually kill 26 men? C.H.M. Kansas City, Missouri.

A. Some top Western researchers such as Ed Bartholomew and Waldo Koop have indicated the second name was Bartholomew, rather than Barclay. A contemporary of Bat's, H.H. Raymond, a buffalo hunter who knew the Masterson family, calls Bat by the name Bartholomew in his journal. Did he kill 26 men? No. Verifiable records only accord Bat one or two killings. But he did fight at the Adobe Walls battle, so his unknown killings could be several. They were not as high as old newspaper stories state, however. Bat went along with his friends in such "windies" as they were called by the plainsmen.

Bat Masterson.

Q. Is it true that Maurice Barrymore, the great actor, was once in a Texas shoot-out? H.R. Tucson, Arizona.

A. It was no shoot-out. Barrymore, after playing at Marshall, Texas, was eating a snack at the depot cafe with members of his troupe, May Cummings and Ben Porter. A townsman, drunk and insulting, came to the doorway and made snide remarks about Miss Cummings. Porter, though unarmed, rose to defend her, was killed instantly. Barrymore sought to protect Miss Cummings and was wounded. The murderer, James Currie, was apprehended, tried, and freed by a Texas jury. He later served a year or two for murder in New Mexico.

Q. In the book *The Negro Cowboys*, authors Durham and Jones imply that there were many thousands of Negro trail drivers in the old days. Why haven't we read about them in books and stories? D.W.G. Portland, Oregon.

A. Durham and Jones are right, the Negro cowboy was "fenced out" of his proper place in Western history as the Negro has been in many other phases of American history. In the Trail Drivers of Texas *the many old cowboys of Texas and other Southern states tell of working with Negro trail hands, cooks and wranglers. The cowboys praise these men highly, and give as an example the Negro who returned the embalmed body of his boss, killed on a trail drive, to his family in Texas.*

Q. What was a "dug-out" home in the West in pioneer times? F.X.D. St. Paul, Minn.

A. The dug-out, on the northern plains, was usually an area dug back into a hillside or bank along a stream and roofed over with cedar logs, willows and sod. Frequently the front was completely laid up with sod around the door. On the southern plains, where it was not so cold, the people frequently roofed over with timber, after digging a rectangular hole in the ground. Sometimes they used flattened tin cans for shingles, but usually sod, clay and what lumber they had. Earth steps led down into the abode. These places were warm in winter, cool in summer, but fleas and lice were a terrible problem living in the ground, as were snakes and rodents.

Q. What was "The Old Wire Trail" to Dodge City? F.S. Dallas, Texas.

A. It was a military road running from Fort Dodge to Camp Supply, Indian Territory, along the Military Telegraph line. The poles were made of iron to withstand prairie fires which the Indians frequently set to help attract game during their fall hunts. Occasionally it was referred to, for this reason, as "The Old Iron Trail." ●

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CALIFORNIA THROUGH MEXICO

(Continued from page 24)

trappings of silver-ornamented riding outfit, their swarthy faces, black hair, fierce mustaches, and fiery eyes, the lancers were well calculated to affright the souls of fearful adversaries.

Their favorite method of attack was to throw the lasso over their victim, then with their well-trained horses to jerk him from the saddle, drag him to death over the ground, or in mercy lance him. By their invitation I stood at a considerable distance from them to test their skill with the lasso. By the utmost agility I was utterly unable to escape its folds.

Across the valley of Mexico, picturesque with parallel rows of the century plant, which furnishes the national drink of *pulque,* we entered through open gates the ancient city of Montezuma, not long before conquered and evacuated by the Army of the United States. We found quarters in a comfortable hacienda, while the numerous *fondas* of the city furnished refreshment and pulque. Pulque is the lager beer of Mexico. It is everywhere transported on the backs of mules in skins of hogs stripped from them in some mysterious way by which legs and all are utilized for a great bottle.

Dissatisfied with my purpose to halt on Sundays for rest and to recruit the horses, some 30 of the company now detached themselves from my command. They were in haste to reach California before the gold was all "dug out," and considered such halting a waste of time. So they bade us good-by and started at a rapid gait in advance.

After another long day's march toward the Pacific, we reached Celaya, a walled town of some six thousand inhabitants. The people were decidedly hostile, and the alcalde (mayor) sent me a summons to appear before him, and commanded that I should make no attempt to leave the town before sunrise, and that I should at once send one-half my number to another town, some ten miles beyond, a town of about the same size as Celaya, adding that he would also send a messenger with us to insure our safety, as otherwise we were sure to be attacked. I replied that I would not do so, that we asked no protection, but if attacked would take care of ourselves. He then gave an order to the proprietor of the hacienda to hold us prisoners inside the fortress (for a hacienda is also a fortress) until sunrise the next morning. At three o'clock I called up and mounted my men, and then awakened the keeper, and with a revolver placed at his head persuaded him to unlock the barricade, and we rode triumphantly out. The alcalde's plan was to divide the troop, and with the aid of the other town, where there were troops, to get satisfaction for incidents of the war.

Our journeying led us, on Saturday night, to a small walled town not far from the large city of Guadalajara. It had abundant orange as well as banana groves, and a clear stream swept along part of the town. Three hundred miles, in part of rough mountainous travel, had been made during the week; and men and horses were alike worn and weary and glad of so enticing a place to rest.

We left in the early morning, and in good time entered the great city of Guadalajara. We arrived at about eleven o'clock in the morning. A regiment of soldiers were there on the way to chastise some rebellious Indians. The presence of the soldiers joined to the entrance of my company of one hundred and fifty red-shirted, travel-worn, armed troopers brought the excitement at once to a demonstration.

We had just reached a hacienda when the cry of "Revolution!—Revolution!" was raised. Soldiers discharged their muskets in the streets, women screamed, men hurriedly closed their places of business for fear of robbery and joined in the excitement. We shut and barricaded our fortress doors, fearing that this was to be the end of our California journey, while we were yet more than an hundred miles from the seashore. With the population opposed to them, every one of that brave group of young men stood up to the issue; their faces paled a little, but weapons were coolly got ready for a fray out of which none expected to come alive. How the attack upon us was ever held in check I never learned, but a little after midnight we succeeded in getting away unmolested.

The remainder of our journey brought us to the commercial town of Tepic, whose trade was with the seaport of San Blas, and we found no further obstruction or enmity, as the interests of commerce had made the people friendly to Americans.

We arrived at San Blas in excellent health, having lost but one of our number. In port we providentially found the brig *Cayuga,* Captain Savage, of some two hundred tons, belonging to the firm of Pacific traders, Howland & Aspinwall. Captain Savage, an Austrian, had sailed her down the coast in ballast, on the chance that some party of gold hunters might cross Mexico and require a vessel to transport them to San Francisco. A contract was soon entered into similar to the one with Captain Parks of the *Mara.*

The hold of the *Cayuga* was floored, and double bunks were again provided with about three feet of space from floor to deck. In the absence of water-casks, redwood or dugout canoes filled with supplies of water were stowed below the floor. As before, we furnished our own sea-stores. They consisted of old whalers' sea-bread, condemned after one voyage of three years to the Arctic seas, well-filled with vermin, which, however, were rendered innocuous by being baked over in a well-heated oven; a supply of well-salted Mexican jerked beef as sold by the yard, sun-dried till it would have answered as well for harness-leather as for food, with coffee and sugar for luxuries. These provisions were placed in sacks and stowed under the flooring, where they were always accessible through an open hatch.

Upon the outer deck, just back of the foremast, was laid a temporary flooring of brick without covering or protection from the weather or the sun, and this constituted our cooks' galley, each mess having its own cook. We paid Captain Savage $80 each as passage money, while the sea-stores cost us $30 each. About 120 of our company took part in this arrangement, thus paying the sum of $9600 for the storage part of the brig and $3600 more for our supplies and rations. As water was an important factor for so large a number at sea, in addition to the supply in canoes in the hold, a very large canoe was secured on the brig's deck and filled with water, but for economy of stowage a deck of rough boards covered it.

In addition to our party Captain Savage had taken on board a full complement of cabin passengers in the little rooms on the after part of the brig. As these few aristocrats of the voyage had paid fabulous prices the captain had contracted to supply them with fresh provisions, and for this purpose a number of goats were taken on board, which were duly served on the cabin table. Added to these Captain Savage, as a perquisite, had embarked a Mexican saddle-horse on deck, so that on this small brig we had about 150 men including our gold diggers, besides the crew, the horse, and a dozen goats. We had no tables, but ate our hardtack and jerked beef and drank our tin mugs of coffee wherever and whenever we found it convenient.

On the eighty-fourth day from New York, anchor was weighed and we set sail for San Francisco. By this time all hardships were accepted as a matter of course, and each man made himself especially jolly over every new danger or deprivation that was encountered. But the old whalers' bread had to be well soaked before it could be eaten, and the writer as well as others lost teeth in the effort to masticate it. On account of the saltiness and toughness of the jerked beef, it was found necessary to attach it to ropes and tow it in the sea for forty-eight hours before any attempt could be made either to cook it or eat it without cooking. Sea-bathing may accomplish much good, but it never yet tenderized Mexican jerked beef.

Our supply certainly never tempted the most hungry shark in our course. The roll of the sea and the tacking of our ship so far emptied our canoes of water that all hands, except the horse and the goats, were put on short allowance. Our captain, who was an experienced navigator of those latitudes, and anxious to be rid of us as soon as possible, decided to take an indirect southwest course to fall in with the trade wind, and so sailing in a semi-circle to come into the Bay of San Francisco

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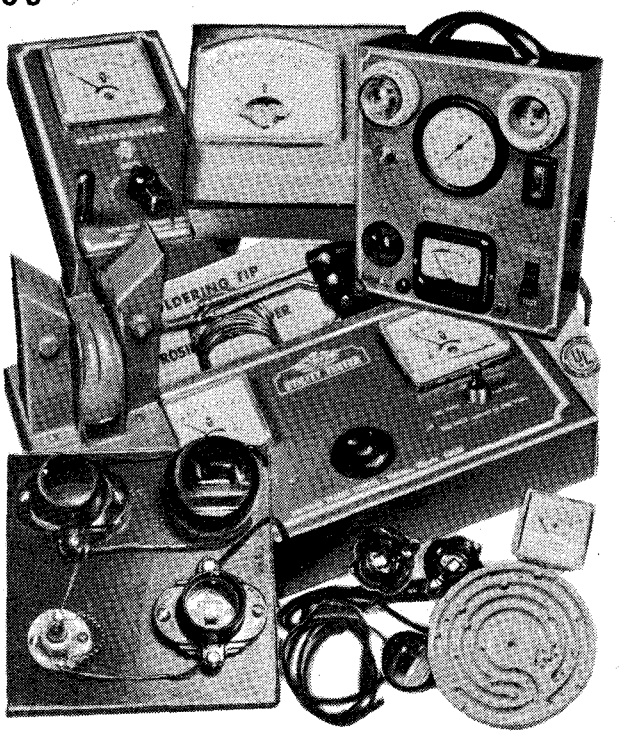

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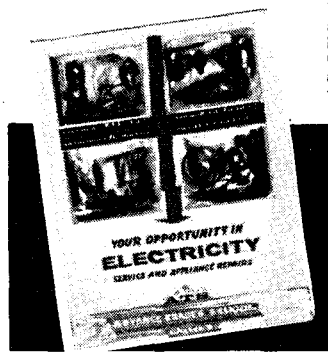

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from the northwest. So we were promptly put on an allowance of something over a pint of water a day each, with which to make our coffee, dampen our whalers' bread, and gratify our thirst.

Water of a red color and impregnated with the peculiar odor and taste of the canoes was served daily in this proportion to each mess. But there was no grumbling. Did we not already see the enticing glitter of the yellow gold in the mines of California?

On one occasion, however, the water after having been served to a mess was pilfered from the bottles. It was suggested by Dr. Brinkerhoff (afterward the physician and surgeon of Walker's Nicaragua Expedition), that the mess should endure another day of thirst while he should place a prescription in their water-bottles. This was done with success, and the ensuing day, although it was very calm, several men (not members of the association) were terribly afflicted with an awful seasickness. The remedy proved effective, and great respect was paid thereafter to bottles of canoe water.

After thirty days on the *Cayuga,* we entered the Golden Gate on the 14th day of May, 1849, and I claim that we were the first organized body to reach that port both by sea and land, although at that date a hundred sail of vessels were at anchor in the harbor.

The time of the journey of the main company was:

	Days.
From New York by bark *Mara* to Vera Cruz	24
From Vera Cruz to embarkation on brig *Cayuga*	60
Voyage on the Pacific to San Francisco	30
Total	114

The 30 seceders who left us at Mexico City arrived at San Blas two weeks after our party, most of them too late to be included in the benefits of the *Cayuga* charter. Both men and horses had broken down on the seven-days-a-week system. They straggled into San Blas, and continued their journey by land to Mazatlan, 200 miles north. A few of those who arrived first secured places on our brig, while some of the main body, not having sufficient funds, joined those who journeyed overland to Mazatlan. Here they chartered a small coasting schooner, provisioning her mostly with rice and water. After thrity days' coasting, with the alternation of land and sea breezes, their rice being almost entirely exhausted, they found themselves but 200 miles farther north on a journey of some 2000 miles. One of them, who was a Sabbath observer, sickened and died, and was buried on the shore. The small party then divided, a few continuing along the coast on foot, while the rest remained on the vessel and, after untold suffering from want of food and water, six months afterward arrived at San Diego, where the schooner was condemned as unseaworthy, and the company scattered, making their way to San Francisco as best they could, poor in pocket and broken in health and ambition. Those who landed pressed onward on foot, mostly through a barren and desert country, devoid of food, water or game, with their faces resolutely set towards the magnet of the gold mines. When game was to be had, even were it hawk or buzzard, it was killed and greedily eaten, kind, quality, and cookery not being considered. Toads, lizards and crows were alike welcome, and any sunwarmed and stagnant pool of water was considered most refreshing. The horrors of the siege of Paris were paralleled by the shifts to which the party were reduced, and in one section of country venomous rattlesnakes were killed and, after being skinned and prepared, were cut in sections for food and boiled. In this way they subsisted and survived, and, with a determination sustained only by the hope of the fortunes that awaited them in the gold mines, they pressed forward through the blazing heat. For months they endured this, with no beds but their ragged blankets. The writer met the first one to arrive in San Francisco in the month of November, ten months after the departure of the buoyant party on the deck of the *Mara.* ●

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FACTS ABOUT JUDGE PARKER

(Continued from page 46)

don was a guard at the jail. In 1874, he was given charge of the executions. With certain exceptions he held that post until 1894.

"Maledon is said to have received $100 per hanging. He had to provide the coffin and pay funeral expenses."

Before Maledon was given this job, the deputy marshals pulled the trap doors and hung their own captives. They are said to have disliked that part of their job, so when Maledon took complete charge of this detail, the deputy marshals were pleased.

The replica of Judge Parker's gallows was built in 1957. The citizens of Fort Smith selected it as the most appropriate monument that could be erected to the judge's memory.

I am a resident of Fort Smith and have lived in or near the city all my life. I saw this replica of the gallows take shape. I watched the volunteer carpenters build it. They did it without pay and they took pride in their work. They were building a monument to a man who is respected and honored in the city of Fort Smith, Arkansas.

What was Fort Smith like during the days of Judge Parker and his court? Records show that for several years after the original gallows was built it stood in full view of the town. No fence encircled it then. The hangings were public affairs and anyone could watch. In fact, the hangings were held in much the same manner as a circus or carnival. People traveled hundreds of miles and brought their picnic lunches and camped out on the courtyard grounds waiting for the hanging to begin. 5,000 spectators were the average number assembled to watch a hanging. The town of Fort Smith closed its shops and stores. The saloons—all thirty of them—closed up. Girls from the red-light section were usually spectators in the front row.

This all changed in 1878 when the gallows was enclosed by placing a wood fence around it. Restrictions were placed on the number of persons allowed to view the hangings. They were no longer open to the general public.

The original courthouse where Judge Parker sentenced men to hang stands within the shadow cast by the replica of the gallows. The courtroom has been restored just as it was in Judge Parker's day. The original furniture had been moved from place to place. When it was all col-

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lected, and the dust of many years had been removed, this furniture was once again moved into the courtroom. All of the original furniture, except the jury seats, was found and set up in its original place. The original jury seats were not found, so new ones were built as exact replicas.

The old jail is now in the process of being restored. The courtroom houses a museum in the front part of it. Glass showcases are filled with the court records, hand written reports of the U.S. marshals, original warrants issued for the arrest of outlaws and pistols and rifles that once belonged to criminals and marshals. Old newspapers with stories of the hangings are preserved inside these glass showcases. The story of the first hanging after Parker took office is included in one of these historic journals.

The courtyard containing the courthouse, museum and gallows, as well as the old commissary (mistaken as the courthouse by some writers and photographers) and Belle Point—site of the old Fort Smith—belong to the Federal Government. All this has been made into a National Historical Site. Guided tours are provided and there is no charge for admission, all visitors to the Judge Parker exhibit will be welcomed.

According to James Haskett, only 87 men were hanged. The number is usually listed as 88, but this is incorrect. He says: "Only 79 of the 87 men were hung by Parker. There were 87 men hung from 1871-1896. 88 comes from listing the same man twice in the list of those hung."

Court records show: 13,490 docketed, 9,454 were convicted, 87 persons were hanged. On July 30, 1896, Judge Parker hung his last man. It is said that he seemed to sense that this would be his last man, because on November 17, 1896, Judge Parker died. The prisoners in the jail heard the news and were glad he was dead.

Some say he died of a broken heart because of his final rejection by the people he worked so hard for, trying to bring law and order into their lives. Medical reports show that Judge Parker's death was caused by dropsey brought on by over-work.

His body is buried in the National Cemetary at Fort Smith, Arkansas. After his death the City Council burned the gallows to the ground.

James Haskett says: "We have a newspaper article (undated) with photographs noting the destruction of the gallows."

It is hoped that the replica of that gallows, together with the original courthouse and the restored courtroom will keep the memory of Judge Parker alive and show what he really stood for. ●

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

(Continued from page 41)

prairie at full speed. Within minutes the children recognized Daniel Filmore, a neighboring youngster who lived some miles away. Such a rapid approach was quite unusual and young Loggan immediately thought someone must be sick at the Filmore house. Running into the house, he called to his mother who came to the kitchen door and stood awaiting the arrival of the fast-galloping neighbor.

Bringing his sweat-stained horse to a halt, young Filmore paused only long enough to cry out, "Oh, Mrs. Loggan, the Indians are coming! Get your team and go to Des Moines! They're killing everybody they see!"

With this electrifying piece of information he whirled his horse and dashed off, for his father and family had already left and the boy needed time to overtake his family on their way to Des Moines.

Danny Filmore, in his excitement and anxiety, had not allowed Mrs. Loggan the chance to tell him there were no horses on the farm. Not a single horse, not a mule, not even a jackass or a donkey. The Reverend Loggan had taken their only team and, for his protection, their only gun. He was now off in western Iowa somewhere, preaching to the small isolated settlements!

Mrs. Loggan, with no delay, called all of the young ones into the house and explained calmly that the Indians were on the warpath, and that it would be wise to leave their home as quickly as they could obtain transportation so they could head for Fort Des Moines—and safely. She instructed the littler ones firmly to stay close to the house at all times, and to stay together.

The two oldest children, Mary and John, were told to run as fast as they could to the farm of Mr. Bishop, their nearest neighbor; they were to warn him about the coming raid, and to ask him to stop by and pick them up on his way to Des Moines.

Dashing off at a fast run the two children tired quickly and settled down to their best gait, a steady, smart lope to stave off exhaustion and cover ground as quickly as possible. Most of the way was through timber and hazel bushes, with the terrified youngsters expecting to see the painted face of a blood-thirsty savage at every turn in the trail. Fear lent wings to their feet but, upon reaching the Bishop place, they were stunned to find the windows and doors of the house all nailed up and everyone gone.

They lost no time running back along

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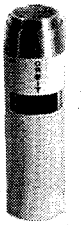

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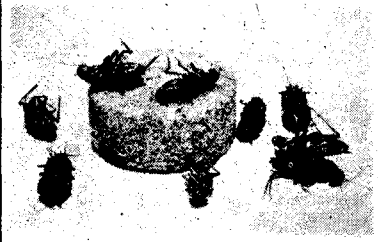

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the trail for home, certain that this time they would encounter some murdering Indians along the way, but they were not waylaid. Receiving the bad news, Mrs. Loggan sent them off in another direction to the Shervey farm, over a mile away. They were almost exhausted, but the fear of momentary attack from hostile Indians gave them added strength. They were horrified to find, when they arrived at the Shervey farm, that the house there was also boarded up and deserted.

The weary youngsters trailed home, sick with the reluctance to bring their mother and the family such disheartening news.

John, being the oldest son, talked over the situation with his mother, and, inasmuch as it was almost dark, they decided nothing more could be done until morning. Mrs. Loggan sternly forbade the younger children to leave the house while she and John milked the cows and fed the chickens. Following his mother's instructions, John brought in a big supply of wood for the fireplace, heaping it alongside the hearth. He then proceeded to shutter the windows and bar the doors in the cabin and barricade them with tables and chairs. They hoped that if the Indians came, they might think the house deserted and pass it by.

A sketchy supper was prepared and although Mrs. Loggan accompanied the meal with a fervent prayer for deliverance in their hour of peril, she herself afterward ate very little, as John Loggan remembered later.

All the smaller children were put to bed and, with the blessed oblivion of the very young they went almost immediately to sleep.

The two older children sat up with their mother for a time. They talked about everything but their plight, and even played word games, trying to keep their spirits up, but John and Mary were terribly exhausted from the running they had done, and as hard as they tried not to, they fell asleep. Mrs. Loggan did not sleep. She sat through the night thinking her own thoughts which could hardly have been pleasant. At four o'clock John awoke and found her still awake and the two of them then awakened the other children.

As soon as they had some breakfast and milked the cows, the whole family set out to secure help. They walked all day, the mother carrying the littlest one, 3-month-old Florence, in her arms, with John and Mary helping to shepherd the other children along. But each house they came to was unoccupied, its owners having fled to safety.

At dusk the despairing woman and her family turned their faltering steps toward home, arriving late at night, glad at least to lay down their weary selves and nap for a few hours.

The following morning, the horizon being still strangely free of either friend or potential foe, the preacher's wife and the seven little Loggans started out again in a new direction, resigned now to what fate might bring. To her continuing despair, the events of the previous day repeated themselves; every house they reached was nailed shut, the inhabitants gone.

After three days of frantic searching around the countryside for help, she began to hope that possibly the savages had overlooked the Loggan farm. But, the fact that she saw no other human being, and all the farms being deserted, added to the poor woman's fears. Each day was another ordeal, surpassed only by the terror of the night. She could understand why her neighbors had fled, but why had they not met a single Indian in their wanderings? It was as if the world were suddenly wiped clean of people except for themselves.

After a week or so, news was received in Des Moines that the vicious Sioux attacks had been confined to southern Minnesota and, although several hundred settlers had been slain there, apparently Polk County was in no immediate danger.

The neighbors began returning to their homes, and were deeply upset when they learned why the Loggans had stayed behind in the face of great danger. It must have taken great Christian restraint on her part to keep from venting her feelings, especially when the Reverend Robert Loggan returned from his round of preachings.

The Reverend Loggan's diaries do not record whether a horse and wagon was immediately obtained for the use of the eight Loggans when thereafter he was on his very necessary and important journeyings to the sparsely situated little settlements, but we can take it for granted that a massive effort resulted and that a team was eventually secured. Otherwise the poor man would have had not a single carefree moment while bringing God's word to his waiting parishioners.

As for Mrs. Loggan, John, Mary, little Florence and the rest of the brood—they were heroes and heroines all, like most families of pioneer churchmen. ●

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DRAGON FLY'S SON

(Continued from page 13)

ries. Officials in Washington sent General Parker, himself a full-blooded Seneca, to pacify the spirit of growing unrest.

Parker told the grand council in Indian Territory that their future was integrated with the life of the whites. "Back East," he related in vigorous tones, "we have Indians who work farms, go to school and live in peace with their white neighbors. A hundred years back they were in the same position you are today. Indians have to adjust to the ways of civilization. As citizens we can help to correct abuses and corruption."

The historic Sixties were bloodstained years. Besides civil conflict, the newspapers played up reports of vengeful mass hangings of Indians held responsible for the Minnesota uprising of 1862; the Custer triumph at Washita; Roman Nose's battle losses at Beacher's Island; defeat at Adobe Walls; Chivington's Sand Creek massacre and the Wagon Box fight that offset the annihilation of Fettermen's force during the Bozeman Trail resistance. Missionaries pointed out that Indians were fighting for home and country. Sympathy for the Indians was aroused. Indian aid associations were formed in Eastern states, some of them with church affiliations, to lobby for Indian service reform. Speakers in pulpits and on platforms urged "Peace on earth for men of all races." Parker met with some of these groups to support demands for legislative reform.

Ely Parker advocated the removal of army officers as agents and their replacement by civilian leaders.

"Treaties," he told an audience, "are used to swindle Indians out of their possessions. Indian tribes are not sovereign nations capable of making treaties because they lack organized governments and the ability to observe such compacts."

There were spoilers in the Indian service. There was evidence of collusion between agents, contractors, and suppliers. The Indian aid groups pressured for reforms and replacements.

A Peace Policy Program was advocated by a Quaker group. In the face of elections General Grant ordered the abandonment of Fort Reno, Fort Kearney and Fort F.C. Smith in Wyoming. He designated General Parker, General Sully and Colonel Colborn to visit Dakota and promote peace with the Sioux.

Red Cloud was suspicious of any Indian who became an Army general. He said, "If you can bring us wagon loads of ammunition, as promised, and keep the paleface from crossing Sioux country, we can believe you are a high chief in the White Father's council."

When Grant was elected president he appointed Ely S. Parker the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the Department of Interior.

Reforms in the Indian Service called for the replacement of agents by civilians of high character. Ten commissioners to be appointed were to function under Parker's supervision. This Board of Commissioners was empowered to investigate abuses, bring charges and prosecute offenders, and examine the civilians who applied for agency jobs.

In 1870 Red Cloud's Sioux chiefs visited Washington at Grant's request. The President and commission members attended council talks. Later, Parker escorted Red Cloud to Indian Aid meetings in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. The Chief's address, when interpreted, charged that Indians were being robbed, murdered, and abused while treaties were being trampled under foot. The aid groups clamored for reform.

Congress passed the Grant Peace Policy bill that carried with it an appropriation of two million dollars to finance the program.

One of the ten commissioners appointed was William Welch of Pennsylvania. He was elected chairman. Welch had been visiting reservations in Dakota, for a church group, and had reform ideas of his own. Parker and Welch clashed in every meeting they attended. Welch asked that the two million dollars be turned over to the Board of Commissioners for use and Parker refused to take it out of the Department's fund. Welch resigned from the Board of Commissioners.

This rift was pounced on by enemies of the Peace Policy. Ousted agents, defenders of the spoils system, and the Indian haters urged William Welch to press charges. Thirteen accusations were listed and Parker faced impeachment proceedings.

The real fault was in the legislation. The bill failed to state how the money was to be used and who should supervise it.

The jury exonerated Parker of every charge. Nevertheless, the smear had been achieved. It was bad publicity for Grant's administration. Parker stayed on six months longer until new agents had been appointed, then resigned.

The Peace Policy failed. New agents, largely churchmen, took over the reservations. They lacked experience and, although their mistakes were gilded with good intentions, they blundered. Indians took advantage of the soft line management and it created new problems.

General Custer's expedition discovered gold in the Black Hills of the Sioux country, and a miners' rush to Dakota aroused hates and hostilities. After Custer's command was destroyed on the Little Big Horn in Montana sentiment changed and Congress rescinded the Peace Policy legislation and a harder line of supervision of agencies was reinstated.

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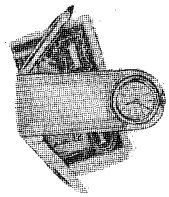

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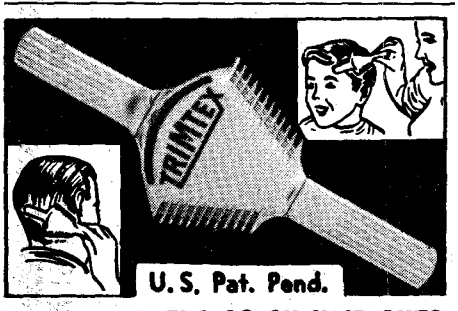

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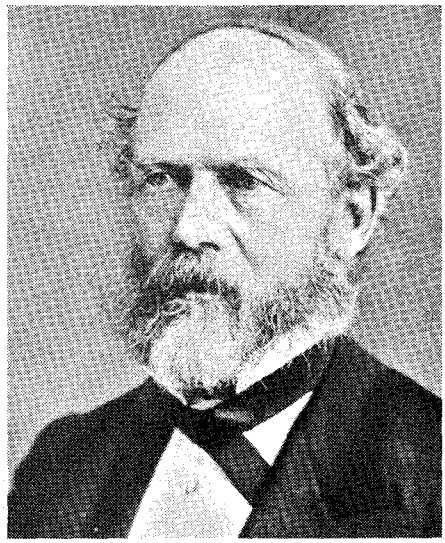
On December 23, 1867, Washington society learned that Miss Minnie O. Sackett had been married to General Ely S. Parker by the Rev. Chas. H. Hall, D.D., of the local Episcopal church. The couple had one child, a daughter, born on August 14th, 1878. She was named Maud Theresa.

In civilian life Parker returned to his profession as an engineer, industrial consultant, and real estate operator. Parker had a talent for designing building plans that contractors followed in new construction. He sold property and gambled on the New York stock market with shrewdness. During the 1880's he accumulated a fortune and built a mansion of his own design at Fairfield, Connecticut. Wealth brought him social acceptance in New York City.

Parker made the mistake of posting bond for a banker friend. It was a rather large bond, and when the banker embezzled funds Parker had to make good the losses. It made him a poor man.

As Grand Sachem of the Iroquois, Parker often returned to visit his people. The whites had been nibbling at the reservation with their land buying and the Seneca homeland was getting smaller. New customs were being adopted. The old, long house made of bark, and which in older days provided quarters for a number of families supervised as a unit by a grandmother, were giving way to modern dwellings. On special occasions the tribal heritage prevailed.

Having lost their fashionable home and some of their "fair weather" friends, the Parkers took a small apartment in New York City. The Big Indian who had been chief, general, diplomat, lawyer, engineer, architect, financier and farmer, was 64 years old. He was a sickly war veteran and almost destitute. In 1892 he applied for a soldier's pension and got it. Ely S. Parker died in 1895 and was buried in New York City.



Prof. Lewis H. Morgan used his influence to get Ely S. Parker a higher education.

On January 24, 1897, his remains were returned to the reservation. Ely S. Parker, Last Grand Sachem of the Iroquois, was buried in the soil of his people. In this reburial the old prophesy was fulfilled. Parker had been everything that the Prophet of 1828, before Ely was born, had foretold he would be. ●

THE TREASURE SPANIARDS HUNT

(Continued from page 15)

one of the miners at Buzzard Hill.

He told the rancher he was not a citizen of the United States and was in the country illegally. The Mexican could not hope to reclaim all the treasure for himself. He said he would show the rancher where the treasure was buried if he would place $10,000 on deposit for him in the bank at Fort Smith, Arkansas, to be payable to him only on the day the treasure was recovered. He could easily transport $10,000 back to Mexico. It would be too risky to pack gold bullion back over his long journey, he reasoned. If the gold were not found, then the rancher would not be out any money.

The rancher had nothing to lose, but said the $10,000 was probably more than he could raise, at that time. The Mexican retorted hotly that many times that amount was buried in the old mine, and he would not continue one step further for a cent less than the $10,000.

The old man allowed the rancher only ten days to place the money on deposit at Fort Smith. "If you have not raised the money by sundown on the tenth day, I will return to Mexico and you will never find the treasure!" the Mexican said emphatically.

The rancher sold off his cattle to raise the needed money. But still that was not enough. More than a week had passed by, and he had only $6,000. This amount he put on deposit in the bank at Fort Smith. But it was to do him no good, as he later learned.

He returned to the ranch, told the aged Mexican what had been done, and begged him to carry on the treasure hunt, saying they would give him part of the treasure, too. The Mexican shook his head. He wanted cash money, not gold bullion to carry back to his homeland. It was the $10,000 or nothing.

On the tenth day, the treasure hunters stood on Buzzard Hill, in front of the rock wall etched with the Spanish markings which had been exposed during the so far successful search. The Mexican asked

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if they had not raised more funds. They hadn't.

At dusk, the old man pulled a large, silver watch from his pocket. He looked at it and told the rancher and his sons they had only a few minutes remaining to get the money. The orange sun slowly sank out of view beyond the hill. Then the old Mexican disgustedly slammed his big watch against the stone wall, shattering it to pieces. He turned around in a mad rage, looking at no one, and walked away. In a few minutes he was out of sight. The old Mexican was never seen again.

The rancher wasn't too saddened about the Mexican's leaving the search. He believed he had been shown enough so that he could eventually find the old mine and the fabulous treasure it contained. However, the rancher was wrong. He and his sons continued the search for months with little success. They did find the crumbled ruins of an old smelter furnace where the precious metal had been melted into bullion. Even a few broken crucibles and ladles were uncovered—but no mine.

Through the years the hunters never gave up hope that they would discover the well-concealed shaft somewhere on Buzzard Hill. They even uprooted trees, thinking perhaps one might have grown up in the entrance of the ancient mine. Nothing unusual appeared. Several years passed by and the rancher and his sons believed they had spent no less than $30,000 in supplies and equipment digging up the hill, and even around it where mine workings might have been. But Buzzard Hill wasn't about to relinquish its golden treasure. Even this wasn't the last search.

Slightly more than a decade later, in 1893, still another party of Spaniards appeared in the vicinity of Brushy Mountain, a few miles northwest of Spiro. This trio of hunters claimed to be descendants of a man who had escaped a massacre.

The three brought charts with them which they said marked the location of the mouth of a cave in which a band of Spanish traders had hidden their gold before savage Indians annihilated most of the party.

These men spent months combing the territory for the lost cave, but just as in the previous searches, the effort was to no avail. A couple of years passed by, and still no success. The clues were all there, just as the charts indicated, but nature had concealed the treasure too well.

Finally, out of disgust, two of the men returned to Spain to tell their families of their fruitless search. The third Spaniard would not leave. He vowed to find the gold before he returned home. He never left what is now Oklahoma. He finally died of starvation. His grave near Brushy Mountain is mute testimony to the vow he took.

The treasure charts the Spaniard tried to follow so diligently fell into the hands of an old native of eastern Oklahoma, and later became the possession of a real estate agent at Muskogee. This man sought the advice of R.D. Clutter, also of Muskogee, who was an old prespector and miner from Western mining camps.

This was in August of 1923. According to the treasure charts, the cave held an estimated $12,000,000 in bullion and doubloons. Clutter referred constantly to the charts and located a small ravine on the south slope of Brushy Mountain as the possible site of the hidden riches.

The prospector said the charts showed "eight places that connected by lines and converged over a point where a small ellipse was drawn on the chart." He believed the ellipse was the edge of a small cliff that formed an oval.

The precarious bluff overhung a depression in the hillside. What might have been old drill holes, pounded into the rock more than a century before, showed at the edges of the precipice. Clutter believed the Spaniards had drilled these holes, filled them with powder, and blown off the face of the bluff to seal the mouth of the treasure cave which was directly under the stone bluff.

In no time Clutter had hired a crew of 14 men and four teams to dig away the rock and dirt he believed had been sluffed off by powder.

One treasure map also showed eight small circles. At one point eight parallel lines were drawn. Clutter believed that these lines corresponded to the drill holes in the rocks on the mountain above the mouth of the cave.

The weather-worn holes Clutter found were about three inches in diameter and four inches deep. They appeared to have been gnawed with a blunt instrument. Clutter said another 21 lines pictured on the map were the grooves that could be seen on a large rock just east of the cave entrance. All the carved lines on the rock pointed toward the mouth of the supposed cave.

Other sketches on the map were figures of cannons, and wheels of a wagon. Clutter declared the cave not only contained the huge cache of gold, but also wagons, furniture and other valuables the Spanish had cached away in great haste.

During the painstaking excavation, the treasure hunters unearthed grinding stones and pestles with which nomadic Indians had ground corn and grain. Hundreds of arrowheads were found, and even the telltale bones of a human were uncovered under the eaves of the stone cliff. The workers believed this was sufficient evidence to prove there had been a fierce battle there.

More than 100 cubic yards of earth and stone were ripped off the face of the bluff by Clutter's 14 workmen. If the tireless

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gold hunters ever discovered anything more than ancient Indian artifacts, and the skeleton, they told no one.

At least one missionary and 12 Choctaw Indians worked two gold mines discovered in the Kiamichi Mountains in 1884. Reverend W.J. Lloys, an Indian missionary, learned from one of the tribesmen that gold had been periodically gathered by the Indians who hacked it from an almost pure vein.

In order to keep the greedy white man from swarming into the area, the missionary and 12 tribesmen formed a secret pact not to reveal the locations of the mines. They took only enough gold to fulfill their own needs, and to buy tools and supplies for their tribe.

Somehow the gold mining in the Choctaw Nation leaked out to the federal government, and the Department of Interior ordered the missionary to abandon any future attempt to mine the gold. Both of the mines were then closed and carefully concealed.

The pledge stayed unbroken. Neither the missionary nor his Indians ever revealed the secret location of the two mines. That enigma lies in 13 scattered graves. The last known search for the gold mines was made in 1934, but to no avail. The Choctaws, just as the Spaniards before them, concealed their secret.

The El Reno *News* of April 19, 1900, printed an intriguing story about the discovery of old Spanish mines. It said, "Old Spanish mines have been discovered in the Choctaw country near the Arkansas border. A lease has been taken on one claim and then sold to other parties for $5,500 cash. An assay of samples of ore taken from six feet under the surface are said to yield $44 in lead, $30 in silver and $4 in gold."

The Spaniards are known to have mined precious metals in the rolling hills of eastern Oklahoma. Many evidences of their ancient diggings have been found. At least 80 deep pits were discovered southeast of Kosoma, in the foothills of the Kiamichis. Three Spanish mines and old rusty digging tools were found five miles north of Seneca in Ottawa County. Another such shaft was found about five miles south of Blanco on Brushy Creek.

Many people scoff at the idea of Spanish pack trains heavily laden with gold and silver bullion ever traveling over the perilous roads through this area. But actual accounts prove that much valuable cargo was transported over these ancient trails. On August 14, 1839, the Arkansas *State Gazette* stated that $300,000 in gold and silver from Chihuahua was sold in New Orleans after it was shipped up the overland route. And this is just one such example. Many mule trains never made it through!

Not too long ago a man, who asked that his name not be revealed, wrote to me from Chicago. He had documents which described an old Spanish mine near the Arkansas River. In the upper level of the hidden tunnel was twelve tons of bullion, secreted away more than a century ago. He had searched the terrain and found many rock carvings of weather-beaten symbols which he is attempting to decipher. He wanted me to help him.

Someday, perhaps soon, you will read in the papers of a fantastic treasure being unearthed in the dense brushy country of eastern Oklahoma. The signs are all there. The old smelter ruins and slag piles have been found. All that's lacking is the right mine shaft, or cave. There's $12 million in gold there, mouldering away! ●

THE RANCHMAN'S RIFLE

(Continued from page 37)

deep, black pools.

White-tail deer were plentiful, and we kept our camp abundantly supplied with venison, varying it with all the grouse we wanted, and with quantities of fresh trout. But I myself spent most of my time after the quarry I had come to get — the white goat.

White goats have been known to hunters ever since Lewis and Clarke crossed the continent, but they have always ranked as the very rarest and most difficult to get of all American game. This reputation they owe to the nature of their haunts, rather than to their own wariness, for they have been so little disturbed that they are less shy than either deer or sheep. They are found here and there on the highest, most inaccessible mountain peaks down even to Arizona and New Mexico; but being fitted for cold climates, they are extremely scarce everywhere south of Montana and northern Idaho, and the great majority even of the most experienced hunters have hardly so much as heard of their existence. In Washington Territory, northern Idaho, and north-western Montana they are not uncommon, and are plentiful in parts of the mountain ranges of British America and Alaska. Their preference for the highest peaks is due mainly to their dislike of warmth, and in the north—even south of the Canadian line—they are found much lower down the mountains than is the case farther south. They are very conspicuous animals, with their snow-white coats and polished black horns, but their pursuit necessitates so much toil and hardship that not one in ten of the professional hunters has ever killed one; and I know of but one or two Eastern sportsmen who can boast a goat's head as a trophy. But this will soon cease to be the case; for the Canadian Pacific Railway has opened the haunts where the goats are most plentiful, and any moderately adventurous and hardy rifleman can be sure of getting one by taking a little time, and that, too, whether he is a skilled hunter or not, since at present the game is not difficult to approach. The white goat will be common long after the elk has vanished, and it has already outlasted the buffalo. Few sportsmen henceforth—indeed, hardly any—will ever boast a buffalo head of their own killing; but the number of riflemen who can place to their credit the prized white fleeces and jet-black horns will steadily increase.

The Missourian, during his career as a Rocky Mountain hunter, had killed five white goats. The first he had shot near Canyon City, Colorado, and never having heard of any such animal before had concluded afterward that it was one of a flock of recently imported Angora goats, and accordingly, to avoid trouble, buried it where it lay; and it was not until fourteen years later, when he came up to the Coeur d'Alene and shot another, that he became aware what he had killed. He described them as being bold, pugnacious animals, not easily startled, and extremely tenacious of life. Once he had set a large hound at one which he came across while descending an ice-swollen river in early spring. The goat made no attempt to flee or to avoid the hound,

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but cooly awaited its approach and killed it with one wicked thrust of the horns; for the latter are as sharp as needles, and are used for stabbing, not butting. Another time he caught a goat in a bear trap set on a game trail. Its leg was broken, and he had to pack it out on pony-back, in two-days' journey, to the settlement; yet in spite of such rough treatment it lived a week after it got there, when, unfortunately, the wounded leg mortified. It fought most determinedly, but soon became reconciled to captivity, eating with avidity all the grass it was given, recognizing its keeper, and grunting whenever he brought it food or started to walk away before it had had all it wished. The goats he had shot lived in ground where the walking was tiresome to the last degree, and where it was almost impossible not to make a good deal of noise; and nothing but their boldness and curiosity enabled him ever to kill any. One he shot while waiting at a pass for deer. The goat, an old male, came up, and fairly refused to leave the spot, walking round in the underbrush and finally mounting a great fallen log, where he stayed, snorting and stamping angrily until the Missourian lost patience and killed him.

For three or four days I hunted steadily and without success, and it was as hard work as any I had ever undertaken. Both Merrifield and I were accustomed to a life in the saddle, and although we had varied it with an occasional long walk after deer or sheep, yet we were utterly unable to cope with the Missourian when it came to mountaineering. When we had previously hunted, in the Big Horn mountains, we had found stout moccasins most comfortable, and extremely useful for still-hunting through the great woods and among the open glades; but the multitudinous sharp rocks and sheer, cliff-like slopes of the Coeur d'Alene rendered our moccasins absolutely useless, for the first day's tramp bruised our feet till they were sore and slit our foot-gear into ribbons, besides tearing our clothes. Merrifield was then crippled, having nothing else but his cowboy boots; fortunately, I had taken in addition a pair of shoes with soles thickly studded with nails.

We would start immediately after breakfast each morning, carrying a light lunch in our pockets, and go straight up the mountain sides for hours at a time, varying it by skirting the broad, terrace-like ledges, or by clambering along the cliff crests. The climbing was very hard. The slope was so steep that it was like going up stairs; now through loose earth, then through a shingle of pebbles or sand, then over rough rocks, and again over a layer of pine needles as smooth and slippery as glass, while brittle, dry sticks that snapped at a touch, and loose stones that rattled down if so much as brushed, strewed the ground everywhere, the climber stumbling and falling over them and finding it almost absolutely impossible to proceed without noise, unless at a rate of progress too slow to admit of getting anywhere. Often, too, we would encounter dense underbrush, perhaps a thicket of little burnt balsams, as prickly and brittle as so much coral; or else a heavy growth of laurel, all the branches pointing downward, and to be gotten through only by main force. Over all grew the vast evergreen forest, except where an occasional cliff jutted out, or where there were great landslides, each perhaps half a mile long and a couple of hundred yards across, covered with loose slates or granite boulders.

We always went above the domain of the deer, and indeed saw few evidences of life. Once or twice we came to the round footprints of cougars, which are said to be great enemies of the goats, but we never caught a glimpse of the sly beasts themselves. Another time I shot a sable from a spruce, up which the little fox-headed animal had rushed with the agility of a squirrel. There were plenty of old tracks of bear and elk, but no new ones; and occasionally we saw the footmarks of the great timber wolf.

But the trails at which we looked with the most absorbed interest were those that showed the large, round hoof-marks of the white goats. They had worn deep paths to certain clay licks in the slides, which they must have visited often in the early spring, for the trails were little traveled when we were in the mountains during September. These clay licks were mere holes in the banks, and were in springtime visited by other animals besides goats; there were old deer trails to them. The clay seemed to contain something that both birds and beasts were fond of, for I frequently saw flocks of crossbills light in the licks and stay there for many minutes at a time, scratching the smooth surface with their little claws and bills. The goat trails led away in every direction from the licks, but usually went up hill, zigzagging or in a straight line, and continually growing fainter as they went farther off, where the animals scattered to their feeding grounds. In the spring-time the goats are clad with a dense coat of long white wool, and there were shreds and tufts of this on all the twigs of the bushes under which the paths passed; in the early fall the coat is shorter and less handsome.

Although these game paths were so deeply worn they yet showed very little fresh goat sign; in fact, we came across the recent trails of but two of the animals we were after. One of these we came quite close to, but never saw it, for we must have frightened it by the noise we made; it certainly, to judge by its tracks, which we followed for a long time, took itself straight out of the country. The other I finally got, after some heart-breaking work and a complicated series of faults committed and misfortunes endured.

I had been, as usual, walking and clam-

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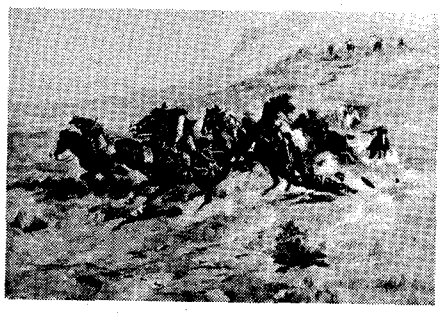

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bering over the mountains all day long, and in mid-afternoon reached a great slide, with halfway across it a tree. Under this I sat down to rest, my back to the trunk, and had been there but a few minutes when my companion, the Missourian, suddenly whispered to me that a goat was coming down the slide at its edge, near the woods. I was in a most uncomfortable position for a shot. Twisting my head round, I could see the goat waddling downhill, looking just like a handsome tame bill, especially when at times he stood upon a stone to glance around, with all four feet close together. I cautiously tried to shift my position, and at once dislodged some pebbles, at the sound of which the goat sprang promptly up on the bank, his whole mien changing into one of alert, alarmed curiosity. He was less than a hundred yards off, so I risked a shot, all cramped and twisted though I was. But my bullet went low; I only broke his left fore leg, and he disappeared over the bank like a flash. We raced and scrambled after him, and the Missourian, an excellent tracker, took up the bloody trail. It went along the hillside for nearly a mile, and then turned straight up the mountain, the Missourian leading with his long free gait, while I toiled after him at a dogged trot. The trail went up the sharpest and steepest places, skirting the cliffs and precipices. At one spot I nearly came to grief for good and all, for in running along a shelving ledge, covered with loose slates, one of these slipped as I stepped on it, throwing me clear over the brink. However, I caught in a pine top, bounced down through it, and brought up in a balsam with my rifle all right, and myself unhurt except for the shaking. I scrambled up at once and raced on after my companion, whose limbs and wind seemed alike incapable of giving out. This work lasted for a couple of hours.

The trail came into a regular game path and grew fresher, the goat having stopped to roll and wallow in the dust now and then. Suddenly, on the top of the mountain, we came upon him close up to us. He had just risen from rolling and stood behind a huge fallen log, his back barely showing above it as he turned his head to look at us. I was completely winded, and had lost my strength as well as my breath, while great beadlike drops of sweat stood in my eyes; but I steadied myself as well as I could and aimed to break the backbone, the only shot open to me, and not a difficult one at such a short distance. However, my bullet went just too high, cutting the skin right above the long spinal bones over the shoulders; and the speed with which that three-legged goat went down the precipitous side of the mountain would have done credit to an antelope on the level.

Weary and disgusted, we again took up the trail. It led straight down-hill, and we followed it at a smart pace. Down and down it went, into the valley and straight to the edge of the stream, but half a mile above camp. The goat had crossed the water on a fallen tree trunk, and we took the same path. Once across it had again gone right up the mountain. We followed it as fast as we could, although pretty nearly done out, until it was too dark to see the blood stains any longer, and then returned to camp, dispirited and so tired that we could hardly drag ourselves along, for we had been going at speed for five hours, up and down the roughest and steepest ground

But we were confident the goat would not travel far with such a wound after he had been chased as we had chased him. Next morning at daybreak we again climbed the mountain and took up the trail. Soon it led into others and we lost it, but we kept up the hunt nevertheless for hour after hour, making continually wider and wider circles. At last, about midday, our perseverance was rewarded, for coming silently out on a great bare cliff shoulder, I spied the goat lying on a ledge below me and some seventy yards off. This time I shot true, and he rose only to fall back dead; and a minute afterward we were standing over him, handling the glossy black horns and admiring the snow-white coat. ●

Reprinted from The Century Magazine June, 1888.

WAYS OF A ROVING COWBOY

(Continued from page 32)

livery stable. It was the longest ride I ever made in one day on one horse. I asked for the horse to be bedded down good and fed. The next morning the horse was so stiff he could not get out of the stall. I got the report that night that Jack Johnson was the winner in his fight with Jeffries.

Jeffries certainly must have been one of the greatest of the old-timers. The record books show he knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons in the 11th round at Coney Island in 1899. And in 1900 he went 25 rounds, beating Tom Sharkey. He retired in 1904. Six years later, on Independence Day, 1910, he tried a come-back but was knocked out in 15 rounds in that title fight.

Johnson toyed with Jeffries—he was called the Boiler Maker—for 14 rounds, then in the fifteenth did what no other man had ever done. He put Jeffries to the canvas. This was the same Jack Johnson I had met in far-away Australia. In December of 1908 he won the championship by

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beating Tommy Burns in that country. Johnson did not leave Australia until 1909.

I did not know when I rode old Longlegs the distance of 110 miles that I, too, had broken a record in one day's ride.

Then the next day, July 5th, I boarded the stage that worked between Magdalena and Springerville. It passed within ten miles of the V and T headquarters and always stopped to put off the mail, so I loaded my saddle onto the stage and made the trip, leaving old Longlegs with Paul.

I broke the news about the fight to Cole Railston and he was pleased as he was five hundred dollars better off. But poor old Longlegs, the horse I had ridden so hard and left with Paul, was foundered. There are three ways you can founder a horse: over-feed him on grain; over-water him when hot; and ride him too far at one time, as I did.

We worked the mountains with the pack outfit branding the calves, gathering fat steers and dry cows to ship to Kansas City, Missouri. All the other cow outfits were at work doing the same thing. After we worked the range, then up the trail to the railroad 90 miles away, we made the drive in about six days, reaching the Magdalena stock pens about the last of August.

Magdalena was lively because there were three big trail herds camped nearby waiting for stock cars and their turn at loading. It was a branch line. One train load would be made up for the run to Socorro on the Rio Grande River, so another train could be pulled to Magdalena.

The town boasted three saloons, dance halls, gambling rooms and other places. The less said about them the better. I'll say the cowboy did not miss anything. We all carried guns on our hips. It was not until the next year that carrying guns was prohibited in the town. At this time you could get a meal for very little. Rooms were seventy-five cents. Bed was fifty cents. Yes, a dollar was a dollar. A beefsteak, onion and fried potato dinner was a quarter.

Magdalena was a wild town that year of 1910. The town got its name because of a nearby mountain that looked like the face of a woman.

New Mexico was known then as The Land of Enchantment, and near Magdalena is where the Apache Kid's squaw and kids lived in one of his hideouts. The Apache Kid was a cruel murderer whose victims included women, children and several law enforcement officers.

All the ranchers from 150 to 200 miles or more, southwest, west and northwest shipped their cattle and bought their supplies in this town.

After loading the train of cattle for Kansas City, the V and T boys celebrated in the Conner Saloon because it was the first outfit to finish loading. All the boys ordered whisky. I ordered a white soda and when I did a big fellow made a nasty remark. He was over six feet tall, well over 200 pounds, about 35 years old. He looked like a grizzly bear. After a few more of his insulting remarks, I invited him outside.

"Oh! A bad guy," he said. "You are armed and I am not."

Yes, my trusty Colt was at my side. It seemed to say to me, "Don't be afraid of any man, no matter what his size. Call on me and I will equalize." I knew I could handle this big bully. He refused to come outside. He claimed he was one of the best boxers in the country and did not want to hurt me. The boys roared with laughter.

Tod Adams said, "Tell you what we'll do. Make up a collection of two hundred dollars. Winner take all if a set of boxing gloves can be got."

The bully accepted, but no boxing gloves could be found in town. The owner of the Conner Saloon stood up and spoke his piece.

"Tell you what I'll do. In 30 days I will promote the fight and put up one thousand dollars, winner take all. I will build a boxing platform and I will pay the room rent and eats for both until the fights."

Of course I could not turn the offer down. The bully turned out to be town blacksmith. He did all the work on the freight wagon animals and shod all the mules and horses around. He was a German named Hans Brewer, from Philadelphia, having arrived there about ten years earlier. Just five days before our run-in, Brewer had tangled with the town marshal, taking the marshal's gun away from him. To keep from having to kill the German, the marshal quit his job and went back to Fort Worth, Texas.

When the V and T boys left town the next day they took old Longlegs, the horse I had made the 110 mile trip on with them in a wagon. I stayed behind to enjoy the free room and free meals and to do a little road work to strengthen my legs and work on my wind so I could go a few rounds with the blacksmith.

Gloves were ordered from Kansas City. The second night the Coffee Pot ranch boys from the mountains, a rough, tough set, came into town. They ran wild and took over the red-light houses as they pleased. There was no law. The town fathers asked me to be the marshal until they could get one. I accepted and was sworn in. For the next week I had my hands full. My gun, "Miss Colt," and I had to pistol-whip a few of the would-be bad guys. I made lots of friends and plenty of enemies.

I remember one night, one of the freighters who drove a team of eight mules on a freight route to Springerville, Arizona, took on too much red-eye, and started breaking up everything in a cafe. I put him in jail, and some of his pals pulled the lock off the one door and let him out. He came back to the cafe.

I got Mr. Henry to open up his store, and got two trace chains and two good locks. I put one chain over the drunk's shoulder, then one under his arm on the other side and locked it good and tight between his shoulders. Then I looped the other chain to the first one. I put the end around a big pole that had an oil light on it.

"Now be good," I told him.

His friends, for fun, bought some peanuts and had a time of it throwing them at him. They were having lots of fun laugh-

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ing and cavorting around. It didn't take him long to sober up. When he did I let him go free and told him if he gave me any more trouble I would whip him and run him out of town. He gave me no more trouble, and neither did anyone else.

October 5, the day the fight was scheduled, came but there was no fight. Hans Brewer and I had already tangled a few nights after I took over as marshal. I had to use my Colt on him. I was very disappointed because I had been looking forward to making money off the fight.

I took down with double pulmonary and had to be put on the caboose of one of the cattle trains and taken away from the high altitude.

The sheriff at Socorro took care of me. That town on the Rio Grande was about 3,000 feet lower, which was a big help.

My Maker had been good to me. I recovered quickly and about the first week in November, 1910, I stepped off a train at the Union Depot, then in the West Bottoms at Kansas City, Missouri. I took a hack to my mother's rooming house at 417 Aldine Court. I rested there for a week or more, and, of course, I made the usual rounds of my favorite haunts.

Soon I was back at the Union Stockyards, riding the docks on the night shift and helping in a big horse shoeing shop as a floorman nailing shoes on mules and horses.

Who should show up at the Charles P. Shippley Saddle Shop at Christmas but Buffalo Vernon! He told me he had won the Pendleton, Oregon, Roundup as the champion bulldogger of the world that year of 1910. Now wasn't that a deal? I could throw cattle he couldn't handle and wouldn't even try to throw when we were in Australia.

I was working in the stockyards in Kansas City on April 1, 1911. I had been working as a dock rider all that winter; a dock rider being one who rides a horse and drives the cattle from one pen to another or from the cars to the different commission company pens by the overhead cattle runs which were known as "docks." They also drive cattle from the scales to the various pens scattered over the yard. This was the kind of work I had been doing all winter. It was no snap, being out there in all kinds of weather.

Yes, I was a wild, roving cowboy. ●

THE LAST CAMPAIGN

(Continued from page 19)

them to a designated spot. As the guns boomed and the herd grew proportionately smaller, the animals became crazed and difficult to handle, but by 3 p.m. the slaughter was over.

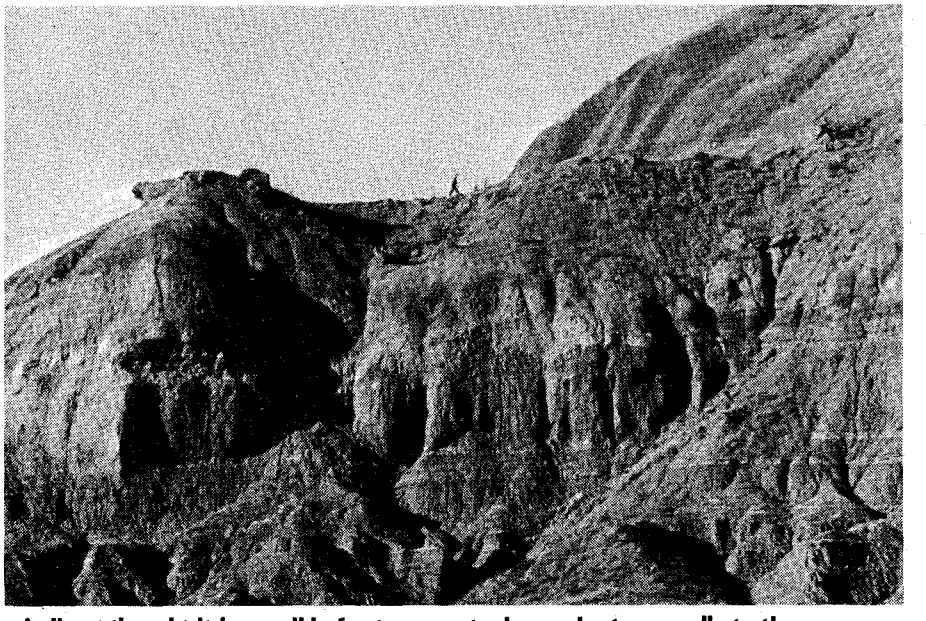
It took Lawton almost the rest of the day to pile the bodies on the plains. Camp was moved six miles when the stink became unbearable.

The bones lay rotting on the prairie until farmers of the area hauled them in wagons to Colorado City, where they were ground up for fertilizer. All that was left of the Indians' most prized possession brought $20 a ton.

A monument now marks the site of Mackenzie's Tule Canyon camp where the ponies were slaughtered.

The Indians no longer could fight. Mounted, they were among the best light cavalry in the world; afoot, they were helpless. The night after the battle, the demoralized redskins slept forlornly on their packs, or lay in puddles of mud and water—it was raining again. In the morning they continued their flight. Many would wander aimlessly for awhile, but all

Courtesy Globe-News Pub. Co., Amarillo, Texas



Indians thought it impossible for troopers to descend steep walls to the canyon.

trails led to Fort Sill - and surrender.

The Staked Plains now belongs to the White Man.

In 1876, Charles Goodnight trailed a herd of 1,600 Texas longhorns into Palo Duro Canyon and established his home ranch. Then, as the gate had been opened, settlers began to flow in.

Today, the Panhandle country is rich and prosperous. Few of its inhabitants know how much they owe to Ranald S. Mackenzie and his troopers, who risked disaster and routed the Indians from their stronghold in Palo Duro Canyon. ●

A PIONEER WOMAN'S WORK

(Continued from page 40)

In addition to giving attention to visitors at her display, the little lady was kept busy after hours in keeping the specimens moth-free by the use of a mixture of alcohol and corrosive sublimate.

Mrs. Maxwell's "pet" in the collection was a white-tailed deer, said to be very rare in Colorado. She also favored a Rocky Mountain screech owl, named for her by the Smithsonian Institution—*Scops Maxwellae,* because she first reported its discovery.

The black-footed ferret was said to be the only specimen of its kind in any American collection, excepting the one in the National Museum in Washington.

Martha (Dartt) Maxwell was born in 1831 in Wellesboro, Pennsylvania. Her father died when she was two years old, and her mother was bedridden for about seven years. During that time, however, she taught little Martha to sew and knit and to do various kinds of work.

When she was about ten years old her Grandmother Abigail came to live with the family. The two of them spent many hours together wandering through the forest where the old lady and the little girl studied the birds and animals.

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Martha's mother married Josia Dartt, her late husband's cousin, in 1841. Recognizing the girl's ability to learn, Josiah spent many hours discussing science and metaphysics with her.

The family left Pennsylvania to go to Oregon where Mr. Dartt expected to do missionary work, but because of Mrs. Dartt's poor health, they gave up the long trip and, instead, settled in Wisconsin.

By the time Martha was 12 years old she was able to do dressmaking for the family, without the use of patterns. At 18 she attended Oberlin College, where she was popular with the students and teachers. Martha was an excellent scholar, but was forced to give up school in her junior year because of a shortage of money.

Later she attended Lawrence University at Appleton, Wisconsin, for a year. In 1853 she married her roommate's father, Mr. James A. Maxwell, a widower with six children. Mr. Maxwell was 20 years her senior.

Martha and James Maxwell had one daughter, Mabel. She wrote a book about her mother in which she described Mrs. Maxwell as having "an unusual quality of mind, scientific curiosity, combined with artistic gifts." But she said that any strong maternal qualities were swallowed up in her mother's scientific studies.

In 1860, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell left Mabel with Grandmother Abigail and headed west in a covered wagon for the Pike's Peak country. They stopped first in Mountain City (near present day Central City, Colorado). Mrs. Maxwell was one of the first half-dozen women in the mines. Later they lived in Gold Dirt and near-by Nevadaville in a variety of places, varying from tents, log houses with dirt roofs and floors, to a lumber-built dwelling.

Mr. Maxwell, who was busy with sawmill interests, was away from home much of the time. During one of his absences, Mrs. Maxwell bought some land south of Denver. She had a crude cabin built on the place, but continued to live in the mountains. A German taxidermist jumped the claim and established himself in the cabin. He used the place to mount various birds which he hoped to sell.

Mrs. Maxwell was angry when she discovered the new occupant, but was fascinated by his work. She asked the man to teach her the art of taxidermy. He said he would, at $10.00 a lesson, if she'd promise not to practice taxidermy in Denver.

Mrs. Maxwell called upon the law for help and had the man declared an "intruder." She watched her chance, gained entrance to the cabin, and hastily carried the taxidermist's possessions out to a place on the prairie. She stopped long enough, however, to study the taxidermy work and learned considerable about the German's methods. It was then that she began the serious study of wild life which led to her fame.

When Martha Maxwell was called home to Wisconsin because of the illness of her mother, she volunteered to assist her sisters' college professor in the preparation of a cabinet for the study of natural history. Next, she turned her attention to her mother's home. Mrs. Dartt, fond of flowers, had a profusion of roses, fuchsias, and geraniums, and magnificent English ivy in various rooms of the old place. Martha rearranged the plants, then mounted birds, young ducks, and squirrels and placed them among the vines and flowers in an artistic way. The arrangements received many compliments from visitors.

In 1868, the Maxwells moved to Boulder, Colorado, where Martha continued her work. She went with her husband on his business trips, usually in a covered wagon and camped out with him. The hardships were many, but Martha was happy in her work.

At first she depended upon her husband and the boys of the neighborhood for specimens, but as she saw many that were rare when there was no one near to shoot them, she resolved to do the killing herself. Always sighting with her left eye, Martha became proficient with firearms. Her largest specimen was a buffalo which she killed not far from the banks of the South Platte River near Denver.

Mrs. Maxwell preferred to skin her specimens in the field where she could take accurate measurements and observe in minute detail the various backgrounds.

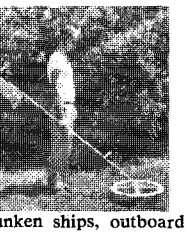
Her experiences were fantastic. Once, in driving across country, the Maxwells discovered an eagle soaring over its nest in a tall tree. Mrs. Maxwell sensed from the bird's movements that the nest contained eaglets. She was very anxious to get specimens, but the tree was large and its lower limbs were a considerable distance from the ground. Mr. Maxwell attempted to climb the tree but could not reach the nest.

"If you could put me on your shoulders, I believe I could reach the lowest limb," Mrs. Maxwell suggested. "Then I know I could get them."

Mr. Maxwell, six feet tall and broad in proportion, helped his wife up to his shoulders. The nest was reached and the little naturalist returned to her husband's arms with one downy earl and one unhatched egg. A setting hen completed the incubation of the egg at home that night. The two little creatures went into the first large collection which Mrs. Maxwell assembled.

Martha Maxwell continued to collect and, in 1873, she opened a museum over Streamer's Drug Store at Twelfth and Pearl Streets in Boulder, Colorado. This was the collection which was sent to the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876.

Distinguished foreigners, as well as her



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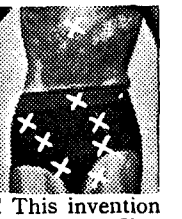

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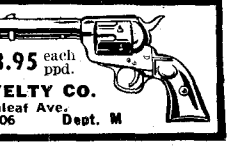

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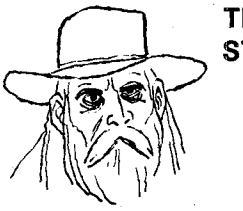

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fellow Americans, appreciated the work of this talented little woman and honored her.

Mrs. Maxwell remained in the East with her collection, after the Centennial Exposition closed. She hoped to place her work in a suitable permanent home. But she was far more artistic than practical, and life became a real struggle. Her health failed, and after a brief illness, she died on May 31, 1881.

Martha Maxwell was buried in Woodmere, Far Rockaway, L.I., New York; far, far away from the Great West which she knew and loved. ●

HENRY PLUMMER'S PROMISE

(Continued from page 25)

known later, were members of a newly formed Vigilante organization.

The dinner party came off on schedule and was described as a most brilliant affair with dozens of lighted candles casting a soft, hospitable glow over the linen damask-covered table set with silverware and crystal fit for a king. Plummer's sister, a refined and pleasant lady, presided at the table in the absence of his wife, who, he said, was visiting in the East.

Preparations for the elaborate holiday dinner had actually been made far in advance and no money had been spared in securing the best of food. Turkeys had been shipped in from Salt Lake City, the first to be sent into Montana Territory, at a cost of $40 each in gold. Many other delicacies had also been imported into the territory for the gala occasion.

Noted for his gracious manners and brilliant conversation, Plummer was the perfect host, but despite his efforts a feeling of depression seemed to pervade the holiday atmosphere.

Plummer suggested a toast to the prosperity and growth of Alder Gulch which, he said, "has so generously contributed its wealth in gold to the treasure seekers in Montana Territory."

One of the guests responded to his toast with, "Perhaps a peaceful Alder Gulch would be better! What good are riches if the finder doesn't live long enough to enjoy them?"

Plummer quickly accepted the challenge with, "It won't be long now. I'm certain we have the outlaws cornered. I plan a surprise for you soon."

The guests departed at a late hour. As he said "good night" to his guests, Plummer commented on the beauty of the clear Montana sky with a soft beam of winter moonlight falling on the new-fallen snow.

The weather turned bitter cold and stormy, but it failed to cool the determination of the Vigilantes. They set traps for the road agents and caught them. The outlaws were given brief, but fair, trials, found guilty and quickly hanged. Knowing before they died that they had reached the end of their careers of crime, the road agents testified that their leader was none other than Sheriff Henry Plummer. Armed with this testimony, the Vigilantes kept on the job until they had complete proof of the Jekyl-Hyde existence of Alder Gulch's one-time respected sheriff.

Plummer was tipped off about the Vigilantes' activities and returned to Bannack, accompanied by two partners in crime, Buck Stinson and Ned Ray. They had their best horses brought in and prepared to hit the open road, unaware that their every move was being watched by the Vigilantes.

The Vigilantes were well prepared for their mission. A rope was obtained from Governor Edgerton's house, and three separate groups were quickly organized. Each group was given orders to capture one of the outlaws.

The following night, January 10, 1864, was bitter cold and footsteps on the hard packed snow made sounds like breaking glass. Colonel Sanders' cabin was next to Sheriff Plummer's, and between the two houses was a small, dark, narrow space. Mrs. Sanders was alone with a maid and her two children. Her husband told her he had to go out on a secret errand, saying he would explain the nature of it when he returned. He came back after a few minutes and appeared to be very nervous, telling her he had to go out again, but not to worry. She was not to open the door for anyone while he was gone.

Mrs. Sanders was an intelligent person. She knew something of great importance was about to take place, but had no idea as to what that something would be. Unable to relax, she kept listening for strange noises. After many hours of suspense she heard someone in the narrow space between her house and Sheriff Plummer's. Venturing a surreptitious look out of the window, Mrs. Sanders saw the light from her room reflected on the muzzle of a rifle. She almost panicked when she remembered that her husband had received threats against his life in recent days. Were assassins waiting there to murder Colonel Sanders when he returned home?

The frightened woman blew out the candles and waited in the dark for what seemed like an eternity. Finally she heard more noises outside and saw silhouetted figures moving across the front of her house.

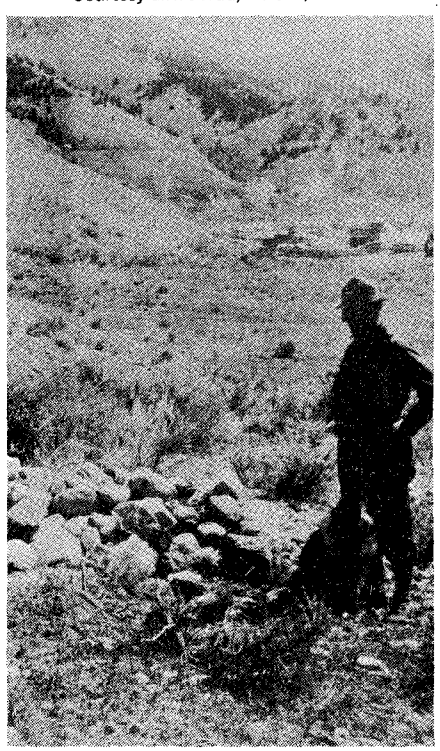
Men were surrounding Plummer's house!

Henry Plummer had come in early, loosened his necktie, unbuckled his belt and handed his revolvers to his sister saying, "I won't be needing these tonight." It was the first time in his career that Henry Plummer had ever been unarmed, even when he was sleeping. He lay down on his bed without removing his clothes because he intended to leave Bannack early in the morning.

Suddenly the door was thrown open and Henry Plummer found himself surrounded by four armed men. He was arrested and the men, led by John Lott, took him to the Goodrich Hotel where his former friend and recent dinner guest, Colonel Sanders, was waiting for them. Plummer stepped up to Sanders and said, "This is a terrible thing." The Colonel drew away from him.

Plummer begged pitifully for his life, screaming that he was too young to die, but his pleas fell upon unsympathetic ears. Like so many other hardened criminals, Henry Plummer was a complete coward when it came to his turn to die. He was taken to Hangman's Gulch, a short distance from Bannack's main street, and hanged on the gallows he had erected a few months before. Thus Henry Plummer, bandit-sheriff of Alder Gulch, kept the promise he had made to his former friends when he said they would soon see the leader of the gang of organized outlaws in Montana Territory and his henchmen hanged. ●

Courtesy L.H. Jorud, Helena, Mont.



Plummer's grave in Hangman's Gulch near Bannack, Mont. His skull was reported to have been seen later in an Idaho saloon.

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MYSTERY OF CARSON CITY COINS

(Continued from page 8)

jugged a short time later after a scorned woman, Flo Stewart, informed agents that her man, Bill, stashed bullion in his stable. They dug up about $250 in silver bullion and arrested Bill. While in jail, Bill died under mysterious circumstances. Some said it was from a heart attack, others whispered that he had been silenced. But at any rate he was out of the way.

Jim Heny, another mint employee, was charged with the theft of $24,000 in bullion from the mint and he was brought to trial.

To the credit of Heny's attorneys, they came up with a novel defense. Through a mechanical failure, they claimed, the missing metal had been flushed out of the dissolving vats and now the potato patch adjoining the mint assayed at $9 per ton.

"Gold Plated Potatoes," was the scarehead in the next issues of *The Appeal* and it undercut the sincerity of the defense, especially when the prosecutor had an assay made on the soil, They came to quite different conclusions. Yes, the earth did assay $9 per ton but only in spots, and then only an inch or so deep. It was a pretty flagrant attempt at "salting" the ground to make an adequate defense. It had one effect however. The jury was sufficiently confused that they were unable to reach a verdict and were discharged.

Heny was held for a second trial and apparently the defense got careless. A key witness, Joe Langevain, was introduced. He said that he had been paid by the defense to remain out of the country while Heny was being tried, and had been collared when he heard that Heny had been discharged—a story which wasn't true. Langevain copped out and accused a security guard, Barney Brule, as the bag man. *The Appeal* went farther and accused one of the defense attorneys, Trenmor Coffin, as being the prime mover in the plot.

The Appeal and other newspapers demanded the indictment and trial of Coffin but that was eclipsed with a startling turn.

About $80,000 in shiny, freshly-minted coins unaccountably were located in the Nevada state depositories. To this day, no one has ever satisfactorily explained their presence there.

They all bore the mint date of 1893 which seemed normal enough. But the Treasury Department denied that these 1893 dollars were held for redemption through silver certificates. But that wasn't all. All officially minted 1893 dollars were accounted for!

It was now a case of $80,000 in orphaned dollars.

What puzzled the experts was not only from whence the dollars came but the fact that they showed signs of being hurriedly coined, as though it had been a moonlight job by some mint employees anxious to escape official detection. The coins, however, were not counterfeit as they contained the proper amounts of silver and other metals.

But it didn't take complicated mathematics to realize that silver minted into coins appreciated in value from about 60¢ an ounce to about $1.20. Somebody had taken down about $65,000 in this golden gambit.

These operators didn't overlook a bet, either. By trading in the silver dollars for trade value in gold in the state treasury, they skimmed off some more cream.

This chicanery obviously required a shrewd mind and most everyone believed that Lawyer Coffin was responsible. *The Appeal* was openly cynical of the government's intentions to prosecute the attorney because he had been "hand-holding" in high places. Goaded by public opinion, the U. S. District Attorney finally moved against Coffin and indicted him for obstructing justice by inducing a witness to put himself beyond the reach of the law.

Coffin wasn't one to get floored legally that easy. He contended that the indictment had been improperly drawn because it was not established that Joe Langevain had ever been subpoened by the court. That indictment was quashed and the matter set over until the next session of the federal Grand Jury.

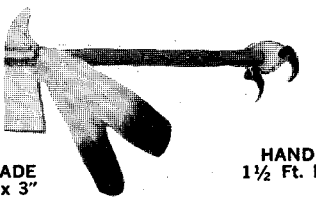
While all this legal backing and filling was going on, Heny had been convicted, fined $5,000 and given an 8-year jolt in the pen. Brule, the defrocked cop, was fined $250 and given a three-month rap. Then Jack Jones, a mint refiner, whose first trial hadn't been decisive, was retried.

The prosecution was better prepared and showed that $5,000 had been planted in the vats to cover up for Jones' shortages. He got the same treatment as Heny: 8 years and a $5,000 fine.

Sam Davis hollered editorially that the master mind was still free and demanded that U. S. District Attorney Jackson move immediately against Coffin. Jackson pled illness to explain his delays and Davis slammed back with charges that Jackson didn't dare prosecute Coffin because of political pressures. Davis demanded the D. A.'s resignation.

Davis was busy picking up his mail at the Carson City post office a few days later when he felt a tap on his shoulder. Turning, Davis got a smash in the face from Jackson, who had thoughtfully protected his mitts with brass knuckles. Davis went down, then struggled up to put up a fight. Jackson got panicky when Davis didn't stay down and pulled a gun—he threatened to shoot the peppery editor.

Jackson, who was pretty fast on his feet, too, beat a local indictment on the assault charge by Davis. The D. A. claimed that he was a federal officer and the fight had been on federal property—the post office—and it was therefore out of local jurisdiction. A federal court agreed



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and Jackson's case was assigned to a U. S. commissioner in Reno, who reduced the charge to assault and battery, rather than assault with a deadly weapon.

Sam Davis, who now had a personal interest in the matter, publicly requested an immediate trial. But the matter was in a terminal status, though no one realized it at the time.

Jackson, married and seemingly happy, had a sub rosa affair going with a young lady whose family objected strenuously to his attentions. Jackson had met his heart throb on a street corner and was openly conversing with her when her brother walked down the street. Jackson plunged his hand into his pocket and it looked as though he was reaching for a weapon. The brother thereupon drew a gun and shot Jackson, killing him instantly. No charges were filed against the young man.

Congress appropriated funds to sustain the mint, but on a restricted basis, and it was obvious that all of the scandal had undercut official endorsement of the Carson City mint. The final blow came in August of 1899 when all of the remaining coins, about $800,000 worth, were shipped to other government agencies.

The fine stone building, now used as a museum, echoes with the footsteps of travelers viewing the relics of the boom days, and re-echoes with voices of the past still asking unanswered questions about the case of the curious Carson City coins. ●

INDIAN SUN AND RAIN SIGNS

(Continued from page 43)

photograph of the sun with six rings and a double sawtoothed edge beyond that. Next to it, lower down on the same rock can be seen a duplicate of the astronomical symbol that we use: a plain circle with a dot in the middle. Sun signs like these can be seen close to Picture Rocks Road, about 20 miles northwest of Tucson.

There is possibly only one symbol that might be mistaken for the sun sign. It is the "Life Line," which is nothing more than an incompleted plain circle, or when found at Kinishba Site in east central Arizona it may have small rain nibs at the opening of the circle. Usually, when you see the sun there is no mistaking it. After all, there is only one sun in the sky today, the same number the Indian saw.

The rain sign is another matter. The mountain men saw irregular symbols drawn on dark colored rocks, and the wide variety of strange pictures made them think these were stories or accounts of battles. Most of the time it was the rain symbol presented in different ways. Rain meant everything to the desert people and they pictured their desperate need for it in many ways.

The rain sign is completely tied to nature and fertility. In the Southwest it is rain that brings life, and anything that is connected with it is a spirit to be appealed to. Rain clouds, lightning, water, the animals that come out after the rain, the rainbow arch, the black color of the storm cloud, the shape of the rain drop, the sprouting seed...all of these are symbols of rain and fertility. In this area, the religion of fertility was everywhere. In other parts of America, land meant fertility and food. Here, rain was the first god. The sign of the turtle, the snake, the spiralling birds, the frog, and the new butterfly are all part of the same idea.

Rain was commonly thought of as "she-rain" although there were two forms or sexes. "She-rain" fell vertically, while "He-rain" was shown as falling diagonally or horizontally. Because of their innate modesty, the Western Indian rarely pictured the male or female organs and pornographic figures are never seen. They made no appeal to the grotesque or the sensual. Modern man would do well to look to the Indian in these matters. With all their fine sense of privacy they had a natural preoccupation with fertility and food. Rain meant fertility and rain meant food. The signs are interchangeable.

The easiest rain to recognize is one found on picture rocks and on large blankets or *bayetas.* It is made up of bulbous cloud shapes, with lightning flashes from the tops and falling rain pouring from the bottom. There are generally two black rain clouds and one white cumulus cloud rising above them, but there can be as many as a dozen clouds in the symbol. The sign for lightning has an arrow at the end of the bolt; for thunder a star is used at the end. When the rain sign appears on fabric it will reflect the pattern of the weave and the cloud form will be "terraced" or look like a pair of steps. If it is unfilled or white it is only a fair weather cloud. The good clouds are rain clouds and they are filled in, or black as can be.

Color plays a great part in these signs and their meanings. The yellow of the sun is well-known and rarely varies. For us, white is the color of purity and goodness and all things desirable. For the Indian, black is to be admired because it stands for the black rain clouds that bring rain and life and food. Black is not the color of death or despair, but joy and hope. A blanket with castles of black clouds that have rain pouring out of their bases is especially appealing to the Indian. The next time you see an Indian blanket look for the black clouds. You can learn to read an Indian blanket, with a little help.

The sign used for a mountain is very much like that of the rain cloud. You can tell them apart because the mountain will be resting on a base line that stands for the earth, and it will always rest on the ground, as mountains do. The rain cloud sign will either have no base line, or will be above it. It may be highly stylized, stood on end, inverted, reversed or repeated many times, but you will always be able to find it when it is used. It may have lightning bolts coming out of it, or be bordered by heavy bolts in several colors. The bolts may even be crossed but there is no mistaking their meaning. Medicine men used these combinations because it implied they had the ability to bring rain and also possessed considerable authority on the side. Your doctor hangs his diploma where you can see it for similar reasons.

The Indian artists of the western plateau used stick figures on picture rocks and drew outlines of the animals that came out after a heavy rain. The frog, the turtle, the tadpole, the lizard, and the long snake that carried their prayers to the water spirits underground who bring the rains and feed the springs.... all of these are rain and fertility symbols. There are two other symbols you would expect to find in the Southwest that you rarely see. For some reason they have mysteriously ceased to exist in the minds of the desert people. Neither the fish nor the over abundant cactus

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in any form is ever pictured. The cactus is everywhere, and yet nowhere in their signs and symbols.

When at last the Indian died, he did not automatically hope to go to a heaven above. Quite the contrary, the Papago and their Pima relatives go the Land of the Dead, which is to the east where the rain comes from. Their heaven is a moist and pleasant land where there is plenty of food. These desert dwellers sing long songs about the rain and the clouds, and the words are pleasing and thoughtful.

On pottery and in basket weaving, the rain signs are often used although they will naturally be much smaller and very highly stylized. They will be chastely geometric and your imagination may be taxed to find the patterns. There, the rain cloud will be a solid black triangle, or it will be one larger triangle that will have within it two small black triangles plus the white water sign. This water sign is a white square divided into two step-like parts. The black part will stand for rain and the white half for water. In other places you will find two black rain triangles separated by a lightning bolt.

Near these symbols you will often find on pottery an ordinary white square or rectangle like the moon sign, but with a single black dot in the middle. This is the sign for corn, still another fertility symbol. Take out any Indian souvenir baskets you have and see if you recognize these signs in the borders. They have been there all of the time, waiting to be read.

And, the next time you see the commercialized figure of the Thunderbird on Indian silver jewelry look for the rain signs that are in the shape of the wings, and in the way the claws hang. Remember, it is a Thunderbird...."a bringer of rain"....and not just the name of an automobile! ●

LOOSE GUNS, NOTCHED HANDLES

(Continued from page 29)

ly it was pure friendship on his part, for Wes stuck by his friends, right or wrong. This feud ended with Sutton dead, a gun in his hand a bullet in his heart.

Hardin and Taylor continued in business together. They sent a herd to Wichita, Kansas, with J.B. Brosius as trail boss, and the gunslinging Clements at his side. Wes and Jim were to meet the herd in Wichita.

But on the way Wes, as usual, got into trouble. He heard about a deputy sheriff named Charles Webb who was making threats to kill him on sight. Making threats on John Wesley Hardin's life was about as safe as playing Russian roulette with all the chambers loaded. The two men met in Jack Wright's saloon in Comanche. Webb got off the first shot. Hardin was severely wounded, but Webb died with a bullet in his brain.

Of the 40 or so notches on Wes Hardin's guns at the time of his death, the one for the killing of Webb was probably justified. But for that one he was sentenced to 25 years in Huntsville Prison.

While in Huntsville Hardin studied law; and after his pardon by Governor J.S. Hogg he was admitted to the Texas bar. He went back to Gonzales county but after backing a losing candidate for sheriff he left and went to El Paso.

In El Paso he swaggered around as the notorious John Wesley Hardin trying to regain some of the "prestige" of his glory hunting days. But another glory hunter, Old John Selman, who never had been too particular how he got his man, killed him with a bullet through the back of the head.

Selman claimed Hardin was facing him when he fired. He may have thought he was telling the truth, for, while Hardin was standing at the bar with his back to the door, he was facing the back-bar mirror. Selman, coming through the batwings, could have seen Hardin's reflection in the mirror, apparently facing him.

The bullet that smashed through Hardin's head and came out just over his left eye chipped a piece off the frame of this mirror.

At the trial Selman swore he killed Hardin in self defense. He said they had been having trouble for some time and that they had quarreled earlier in the evening. He claimed he had invited Hardin to draw, but that Hardin had said he was not armed but would get his gun and meet him "smoking."

This statement that Hardin claimed he was unarmed should have branded Selman a liar. A killer like Hardin would no more go abroad without his guns than did Clay Allison the day he staged his "Lady Godiva" ride in Cameron, Texas, clad only in hat, boots and guns.

If Clay Allison would not lay aside his guns while indulging in a little fun with friends, it is unlikely that a man of Wes Hardin's ilk would not be wearing his guns when he was having trouble with a killer like John Selman.

So, regardless of what Old John Selman said in court, it is untenable that John Wesley Hardin ever walked the street without his guns. He was wearing two .41-calibre Colts at the time of his death, and if he had known John Selman was gunning for him earlier in the evening the odds are that John Selman instead of John Wesley Hardin would have died that August night in El Paso. ●

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JOHN HENRY CASSERLEIGH

(Continued from page 33)

two years previously. The region was decidedly unsafe for any white man, within or without the law.

By this time the men with Casserleigh felt that the trail was too cold to follow, and they wanted to turn back. None of them but Casserleigh felt it worthwhile to go farther. It was after noon, and he induced them to camp overnight where they were, while he rode ahead as far as he could in daylight, loath to give up the chase as long as there were even faint tracks to follow.

Presently he found himself opposite a limestone bluff in which was a large cave. At its entrance were signs that campers had been there a few days before, but they had ridden on. The cave was apparently deserted, but on the off chance that one or more of the men remained behind to delay pursuit, the Irishman tied his horse and went in, gun in hand.

This must have been a Ute ceremonial cave: the walls were covered with pictures for a good thirty feet. Casserleigh plainly discerned a full moon in black and red, with an Indian on a pony with bow and arrow nearby, as if ready to plunge into the moon. Another part of the cave picture was a man tied to a post with blazing faggots around his feet and Indians dancing around him, while nearby was a woman running the gantlet. Everywhere were paintings of deer, bear and birds. This weird picture gallery contracted at last to a crawlway leading to another large cavern. Not knowing what he might encounter, Casserleigh nevertheless went ahead, using matches sparingly, and discovered a ladder in the center of the second cave, its upper end resting on an opening in the roof. The ladder had eight rungs tied to the sides with willow withes, and Casserleigh climbed it, emerging into an upper cavern.

Here he met with a small catastrophe—he was out of matches. He had to climb down again in the dark, stumbling and fumbling his way to the exit. Night was coming on, and it was snowing heavily enough to conceal the fugitive's trail. Much as he hated to do so, Casserleigh had to admit he was licked. There was nothing to do but go back without the prisoner. This was one of the few instances in which Casserleigh failed to make an arrest.

Although his courage was never questioned, he usually preferred quick thinking and quicker action to unnecessary gunplay. This faculty for taking advantage of small circumstances aided him in cracking the case of Ellen Smith, labeled by the local press "The Dusky Borgia."

Ellen was a prostitute who lived in a two-room wooden shack in Leadville's red-light district. Not content with the meager earnings of her profession, she was suspected of drugging her patrons on occasion and robbing them. Her limited means did not allow her to purchase actual drugs, but she found that snuff dropped into beer would knock a man out. When he awoke he could find himself in a filthy alley, his pockets empty and his head aching. Although it was certain that Ellen was guilty, she denied it stridently, and the most careful search of her shack never produced anything but dirt. Finally, one miner whom she fleeced complained bitterly to his friends, who plotted one night to blow up her cabin. Fortunately for her, they drank themselves blind beforehand, went down the wrong alley in the darkness, and blew up the wrong house.

Ellen acted as a receiver for goods stolen by other women of her profession, and consequently none of them would squeal. They were afraid of her, too, since she poisoned one woman who had threatened to give her away, and took all her jewelry. It was found out later that she sent the stolen goods to a nephew in Missouri to sell for her.

One morning a man was found dead in the alley behind Ellen's house, his pockets empty. An autopsy revealed that he had been afflicted with fatty degeneration of the heart, and that a dose of snuff in his beer caused his death. Ellen, as usual, claimed to know nothing about him, but the officers thought otherwise. They found another woman who, with the law back of her, said she had heard Ellen say she just had to get money that night. She had noticed another woman going for beer from Ellen's house, and later from a place of concealment she had watched this same woman and Ellen drag a man out into the alley and leave him there motionless.

This was still only circumstantial evidence that the woman was a murderess and a thief, and Casserleigh determined to find proof. To this end he hired a man called Bill Jones to visit Ellen and flash a roll of $400 in counterfeit bills. In the meantime the investigator, seizing an opportunity when Ellen was out of the house, bored a hole in the rear wall through which he could see through both rooms.

Ellen's visitor entered, seemingly half drunk, and Casserleigh took his stand at the peephole. Doubtless the man inside was plied with doped beer, but somehow he managed to dispose of it without drinking. Jones acted his part well, seeming to go from complete drunkenness to drugged stupor, at which point Ellen seized her chance to go through his pockets. When she removed the counterfeit money from his pocket Jones raised his foot as a signal. With a parting glance through the peephole Casserleigh hurried to the door, but not before he saw Ellen approach a table that stood against the wall.

"Is Bill Jones here?" asked Casserleigh as he walked in. "He's been flashing a roll of counterfeit money, and I'm going to arrest him."

Ellen was shocked. She had not known that the enticing roll of bills was counterfeit, or she would not have taken it. She stood silently by while Casserleigh went through Jones' pockets and found them empty. The money was gone.

It must be somewhere in the shack, that was certain, but where? As he looked around, Casserleigh remembered seeing Ellen walk toward the table, and he noticed a hole in the canvas lining the wall behind it. It occurred to him that she might have stuck the bills in there. In order to get closer, he took hold of the table to move it aside. Its top slipped sideways under his hands, revealing a hollow table leg filled with jewelry and money, the counterfeit bills lying on top. The "dusky Borgia" was trapped at last.

From mountain shacks to city lights, Casserleigh followed the trails assigned to him. In 1885 he was called to Montrose, Colorado, by a prostitute of a far different sort than Ellen Smith. She was Laura Winnie, queen of the red-light district and madam of a houseful of girls.

Some time previously a bank president had given her a gold cross set with nine large diamonds. When he absconded, as he later did, she left the town where she had been living and moved to Montrose. Here she became acquainted with a Mr. Thompson, who posed as a wealthy young cattleman, stayed at a good hotel and spent just enough money to arouse any gay lady's greed. He was a dudish sort of a fellow who constantly carried a cane of black bamboo. The handle resembled a white hand grasping a lady's button shoe, the top of which was covered with a silver plate.

When Thompson first visited Laura's house she took one look at him and he was pre-empted. None of her "girls" was even allowed to talk to him, while Laura herself showered him with attentions. His room at the hotel was rarely used, since he spent most of his time with Laura. After a while, however, he told her that he had to go to Denver on business, but that he would return before very long.

A few days before this, Laura had found her gold cross, minus its nine diamonds, lying in the hall of the house. She was distraught. It was not only a souvenir of an old love affair, but also a very valuable piece of jewelry. She did not suspect her lover, who consoled her for the loss in his most charming manner. But Casserleigh, who had been called into the case, had an idea that Thompson might know more than he pretended. A visit to the Montrose bankers revealed that nothing at all was known of this "wealthy young cattleman." This in itself was highly suspicious, so when Thompson took the train to Denver, Casserleigh was not far behind him. He caught up with him at Salida and kept him in sight for the rest of the trip.

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In Denver it was fairly easy to follow a trail that wandered from one saloon to another. At last Casserleigh found his quarry drunk and asleep in a bar. In his stupor he had dropped his cane onto the floor beside him. Curious for a closer look at it, Casserleigh picked it up, and as he did so heard a faint rattle in the handle. Fortunately the bartender knew him as a lawman so, when he directed at the saloon man a meaningful wink as he walked away with the cane, there was no objection. In his hotel room Casserleigh examined the cane closely and found that the silver plate topping the shoe could be unscrewed, revealing a hollow. Inside were the diamonds.

The next day Thompson saw Casserleigh on the street carrying his cane, and demanded it back. In reply Casserleigh told him that he had already sent the diamonds back to their owner, and that Thompson had better keep away from Montrose in the future. He walked away leaving Thompson speechless.

Casserleigh kept the cane as long as he lived, and frequently carried it.

Some time prior to this, he became involved in a murder case with several unusual angles. A writer of western fiction would certainly never tangle up a plot and leave such loose ends, but this was the contemporary account of the case.

Sam Baldwin was a teamster at the Daisy mine near Leadville, hauling timbers and wood. He had been a farmer in Illinois, but went deeper and deeper into debt until he owed $1,200, a fabulous sum to a man with no way of paying it. He decided to come west and find work, leaving his young, pregnant wife with her relatives.

It took him a little more than a year to save $1,160, which he carried in a money belt around his body. It wouldn't take much longer to complete the amount of his debt, he told his friends, and maybe he could save a little more and take a present to his wife who had waited so long. He expected to be at home by November first.

About one o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th of October, 1884, he drove to a place in Big Evans gulch, about a mile from the mine, where he had a pile of logs ready to load. It should not have taken him long to drive back with it, so when he failed to return several men set out after work to see what had become of him.

They found his body about seven o'clock that evening, lying face down near the log pile. His money belt, empty, lay some distance away. There had been a scuffle, to which pools of blood and turned-up earth testified. Baldwin had been a man of great strength, and he had put up a tremendous fight. He had been shot twice (someone remembered hearing shots that afternoon). A cap with a crude mask sewed to it with twine, a bloody knife, the empty money belt, and a part of a necktie were found at the scene of the crime.

Tracks led from behind a willow-surrounded boulder to the body. Reading them, it was clear that two men had watched Baldwin as he loaded his wagon. One fellow, disguised by the mask, had attempted to hold him up, but although he was well known as a peaceful man he fought back ferociously. Unable to rob him and escape without being recognized, the pair had shot him and fled with the money.

The murderers overlooked a letter from Baldwin's wife, in a pocket over his heart. It was no wonder that he fought so fiercely: all he held dear was in jeopardy.

"I can't stand it," the letter said, "not any longer than the first of November. And the dear baby will be almost a year old, and never saw his papa."

A man named Gillespie, a 37-year-old

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Tennesseean, was suspected of the crime, and there seemed to be no doubt in anyone's mind that he was one of the guilty parties. He was unpopular in Leadville, partly because he had broken up the home of a man named Bacon, an employee of the American Express Company. Bacon had left town, and Gillespie had then ransacked Bacon's cabin, taking whatever he fancied. The morning of the murder he had been observed watching the scene of the crime from the window of a deserted house that stood on a nearby hill, and this directed suspicion toward him.

John Henry Casserleigh and an assistant named Ford, armed with a warrant, went to Gillespie's cabin to search for evidence. They found several white canvas sacks marked "American Express Company," one of which had been cut in half, and the remaining half matched the piece that had been used as a mask. The mask, it was brought out later, had been used in several holdups, and the cap to which it had been sewed was Gillespie's. A ball of twine such as had been used to sew the mask was also found there. Most damning of all, the men discovered a section of iron pipe on which were blood clots. There were two wounds on Baldwin's body that were probably made by that pipe.

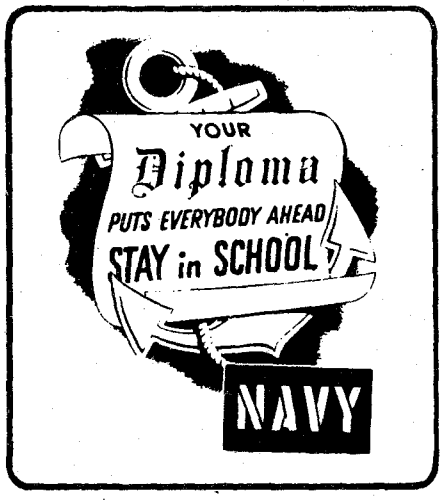
The two lawmen found Gillespie in a saloon that afternoon. Acting on instructions, Ford went up and shook hands with him, while at the same moment Casserleigh slipped on the handcuffs, avoiding a possible gun battle.

Gillespie evidently was the sort of man who looked the part. The local newspaper devoted some space to his description: "He has a tall, spare frame and a long thin face, with hollow temples, prematurely wrinkled forehead, an iron gray mustache, and an expression of cunning and force," it said. "He has the most hard, unimpressionable countenance, with a nose slightly inclined to be Roman, a pair of the most treacherous muddy blue eyes, with a large amount of white visible, that one will find in a day's travel."

It is disappointing, since Gillespie looked like a ready-made villain, to learn that he apparently escaped, and was never apprehended and punished.

Si Minich, the other suspect, was not clever enough to commit murder and get away with it. The day after Baldwin's killing, Minich appeared in Alma, a town not far from Leadville, lavishly spending $20 gold pieces and bills from a large roll. Since, just the Saturday before, he had pawned his watch and was cadging drinks, this was bound to attract attention. Questioned as to the source of his sudden wealth, Minich first said it had been sent to him from Chicago; later that he had sold a lease. He deposited $360 in gold in the Alma bank, and paid some debts with gold, among them a bill for half-soling shoes. The authorities in Leadville became aware of all this, and Casserleigh was sent to Alma to bring the suspect back for questioning.

Minich was a dull-witted fellow of 25, apparently not so interesting looking as Gillespie, and the newspaper merely described him as having small, deep-set black eyes, a Roman nose, and a peculiar shaped chin. He was strong and athletic, but mentally slow. Casserleigh used "french" handcuffs on him, and although he was warned that to pull at them would tighten them, he pulled just the same, and as a consequence he had sore and swollen wrists. Just before reaching Leadville, Investigator Casserleigh saw a crowd ahead waiting for them to drive up. It would be a lynching crowd if the spark were lit, but Casserleigh was determined not to let Minich die without due process of law. He gave the man one of his revolvers, and told him to use it if he must.



They drove past the waiting men, Casserleigh giving not the least sign of being intimidated, and were allowed to go on.

"What a fool I was not to kill you when I had the chance," said the slow-witted Minich as he returned the gun.

"Your first move would have been your last," Casserleigh answered him. "I was watching you as well as the crowd."

There was no doubt that Minich was strongly implicated in Baldwin's murder. The half-soles on those shoes, for which he paid in Alma with gold pieces, fitted the tracks at the scene of the murder. The piece of necktie found there was like one that Minich had worn in the past. And the suspect had been seen cutting fuse with the knife that lay in Baldwin's blood.

Faced with this overwhelming evidence, Minich made a confession of sorts, repeating the various stories he had been telling about the money, but finally admitting that it was Baldwin's. He denied, however, that he had anything to do with the murder. His story was not believed, and he was tried and found guilty.

For some reason, it was more than a year after his arrest before Minich was hung for Sam Baldwin's murder. During this time he frequently said that he would make a statement on the gallows that would open people's eyes. When asked what he meant, he hedged: "I meant — well, I just meant that I will tell the people I knew nothing about the murder of Sam Baldwin, and that my conviction....was obtained through perjury, malice and conspiracy, and was the result of prejudice, passion and mistake." Large words for the calibre of Minich's mind, but he recited them as if he had learned them by heart.

Minich had refused to see a minister, and when the time came near for his execution there was deep snow on the ground. A fair-sized crowd attended, one-third of which was composed of women. In his dull-witted way Minich sensed that this was his great hour. When asked if he had anything to say he made a long, rambling speech.

"Gentlemen: I wish to speak to you today, for I am not a guilty man. I done nothing about the murder of Baldwin. I know nothing about it.

"I am here through perjury and conspiracy. I propose to die for my God, and expect to meet Him in a short time. There has been a good deal of talk in the newspapers by people who knew nothing about me. I want to speak also of my family. I was born in a Christian family and can show a good record from infancy up. I have no blemishes upon my soul. The people are my judges, and have convicted me of murder, but I am no degraded murderer and robber.

"I want to speak about a man named Casserleigh. He is a detective, or called a detective, but he is not a civilized being. He is almost a murderer. He writes letters to my family in the East, which you will see in the newspapers, trying to get money to go to California. He has certified to reports that he knew were false.

"I was arrested in Alma on the 16th day of October, two days after the murder. I was innocent as a lamb led to the slaughter. I knew of no attorney in Leadville, and did not want one. Casserleigh proposed that I should hire Judge Rice for a lawyer, and was told by Judge Rice there was nothing against me. I told him my witnesses, and he said I would get clear without any trouble. I was brought into the courtroom that day, as innocent as a lamb to the slaughter. He said I was all right and would get clear. He was wrong. My last attorneys were good attorneys. They done all they could for me, but did not come into the case until too late

"I know I'm a sinner. All men have sinned. Some of you here today will meet me again, and some of you will not, because you will not all be able to go where I go to. I am an innocent man.

"Goodbye to all. Goodbye."

The crowd answered with one voice, "Goodbye, Si, goodbye!"

A final grotesque touch was added

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just before the execution, in the form of a dispatch sent by the man who was waiting to marry Mrs. Minich as soon as she became a widow:

"Does Minich hang today? If so, what time? Answer quick!"

In later years, Casserleigh sometimes traveled as far as Mexico. He was following a Mexican sheepherder, but the man's countrymen misled him and presently he found himself in a hot, lifeless area with eagles overhead as the only signs of life. He and his horse were thirsty, but there was no water to be found, and they could not drink until they reached a river. Here both drank, but after a few swallows Casserleigh realized that the water was alkaline. Alkali water causes diarrhea, and he would not drink any more, but could not keep the horse from drinking its fill.

As he followed the course of the river the horse sickened and died from the effects of the water, and Casserleigh, himself ill from the little he had taken, went on afoot. As he walked, the cliffs on both sides of the river became steeper and higher. He realized that he must climb out while he was able to do so.

As he pulled himself up over the rocks he came close to an eagle's nest, and the parent birds attacked him. They were large and fierce, striking at him with their beaks and claws and buffeting him with their wings, and it was all Casserleigh could do to keep from being hurled back into the canyon. Finally in desperation he broke off a club of cactus with his bare hands, regardless of thorns, and beat off the eagles until he could climb out of their territory.

Weak and sick from these experiences, he set out across a long flat plain that now stretched out before him. He had no idea where he was or how to reach civilization. At last he heard the toot of a train and saw, far in the distance, a plume of smoke. Only half conscious, he stumbled on in that direction and at last reached a few houses beside the tracks, where he passed out. A woman living in one of the houses pulled him into the shade, and when he was able to swallow she plied him with hot coffee and beaten raw eggs, and he gradually recovered from his dreadful experience.

As John Henry Casserleigh grew older, the rough life of the mining towns failed to appeal to him, and he moved to Denver, where he worked as a private detective. He became interested in mining as an investment, and apparently lost considerable money in worthless stock, finally becoming involved in a long drawn-out suit with a mining company. Eventually he entered the Mullen Home for the Aged in Denver, where he died at about the age of 80. ●

THE MAIL POUCH

(Continued from page 6)

Catlin inferred that some Welsh people had arrived in the distant past and had become absorbed into the Mandans.

There are records in Port Madoc (as it is now known), Wales, showing that somewhere about 1114 Prince Madoc aided in the outfitting of three ships which left there loaded with settlers, farming equipment and other necessities. One ship was lost on the way, but the other two arrived somewhere about the mouth of the Mississippi. There is no record of previous voyages from Madoc, but there must have been, else how did the ships with all that equipment know where to go? The two vessels arrived ultimately back at Madoc.

Yours truly,
Chris O. Atkings
Box 1078, Westlock
Alberta, Canada

Madoc (or Madog) was a quasi-historical Welsh prince. Welsh legend has it that Madoc, a son of Owain Gwynedd, discovered America 300 years before Columbus. Witnesses' accounts of finding supposedly Welsh-speaking Indians have served to help keep alive the Madoc myth. He is the theme of Robert Southey's "Madoc".

DEFENDS QUANTRILL

Gentlemen:

I was upset when I read Miss Robbins' letter in the December Mail Pouch calling William Quantrill a sadistic beast. She must remember that Quantrill wasn't the only bloodthirsty killer. You have to go back and study that period in our history to understand men like Quantrill. It was border war between Kansas and Missouri long before the outbreak of the Civil War. There were people in the two places that were at one another's throats. The Missouri men were called "bushwhackers." The ones from Kansas were called "jayhawkers." A bushwhacker was what the name implies. The jayhawkers were named for an imaginary bird that was supposed to live in Kansas. The Kansas men were sometimes called "red legs" because of the leggings they wore. Both sides were bad medicine.

The leader of the Kansas men was James H. Lane. He was elected senator from Kansas later. Quantrill led the Missouri raiders.

I would like to state why Quantrill laid waste to the town of Lawrence, Kansas. The jayhawkers had already laid waste to

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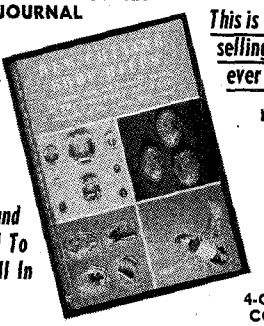

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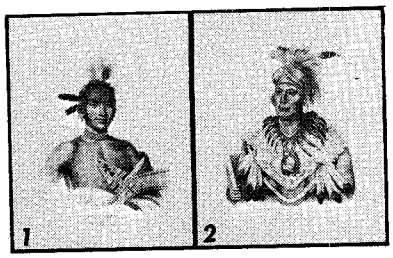

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the little town of Osceola, Missouri. Quantrill wanted vengeance. It is thought that since Lane was the leader of the attack on Osceola Quantrill picked his home town of Lawrence to be sacked in retaliation.

I have to say that William Clarke Quantrill was a great leader of fighting men. He was misjudged.

Yours truly,
A. Julia Nolen
518 Louisiana Street
Longview, Texas

This letter is an excellent example of the difference of opinion referred to in the first paragraph of The Mail Pouch. Much depends on which side of the field you're sitting on.

CIVIL WAR BUFF

Dear Editor:

I, and my brother, have been reading *The West* for some time now. A little while back we had trouble getting it here in England, but now we get it regularly. We are very interested in the Old West and snap up any article about it. Our main interest, however, is the American Civil War. We know little about it even though I have studied the subject for nearly seven years. Information about that conflict is very scarce here. I have a few Confederate notes (4 originals, the rest copies), a few photographs and a large number of books. I wonder if you could help us get in touch with someone who deals in this subject. We would like to get a Confederate belt buckle, forage caps, photographs, etc. We would be obliged if you could help us as this is our last resort.

Yours faithfully,
Hank Taylor
63 Eastbourne Road
West Ham E. 15
London, England

The things you mention are collector's items in this country. They are also quite expensive. If you will write to the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Virginia, perhaps they can give you the desired information. They do not sell such items, but can tell you who does.

BUFFALO BILL SHOW

Gentlemen:

In regard to the letter written by Charles Brinkmeyer of Glenview, Illinois, (The Mail Pouch, January, 1966) this man is without a doubt right when he says he attended a Buffalo Bill show in Denver in 1912. At least the story that Buffalo Bill was finished about 1910 is entirely wrong.

My grandfather, William R. Gardner, worked for a while as a scout with Bill Cody. They became well acquainted and Mr. Cody visited my grandfather's home one time. My mother was a young girl and met him. When I was a small child in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show appeared there. This was in either 1910 or 1911. I know it was not earlier than that. My mother took my brother and myself to meet "grandpa's friend." The thrill we had shaking Mr. Cody's hand will never be forgotten.

About printing fiction in *The West*. I hope you *never* do. I like it just as it is, with Indian stories and all. Let those who want fiction buy another magazine. Don't spoil a good thing.

Best of luck to you,
Mrs. Joe Pfeiffer, Sr.
Little Merrill Road
San Juan, Bautista
California

Don't let this fiction business bother you Mrs. Pfeiffer. We're going to stick to "True Stories of the Old West" just as it says on our cover.

DAVE MATHER STORY

Dear Mr. Grayson:

It was with great interest that I read the story titled "Dave Mather, The West's Greatest Puzzle" in your December issue since one of his victims, Tom Nixon, was my grandfather. One of the two children that survived his death was my father.

While other children were hearing fairy stories, our father told us many true tales of the Old West. His mother told him he was the first white child born at Fort Dodge. He told us about the many times it was necessary for her to get on a horse and ride to Fort Dodge to escape Indian attacks.

I enjoy your magazine very much.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Pat Nixon Barsanti
608 Amherst Dr. S.E.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

FOOD IS HIS DISH

Dear Editor:

You had two stories in the November issue of *The West* that pleased me very much. One was "The Amazing Monsieur Dupuy" and the other was "Cowboy Chow". I like to read about what people ate back in the frontier days. Dupuy really knew what he was doing. The prices on that menu of his Hotel de Paris made me wish I was living back in 1875. Imagine tenderloin steak for fifty cents. He sure had a right to be called "The Father of Domestic Science in the United States."

I liked the story "Cowboy Chow" because it told me how to fix some of the things the cowhands liked to eat. Just the thought of sourdough and beans makes my mouth water. I'm going to send away for one of those Western recipe books I've seen advertised.

Thank you,
Robert Caulkins
14539 Berg Road
Detroit, Michigan

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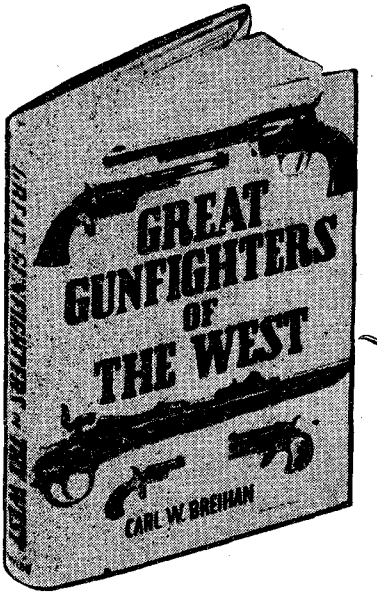

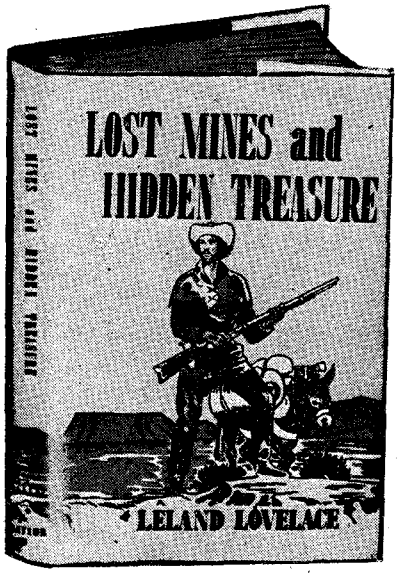

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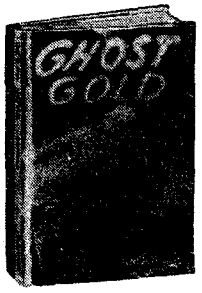

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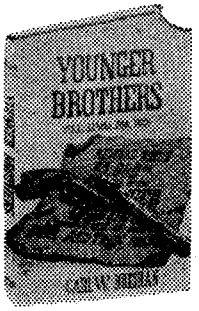

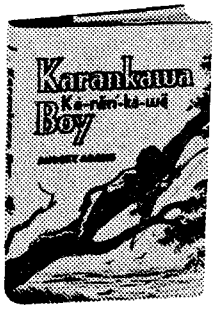

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LIKES VARIETY

Dear Mr. Grayson:

I've been a reader of *The West* since the very first issue (March, 1964). There have been some stories I didn't like, but most of them make fine reading. I'm amazed that you can get so many different kinds of stories in each issue.

I like stories about Indian battles, mountain men, famous Western women, outlaws and just anything telling about the Old West—as long as it is true.

Your December issue was one of your best. I liked "Dave Mather, the West's Greatest Puzzle" by S.R. Moyer best of all. But "Bloody Gore and the Buffaloes" held my interest all the way through, as did most of the others.

I like your "Round-Up Time" with its good questions and answers. I read it and learn a lot about things that have puzzled me.

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Walter Bartrow
222 Montana Avenue
Santa Monica, Calif.

CRITICIZES COVERS

Dear Editor:

Your stories about the Old West are usually pretty good, but where do you come off using those Hollywood covers like the one on the January issue?

You've had some good covers from paintings by Remington and Russell. I especially liked the cover on your September issue by John Dare Howland. It was called "The Buffalo Hunt." You can see that I save all of your magazines and study them. I'd like to paste the covers up on my wall but I don't want to damage such good magazines. Maybe they'll be worth more than I paid for them some day.

Yours truly,
Samuel Watkins
Fairview, Kentucky

WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Dear Sir:

In your September issue you asked readers to write and tell what type of story they like in *The West*. Maybe I am a little late with my opinion, but may I say that on the cover of several Western magazines (including *The West*) it says, "Stories of the Old West"—but the magazines have Eastern stories in them. I'd like stories of the *real* West, meaning stories about people and places in the Western states.

Sincerely,
Curtis Pete
Box 1228
Elko, Nevada

We welcome your opinion, Mr. Pete; but we do wonder whether or not you were reading our magazine when you found all those Eastern stories. A check-up on that issue shows no stories that could be called Eastern. Texas, New Mexico, Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma, Montana, Oregon, British Columbia, California and Arizona are all represented.

CAN'T BE AVOIDED

Gentlemen:

I want to compliment you on publishing a darn good true Western magazine. I had trouble getting it on the newsstand, so finally I gave in and subscribed to it. Now I get it in the mail every month.

I've got one complaint, however. Why do you have to use stories about people and places that have been written up in other Western magazines? The Old West was a big, wide place with a lot going on. Try not to give us re-hashes of stories we know so well.

Good Luck,
Wilson Forbes
Clarksville, Tenn.

STORIES ABOUT ARTISTS

Dear Editor:

The January issue of *The West* was one of the best I have ever read. I'm interested in early American artists and your article about Rudolph Kurz was well written. I think it would be a good idea to try to find other men like Kurz, who are not so well known, and print stories about them with illustrations of their work. It's too bad you don't have color in your magazine. That would help stories about artists very much.

I enjoy both *The West* and *Golden West.*

Sincerely,
Joseph Uriah
Manitoc, Wisc.

HALL OF FAME

Dear Milt Grayson:

I just want to write and tell you how much I enjoy your magazine *The West* and also praise the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center in Oklahoma City. Having been interested in anything that has to do with the Old West, I took my family there on our vacation this fall. We all enjoyed it very much. We've needed something like it to preserve our Western heritage for a long time. Now we've got it.

"Buffalo Bill" Cody, "Kit" Carson, Sam Houston and Brigham Young are among the old-timers honored right along with Will Rogers.

Good for the Cowboy Hall of Fame.

Yours,
Cy Wingate
Ishpeming, Mich. ●

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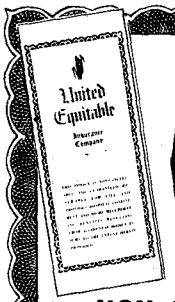

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4. Benefits will NEVER be reduced. The policy will NEVER be terminated regardless of age or number of claims you make.

IMPORTANT
EVERY DOLLAR IS PAID REGULARLY DIRECT TO YOU FOR YOU TO USE AS YOU WISH (NOT TO THE DOCTOR OR HOSPITAL).

HOSPITALIZATION DEPARTMENT
United Equitable Insurance Co.
4556 NORTH BROADWAY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60640

APPLICATION TO

United Equitable Insurance Company

4556 North Broadway, Chicago, Ill. 60640
FOR POLICY FORM 210 WHICH PAYS

At the rate of $1000.00 a month in cash

Dear Sirs: Please put in force the Special Form 210 policy. Enclosed is 25¢ in coin to cover payment for a 30 day Introductory Period.

NAME (Please Print)_____
FIRST NAME MIDDLE INITIAL LAST NAME

ADDRESS_____
STREET NO. R.F.D. ZIP CODE

CITY_____ STATE_____

OCCUPATION_____

BIRTH DATE_____ HEIGHT_____ WEIGHT_____ SEX_____

Are you now free from mental and physical illness to the best of your knowledge or belief? Yes_____ No_____ If NO explain

_____

I understand that this application is subject to receipt and acceptance at the Company's Home Office.

Date_____ Sign Here_____

FORM 210A 3 J

Par. 2 of your policy will read as follows: NON-CANCELLABLE AND GUARANTEED RENEWABLE FOR LIFE—This policy is non-cancellable and guaranteed renewable during the lifetime of the insured by the timely payment of premiums as specified in the Policy Benefit Schedule.

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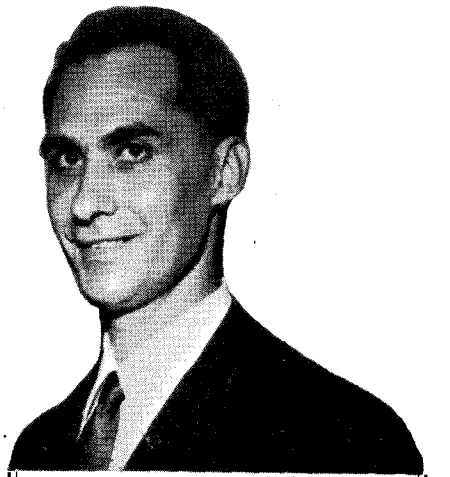
I found the Easy Way to Escape from being a "Wage Slave"

I kept my job while customer list grew ...then found myself in a high-profit business.



Tony Nobrega didn't let his limited education, large hospital bills and financial reverses stop his plans to own a business of his own.

He tells how, with a very small investment, he reached his goal ...a **growing income** and **a fuller life** for his family.

Five years ago, I wouldn't have believed that I could be where I am today.

I was deeply in debt. My self-confidence had been shaken by a disastrous business set-back. Having nobody behind me, I had floundered and failed for lack of experience, help and guidance.

When I had finished grammar school, I worked in a factory. After my World War II hitch in the Army, I opened a small grocery store. Then a new highway shut off our customers and I lost my shirt.

I tried several selling jobs including vacuum cleaners. My customers often would say, "What my carpets really need is professional cleaning." My progress was slow. I wanted a bigger income and the independence and security of my own business.

One day, a Duraclean advertisement caught my eye and I found that the dealership in my location was open. "Maybe that's it," I said to myself.

I applied for this service dealership and got it. But I had many obligations and a family to support. I couldn't quit my job so I kept on for seven months and ran my new business in spare time. My list of customers grew and grew.

When my spare time income alone was enough to keep my family going, I quit my job.

Now I was on my own—full time. My feeling of confidence was restored. I knew that I had a highly successful worldwide organization behind me. I soon learned that the cooperation, training and assistance they gave me was far more than I expected.

I also found that my six services were genuinely superior to other methods. I learned that fact from my customers. They have become my best salesmen. Their recommendations and repeat orders have become a large part of my business.

My major service is a safer and greatly improved process for cleaning upholstery and floor coverings. It's so effective that my service is endorsed by leading furniture and carpet makers. It is backed by Parents' Magazine Seal and by McCall's "Use-Tested" approval. These endorsements make orders come easy.

Trendline upholstery furniture mills recommend my Duraclean method as the safest and most effective method of cleaning fine furniture. Aldon Carpet Mills approve this process and both the Kingston Mills and the Croft Mills say it is superior. This has given customers confidence in my service.

My customers are thrilled at the personal care given their furnishings. There is no mechanical scrubbing or soaking. There are no harsh solvents or soaps. Instead of driving dirt, grime and grease deeper into the pile, it is removed by absorption. The **Duraclean** method doesn't merely clean...it enlivens and brightens the fibers.

With another popular service, called **Durashield**, I can prolong the new look of freshly cleaned or new fabrics. This process postpones resoiling.

Another service I have, called **Duraproof**, makes house furnishings, piano felts, blankets, and clothing repellent to moths and carpet beetles and kills both. On this, I give a 6-year warranty with each job.

Then I can flame-proof furnishings and fabrics with **Duraguard** which prevents fire-starts from cigarettes, candles, etc. My **Spotcraft** service takes out clinging spots and stains. I have a **Tuftcraft** service to repair holes from cigarette burns, moth damage, etc. often saving the furniture or floor covering.

With six services, I have six chances to get business from homes, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels, offices and institutions. And, when we are giving one service, the customer often adds other services while we're on the job.

The Yale Divinity School gave soiled pillows to me and two competitors to see who could do the best work. I got the job...85 long pew pillows and they were delighted with results.

That first year, full time on my own, was just wonderful. No bosses, no monotonous office or plant routine, no job uncertainty, no layoffs, no waiting for raises, no income limit. That was a relief.

I was free to do what I wanted and my income went up automatically with my efforts. I had security, the prestige of business ownership and my family was enjoying a fuller life.

Then old "bad luck" hit again. My wife broke a leg in three places and was in a wheel chair and on crutches five months. Then she injured her back and was hospitalized five weeks for another operation.

That wasn't enough. The week she came home, a dog bite sent me to the hospital for five weeks and I was confined to bed for another two months.

For a year, I was unable to give much attention to my business and the hospital and doctor bills kept piling up. Thanks to my Duraclean dealership, I pulled through and soon began to whittle down my debts.

It wasn't long till I was back on my feet and orders kept flowing in to give us the kind of life my family had wanted.

In my business, orders come from many sources including magazine ad leads which my headquarters sends me. Furniture, carpet and department stores, insurance adjusters, upholsterers and decorators refer jobs to me from their customers. Car dealers take orders and have their own used-car interiors **Duracleaned** for quicker resale.

My headquarters furnishes pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, radio commercials, store display cards, many proven sales aids and a mailing program. We also have an order-producing telephone plan.

Our latest order getter is a full-color seven minute film we show in a prospect's home or office. One dealer closed 19 jobs from 21 calls. I haven't done quite that well.

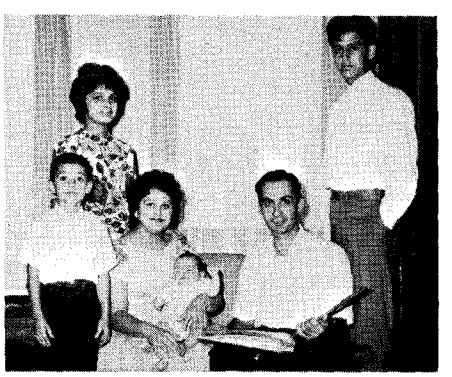
At meetings of clubs, churches and charities, I make demonstrations and show my seven-minute film. I pay the club 10% on orders received in thirty days.

This is a highly profitable business since I make a profit on both labor and materials. I employ two servicemen. On big jobs or in rush periods I still do some servicing myself. Many dealers just line up the jobs and have several crews working. Very soon I expect to do just that.

My best week's profit (with two men) is $700.

The service is easy to learn and so easy to do that some women dealers do servicing. The company was glad I had no cleaning experience so I didn't have to "unlearn" old scrubbing methods.

Dealers used to learn exclusively from instruction books, but now our headquarters holds regional meetings, training schools and conventions where we perfect our service, get valuable sales ideas and swap experiences with other Duraclean dealers.



The Duraclean organization is like one big happy family. We all work together. It's stimulating to attend meetings and they take a personal interest in the success of every dealer.

They place our national advertising in House & Garden, McCall's, House Beautiful and other quality magazines. They have an experienced dealer give us our first training, show us how he gets customers and help us get started.

Our service is rendered right on the premises so the customer can use furnishings again in a few hours. They like this convenience.

I have now also opened up a shop for prestige and have a truck to pick up small jobs; but my wife still handles phone calls at home. Many dealers have offices or shops but I know many who started from their homes. It doesn't take long to get established. One job a day brings a good starting income.

One job brings another. We did a rug and divan for a lady in the poor section of town. A $222 job in a large home came from her recommendation. From this job came two more new customers.

On 3 out of 5 jobs, the customer orders more service to be done then or at a future date.

Our business grows constantly, month by month, and the growth is unlimited. Government figures show that service businesses like mine are growing faster than stores or industries. In upholstery and rug cleaning alone, government figures show a national potential of $750 million. And I have five other fast-growing and profitable services.

We are getting a big increase in demand from the new synthetic fabrics and light colors which soil much faster. I have the perfect process for cleaning these delicate fabrics safely.

I not only now have the kind of income I have always wanted...and it continues to get bigger...but the growing value of my dealership is increasing my net worth. One **Duraclean** dealer, Fuller Munroe, after only 12 months sold his dealership for ten times his cost. Leo Lubel, after 30 months sold for $7,116 more than he paid.

One satisfaction I have is that if I get seriously ill or have to move, the company will help me find a buyer and profitably sell my dealership.

It doesn't take a lot of money to get started in this business either. If a man is honest, reliable and willing to work, the company will help finance him...let him pay out of his sales. Less than a day's servicing easily meets monthly payments. A new dealer should invest a few hundred dollars of his own to show his good faith.

The company included enough materials with my dealership to return its entire cost.

My family's new standard of living restores the faith I almost lost. We can see our way to sending our four children to college. After so many years struggle against fate, Duraclean has given us comparative luxury. My wife even enjoys her regular pay check for handling phone calls.

I am so grateful for this opportunity I found, that I am glad to tell my experiences to others who may be looking for a happier and more fruitful life.

This all came from my mailing in a coupon from a Duraclean ad and my luck that my location was still open for a dealership.

Tony Nobrega

No Obligation to Find Out

Yes, Tony mailed a coupon just like the one below ...and we too are mighty glad he did. We are happy to have him in the family of Duraclean Dealers.

We still have open areas here and there throughout the U.S.A., Canada and other countries. If there is no Duraclean dealer in your location, you may be just the person we are looking for.

Mail the coupon today, now, and we'll mail you all the facts including a free 36 page illustrated booklet with **no obligation.** No salesman will call to bother you. You can then decide if you want the improvement in your life that Tony Nobrega enjoys.

Duraclean Co., 6-043 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill.

Duraclean Co., 6-043 Duraclean Bldg.
Deerfield, Illinois

With no obligation, mail letter with 36 page illustrated booklet fully explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean dealership. No salesman will call.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone___ State_____

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REWARD for Western Fans!

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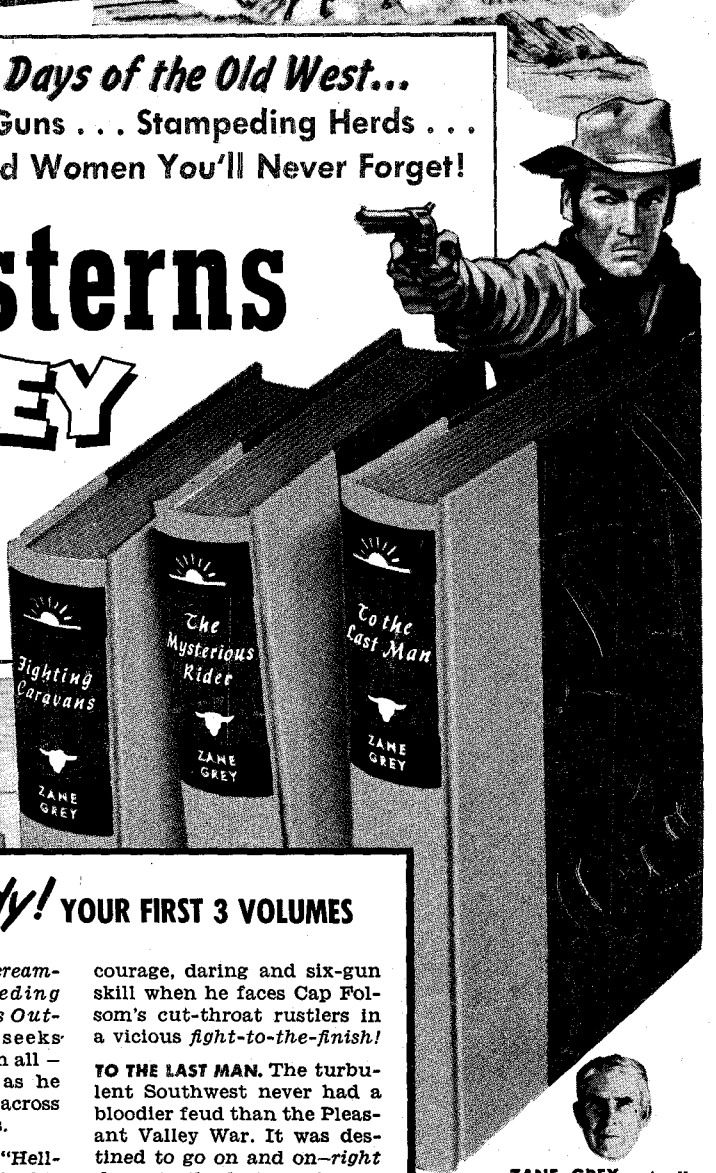

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Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576

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Also reserve in my name additional beautifully-bound volumes in the Zane Grey Series. I will be entitled to receive them as they come from the press, on approval, for only $2.89 each (plus a few cents mailing charges). I am to receive advance descriptions of all future volumes. I need never send money in advance; if not completely satisfied, I may return any book within one week of receipt. I may cancel my reservation at any time. *(Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)*

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